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A NEW CHURCH IN A NEW UNIVERSE.

INSTEAD of looking backward to-day, and bringing you the fragrance of country blossoms or salt mists wind-blown from the white crests of curling waves, it seems to me more fitting that we should look forward. Vacation is behind us. I trust we are all stronger for our rest, and have found it true recreation. If so, we are ready to look another year in the face and to grapple with its problems. We are members of families, we are business men, we are citizens. But to-day and here we will remember that we are a church. As such, what question can more fitly engage us, at the outset, than this,— *What is the work and what the method of a true Church of God in the present age and condition of the world?*

Our present business, then, is to consider the work of a true Church. What else can that possibly be but to aid man in working out and achieving his true destiny? But man's true destiny,— what is that? They are noble words. What precisely do we mean by them? Let us go back for a moment to the old catechism. It opens with the question, "What is the chief end of man?" The reply you will remember,— "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." But how glorify God, and how enjoy him? Since we can add nothing to a greatness and glory that are already infinite, to glorify God can only mean to discover and recognize his glory. And since in this world — whatever may be true of any other — we can only recognize God in his works, to glorify him must mean to discover his laws, to see their worth, their beauty, and their goodness, and so learn lovingly to obey them. To know and obey his laws,— in our own natures, and in the universe about us,— this is the condition of our progress and

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happiness. So to glorify him, then, is to enjoy him, now and forever, in this world, in all worlds.

Let us then translate the theological language of the catechism into our ordinary speech. If the Church is of use only as it helps on "the chief end of man," we are safe in putting our definition into the following language: *The work of a true Church is to develop, educate, and direct the religious and moral nature of man, to the end that his highest welfare and happiness may be attained.* Thus, and thus only, can God be glorified and man enjoy him.

But, when a man has decided to go to Europe, there still remains for him to settle the whole practical realization of his scheme. How will he go? By sail or steam? If by steam, on what line, Cunard or Inman? On what steamer and under what captain? How much of an outfit will he need? And what kind of outfit? What things are necessary to the safety of his voyage? And what shall he take along as mere matters of comfort and convenience?

Or, when a general determines to capture a certain city, he has only made up his mind. It still remains for him to settle upon a method of operation, and just how he will carry out his plans. Shall he risk a sudden attack, and carry it by storm? Or shall he besiege it, and lay out a regular system of slow and cautious approaches? How many men and what kind of armament will he need?

We have decided that the true work of a Church is to develop, educate, and direct the religious and moral nature of man, to the end that his highest welfare and happiness may be attained. We are to journey toward the highest welfare and happiness of man. It is the New Jerusalem, the perfect condition of humanity,— in this world or another,— that we are to capture. But the whole great question still remains for settlement. How? By what means? What road leads to man's true religious development, to his highest welfare and happiness? Shall we try the Catholic approach, or the Anglican, or the Orthodox Protestant, or the Unitarian?

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I must tell you frankly, friends, that I am no partisan of either of them. What we are after is the attainment of the end,—man's welfare and happiness. I believe the only way is for us to find the laws, *i.e.*, the will of God, as written in the nature of man and the universe about him, and faithfully and humbly to obey these laws. If you want an organ that shall give forth noble music, you must construct it carefully in accordance with the laws of the materials of which it is made; and then you must play it according to the changeless laws of musical tones. That is, discover the laws of the organ and obey them. That is just what and just all it means.

Now, I do not believe that either the Roman or the Anglican or the Orthodox Protestant method is what we want; and, among others, for the simple but sufficient reason that each of them is hampered by assumed infallible creeds and methods that stand square in the way of their simply and humbly looking for God's laws. The assumption that they have them already, and that it is wicked to doubt that they have them, is utterly inconsistent with the necessary freedom of inquiry and search. If an organ-builder felt sure he possessed a divinely given pattern and plan of an organ, that it was wicked for him either to question or change, of course you could not expect him to adopt any improvement, however much finer music it might promise to produce.

I said I was not a partisan even of Unitarianism. If, when I am done, you shall still think I have preached a Unitarian sermon, I beg you to notice that the reason lies in the fact that Unitarianism is not so much a fixed system of belief or a pretended infallibility as it is a *method* of religious study and life. And this method is one that not only permits but encourages a simple, humble, free study of the laws and ways of God, as the right not only, but the first great duty of man.

The way to discover man's highest welfare and happiness, that is what we are after. If we only had an infallible church or an infallible book as a guide, the matter would

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seem comparatively simple. We should only need to listen to what it said, proclaim it over the world, and persuade men to obey. But we do not claim the advantage of possessing either the one or the other. We are perfectly well aware of how both Rome and Orthodoxy plume themselves upon their claimed superiority over us by virtue of their assumed infallibilities; and they draw pitiful pictures of us wandering about in the wilderness of reason, not knowing whither we are going, except that they feel privately sure that we are going to a place that will be very uncomfortable.

We are ready, I suppose, to admit — I am, for one — that an infallible guide would be very convenient. Not only would I like one in religion, but, I doubt not, the physician would like one in the case of difficult diseases and in dispensing his medicines. The banker would like one. So would the lawyer and the farmer. But it is not a question as to whether we would like one. We go further, and ask as to whether we have one. I would like a hundred thousand dollars; but, if no sound bank will honor my checks to that amount, what is the use of my saying what I would like?

And when the Romanist taunts me with my fallible reason, and asks me why I do not take his infallible church, or when the Orthodox asks me to accept his infallible Bible, I reply, I will gladly accept either the one or the other, when I can find it. But what is the position of things? Why, the infallible Romanist knows that the infallible Protestant is deluded, and the infallible Protestant knows that the infallible Romanist is deluded; and we believe with our whole hearts that both of them are. If men say, "What shall we do when doctors disagree?" well may we ask, "What shall we do when rival infallibilities disagree, fall foul of each other, and call each other Antichrist?"

What shall we do? The answer is easy. Do what we have done,— look into the pretensions of both, and find that they are unsupported. A careful study of both, such as we are not able to rehearse to-day, shows plainly that each of them has had a natural human origin and a natural

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human growth, and that each bears the marks of human fallibility. As to Rome, a word settles her claims to any one but a Romanist. As to the Bible, noble, inspiring book that it is, we do not dispute its pretensions or claims, but only certain unfounded and illegitimate claims that certain very fallible men have made on its behalf. We oppose no Bible claim, for it nowhere makes any claim to be infallible. We only use it for what it is, and get from it all the light and help we can.

But, while we say we would like an infallible guide, we do not for one instant admit that there is any necessity for one. Unless God is a God who will damn people for intellectual mistakes, after they have done their best to find the truth,— and, if he is unjust and cruel like that, I, for one, could never consent to worship him, and should have no desire to enter his heaven,— unless, I say, he is such a being as that, we do not need an infallible guide in religion any more than we do anywhere else. There is no doubt about the practical conduct of life,— what that ought to be. And, when we see in what different directions all these people who have infallible guides are going, we cannot help questioning whether their infallibility would be of any great practical use to us. And, further, a main part of the discipline and training of life comes from trial and failure and struggle. The claim to infallibility stands in the way of study and thought and the free development of man. It tends to stagnation. It cultivates spiritual pride and the state of heart that finds utterance in the Pharisaic formula, "I am holier than thou." We are content, then, to take the world as God has given it to us, and to work out our own salvation, trusting that it is God who worketh in us.

We fall back then on the only guide we have,— reason and the experience of mankind. We do not claim that these are infallible. We do not expect to avoid making mistakes. But we do intend to use all the light we can get from any quarter: we mean to correct our mistakes as fast as we can, and to learn by our failures. We are not bound by any revelation

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of the past. We believe firmly that God is alive to-day. We believe that he speaks in the nineteenth century as truly as the first. We make no narrow pretence that he can never speak through anybody but us. And if it is through the spectroscope or the microscope that he reveals his glory, if he sends a message by the hand of science, we are as ready to worship and to receive it as though it came by the hand of an ordained priest. All couriers are sacred who run on God's errands. All lips are holy that utter his will.

Such, then, being our attitude, we cannot follow the lead nor do the work of the old churches. We will indeed be glad for all the noble work they accomplish. And so far, though they do not rejoice in us, we can and will in them. But we cannot do the kind of work which they regard as all-important; and we believe there are a place and a work for us, because we hold that they are the product of and represent a phase of religious thought and life that belongs to the past, and is rapidly passing away. Let them have the past, and hold the present as long as they can: the future is ours.

This may strike you at first as a presumptuous claim. Let us see if we can justify it, and thus make good the assertion that we have a right to exist and to push our work.

We are really living, friends, in a new universe, whether you have fairly waked up to the fact or not. With the writer of the Apocalypse, we may say,— changing only the tense,— "And I *see* a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth *are* passed away." Yes, friends, they are not going to pass away: they have passed away already from the minds of all free and intelligent men. The same old stars are above our heads, the same old earth is under our feet; yet this is not the world in which Moses lived, this is not the world of Jesus and Paul, it is not the world of John Milton or Luther. New eyes can make a new world as well and as really as though the stars and earth were changed. It has been made new, to our thought, not by changing it, but by seeing it as it is.

Men frequently object to the modern pulpit that it preaches

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science. Well, friends, pray tell me what it should preach. That awful word, "science," what does it mean? It only means *knowledge*,—verified and organized knowledge. Do they want us to preach ignorance,—to preach guesses, fancies, the superstitions of past ages, whose most characteristic feature was their ignorance? Why, friends, the theology of the past sprung out of and was constructed on the basis of science, just as really as is our modern theology. Only their science was crude and fanciful and untrue, because they did not know enough about the universe to make it any better. Did you never stop long enough to think that the Mosaic conception of the world was scientific just as really as our own, only the old science was false and fanciful? The writer of Genesis had his conception of the universe, just as truly as Darwin or Herbert Spencer has his. And to suppose that it is religious to preach the old, false science, and that it is irreligious to preach the new and true science, is a most curious superstition. It is about on a level with the condition of the old lady whose religious sensibilities were so stirred at the sound of the word "Mesopotamia," but who would have heard only something secular and profane in the name of New York or Boston. Isn't God alive in and the ruler of the new universe just as truly as in the old? Or do men really think that modern men of science have grown strong enough to push the Omnipotent from his throne?

The old theology, then, sprung out of and was consistent with the old science. But this old science was that of the three-story, quadrilateral universe of the Jews, constructed after the pattern of the Jewish tabernacle. It was the science of Ptolemy,—of a little earth at the centre, and a few concentric spheres of crystal revolving about it, carrying round the heavenly luminaries to serve as candles and chandeliers for the earth, and having the visible throne of the visible deity and his Oriental court not far away over head. This heaven and this earth are gone. And with them is gone also, and forever, the theology that sprung out of and was based upon them. The last thing that men are ever willing

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to improve is their theology. And so we have still, in the popular mind, a Ptolemaic theology, like a belated ghost after sunrise, trying to live in a Copernican universe. But the ghost is growing thin and shadowy, and will soon vanish away. "Do you believe in ghosts?" said some one to Madame de Staël one day. "No," she replied; "but I am afraid of them, though." And so the fear of the old theology lingers long after a vital belief in it has died out. If to-day all the people who do not really in their hearts believe the old theology were in Rational Churches, we should be the largest body in Christendom.

The new knowledge of the universe, then, has given us a new ideal of God, a new conception of man, a new theory of evil, and a new salvation. And it is because of these that a true, intelligent, modern church cannot adopt the old methods or work with the old instrumentalities in endeavoring to lift up and help mankind.

Let us glance at these points a moment, and see how much they mean.

1. A new God. Please not misunderstand me, but see just what it is that I mean. Since God is infinite and can never be known to perfection, we have and can have only our *ideal* of him. This is not peculiar or strange. Concerning any human friend that I know and love, I do not know him completely, all he is, what he is *in himself*. I only have my ideal, that corresponds more or less completely to the reality. Just so it must be in the nature of things concerning God. Now, the old ideal of God in many respects was noble But, in many more, it is crude and unworthy. To-day, friends, we do not believe in a great, manlike God sitting on a throne. We do not believe in one that comes down to earth in a human body, takes a walk in a garden, sits down under a tree, and eats roast veal with Abraham. We do not believe in a God who makes the sun stop in heaven to light a barbaric general in his work of indiscriminate slaughter. We do not believe in a God who repents and gets angry, and in petulant disappointment destroys something that he

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ought to have known how to make right in the first place. We do not believe in a God who sends out a prophet, commissioned divinely to lie, in order to tempt a king on to his destruction. As if the Omnipotent couldn't have gotten him out of the way without lying! We do not believe in a God who commands a general to kill all the men, married women, and children, but to keep the virgins to distribute among the lustful and brutal soldiery. And yet — do you know it? — all these things are in the Old Testament, that Mr. Joseph Cook tells us is a "morally winnowed" book? I cannot help sometimes wondering what kind of a book it would be, if it were not "morally winnowed." We do not believe in a God who either cannot or will not save the children of his own love, the creatures of his own hand, from endless torture. And yet, friends, in spite of all the grand things the Bible teaches about God, in spite of all the fine things that certain orthodox men have preached and written about him, all these things also that I have set forth are in the Bible and in Orthodoxy.

What religion and reverence we have forbid us to worship such an ideal. Does any one say we are irreligious to question what the Bible and the creeds say about God? We reply that they are irreligious to say that there is any such being, or that he is capable of any such deeds. We hold better things of him than that. We indignantly repel such insinuations, as though our father had been slandered. Let me tell you plainly, friends, and ask you to think about it, the ideal of God contained in the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith" and in the "Westminster Catechism" — *i.e.*, the ideal of the popular Orthodoxy — is behind and below the level of even the *human* morality of the age. If a man were now living in this city who would feel and do what the creeds say God feels and does, you would not want him among your friends, and you would not invite him into your homes.

In our new universe, then, we must have a new and a higher ideal of God. We must have one we can love and worship.

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2. I said also we have a new conception of man. The old Adam was created perfect, and placed in a garden six thousand years ago. So resplendent was he in every quality and faculty of high manhood that Dr. South could say of him that Aristotle and Socrates were only fragments of his broken perfections. And yet he tripped over an apple and fell; and, contrary to every principle of justice, not to say love, he was so related to earth's unborn millions that his fall plunged them also into everlasting ruin.

To-day there is not an intelligent school-boy of fourteen who has not in his hands the means of knowing that this is all only an Oriental myth. If you wish to find Adam, the father of the race, you must go back not six thousand, but a hundred or two hundred thousand years. And, when you do find him, he is not the picture that the old theology draws, but a wild man of the woods, close on the borders of the animal world. And we have the comforting assurance that the world is not on the down-hill road, but the up-hill. From this low estate, we have advanced until we can exclaim, "Now are we the sons of God!" and, looking on and up the pathway that leads to the future heights of possible progress, we can utter the glorious hope, "And it doth not yet appear what we *shall* be!" We are going on to be "*like him.*"

3. This new knowledge of God and man results of necessity in a new conception of the nature of evil. We can no longer regard it as the curse of God pronounced on a race because of one disobedience on the part of a perfect ancestor. Man is climbing up slowly, through the ages, out of a condition of animalism and brutality and ignorance. From the brute, he is climbing up into brain and heart. The process is slow. The brutal passions cling to him. He is ignorant of himself, of his fellows, and of the universe about him. The problem set before him is to learn *how to live*, physically, mentally, and morally. His welfare consists in knowing the laws of God,—which are the laws of his own nature and of the world about him,—and in obedience to

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them. He cannot help desiring his welfare, but passion and ignorance still cling to and hinder him. This passion, this ignorance, this constant stumbling against the inexorable laws, this brutality of his old and lower nature, not yet outgrown,— *this is evil.*

4. Such being the nature and condition of man, of course you will see that our conception of salvation is changed. We cannot now intelligently work to deliver man from "the effects of the fall." There has been no fall. Man was never so high as to-day. "The fall of man" is the foundation and corner-stone of all the old theology. That is gone; and so the whole superstructure of orthodox theology that was reared upon it totters and falls at one blow. Total depravity, incarnation, a dying God, and hell, — these all have passed away with the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic system of the universe. There is no place for, and no need of them, in the modern knowledge of the modern world. All the supernatural machinery of salvation is now as outworn and antiquated as the artillery of the Middle Ages. And even those who deny it are gradually and sometimes almost unconsciously substituting for the old theological matchlocks and blunderbusses the modern breech-loaders and needle-guns.

Our salvation is deliverance now and here from brutality and passion and ignorance. We have no magical heaven into which a man can be swung from the gallows by the magical words of a priest. We do not believe a man is fit to die until he is fit to live. And we are aristocratic enough not to be willing to associate in heaven with a man that we would not trust or have anything to do with in Boston. And, if we can help a man to be sound and honest and pure and true here, we have not any sort of fear about his future. If he is not that, we do not believe any consecrated wafers or holy water or church attendance or Bible-reading or evangelistic prayers will open the gate of heaven for him in this world or in any other world. We believe in universal salvation sometime, somewhere, through *character*, through knowledge of and

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obedience to the law of God,—this, because we trust in God, and do not believe he makes anything in vain. But we do not believe in heaven on any other terms. The keys are not in the keeping of any Church, Catholic or Protestant. The Church can only save by inspiring and teaching men to become what they ought to be. No character, no heaven. And neither "faith" nor "blood" nor "atonement" nor "prayers" can change this inexorable condition. Heaven is simply the music of a life rightly attuned to the laws of God. And you might as well expect to get music out of a broken organ by faith or blood or prayer as to get heaven out of a disorganized man in the same way. Put your organ in tune, then you will have your music.

Such, then, as I understand it, is our position.

But, now, do you ask, since we have no infallible guides, from what source we expect to get our light to direct us along the pathway of human salvation. Well, in the first place, we have an eternal faith that God is guiding his world. We believe in the

> "Far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

We are children on ship-board; and our Father is captain. If he has not told us particularly, we still believe that he knows toward what port he is steering, and that he is competent to bring the ship in safely.

And, next, we have all the light that anybody has, all the light there is. We have reason; and we have all the experience, all the achievement, all the great teachers of the world. We do not believe God sent a little beam of light to the Jews and the Christians, and that he radiated darkness on all the rest of the world. We could not trust a partial God. If my father pets me and neglects or abuses my brother, I will take my brother's part, and cannot help despising my father. So we hold ourselves open to all the light we can get from any source. All the light in the world,—moonlight, gaslight, the light of candles, the light of coal or wood in an open grate, the gleam of a gem in an underground

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cavern,— all light, we know, comes from the sun. So all truth,— truth of religion, truth of science, truth of philosophy, truth in Europe, truth in Asia, truth of Christ, truth of Buddha, truth in the first century, truth in the nineteenth,— all truth, we know, comes from God. And truth from God is "the light of the world." It is the Church's business to gather and reflect all this truth, this light, it can receive and can dispense. We believe there is enough truth already gained and accessible to save the world. We believe that Christianity is the best religion, not because it is so called, but because it has for us the most of inspiration and truth; *i.e.*, the most of God. But it differs from other religions only as a larger and brighter sun differs from other and lesser stars. Thus we rejoice to call ourselves Christians.

Our church method then, of course, must be: —

1. Free thought and study. We hold that the universe is all God's. If, then, we confine ourselves to some one little section, we shut out a part of God, a part of his truth and light. We have such faith in the universe that we do not believe we can anywhere find anything that will dishonor God or injure man. So we face it fearlessly, and study in all directions.

2. We hold that the laws of human nature,— the individual and society,— and the laws of the world about us, are the true and complete "Word of God." Of this, all Bibles and creeds and faiths are only fragments. They are true and binding so far as they are faithful copies of the complete and perfect word. Where they misread and mistranslate, they are not binding, being only human errors. We appeal from the lesser and the imperfect to the complete Book of God. And we hold that a knowledge of and obedience to these laws constitute salvation. And, since men cannot obey a law until they know it, we hold that intelligence, education, is the doorway of heaven.

3. We hold to conversion then, not as a magical, miraculous change of man's nature, to be gained in the excitement — often ignorant and sometimes animal and immoral — of a revival meeting, but as the intelligent, deliberate act of a

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rational man turning about when he finds he has been going in the wrong direction and beginning to go in the right.

4. We hold that the penalty of transgression is the hell of ignorance and suffering that must cling to every man in this world, in all worlds, so long as he is out of right relation to the laws of his own nature, which are the laws of God. And —

5. We are predominantly *this worldly* in our religion. We carry no pocket-maps of the next world; and we do not believe that those who do have made them from any authentic surveys of the country. Since God has put us here, in this vineyard, we take it for granted that his purpose is to have this vineyard cultivated. We do not believe he wants us to lie under the hedges and dream about the next world. We want, if we can, to lay the foundations of the city of God right here: we want to rear the walls of common, human materials. We believe that human affections and human hopes and human labors are more precious than the apocalyptic jasper and amethyst and pearl out of which the visionary city was constructed. We believe our fathers and mothers and children and friends are as truly God's children as the angels of ancient dreams. We believe this wondrous, mountain-pillared, and sky-canopied and cloud-curtained earth is as much a part of God's house as any mystic heaven.

At any rate, we are here, and our present work is here. And if we can only build heaven now, and people it with pure and noble men and women, we believe we are making the truest and the only rational preparation for whatever God has in store for us in the future. A good to-day is the best preparation we know of for a good to-morrow. And as at night we lie down to sleep, going out fearlessly into the dark, knowing that the sun will rise again, and waken us to another day,—

So should it be with dying:
  Drop earthly cares and fears;
In Father's arms, you're lying;
  Look up with smiles, not tears.

You know not of the waking?
  Be not with fear beguiled!
For, when the morning's breaking,
  He'll not forget his child.

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1. A NEW CHURCH IN A NEW UNIVERSE

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EMOTION IN RELIGION.

YOU hear it said sometimes of a man: "How genial, how sunny he is!" "He is all heart." Or, "He wears his heart on his sleeve." And, if the kindliness is genuine, it is a real pleasure to meet such a man. So much of the world is frosty that it is like walking on the sunny side of a street on a cool day in the fall. Of another, you hear it said, "He is a true man, when you get at him; but he is cold, he is unapproachable, he runs all to head." In most men, the two elements combine in ever-varying proportions, though now and then you find very marked extremes. I think you will agree with me when I say that the ideal man is one in whom the heart is very large, very kindly, easily touched and moved, but who at the same time gives the reins, the guidance of his life in charge of his head, subordinating all feeling to an ever-watchful intelligence.

This question as to the relative importance, position, claims of emotion and thought, of heat and light, is one that touches very closely the interests of our religious life. One church cares simply for truth, and seems to make little or nothing of emotion. Another is all emotion, and declares that the heart is the safest guide.

The principle that is involved in this question is one that has to do, in the most vital way, with some of the most prominent and perplexing questions in the religious life of the age. It lies at the very heart of the conflict between the old and the new, conservative and radical, traditional and rational. And, since thought and feeling both are grand

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facts of human life, a settlement of the question will not be found by ignoring either of them. Let us then look at and analyze the two a little, and see if we can assign them their places. Much that is important we shall have to leave one side; but we can go far enough to discover and point out the way.

It is impossible to say too much as to the importance of emotion. Emotion is life. It is that which moves all things and does all things. A stagnant pond, covered with a green slime, never turned a mill-wheel, never made music in leaping down a hillside, never gladdened a meadow for children to play in. It is water in motion, rushing down from the mountains, sweeping across the heavens in clouds, falling in showers, throbbing in mighty tides and beating against all shores,— it is this that is the life of the world. So, in the world of human life, it is not the men who stagnate in their own selfishness, who wither and dry up in petty cares, who become misanthropic and discouraged and feel that "it is of no use," — "the world will wag on its old way, whatever is done or is not done," — it is not these men that lift the world to higher levels and into sunnier and purer airs. Other things being equal, it is the man with the largest capacity for feeling who will be of most service to the race. He feels humanity's burdens, and would lift them off. He feels its sorrows, and would comfort them. His imaginative sympathy pictures the gladness of a perfect earth, and he strives to make the dream a fact.

Hunger and love — two feelings — are the mainsprings of all human activity. It is these that have cut down the forests, constructed the roadways, ploughed the rough lands, and turned them into farms and gardens and parks for beauty and pleasure. It is these that have built ships, traversed every ocean, founded colonies, and opened up to commerce the most distant lands. It is these that have founded cities, gathered all knowledge and made it accessible in schools, created art until canvas and marble embody a beauty at which uninstructed nature only hints. These two

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feelings touched barbaric man; and, as the ages went by, he was transformed, and from brute took on the likeness of what we think of as angelic and godlike,— a being "looking before and after," and whose thoughts "wander through eternity." Emotion, then, is the mighty power that works and shapes and brings all things to pass.

Modern science has brought out this truth most wonderfully in its great discovery that all forces are only "modes of motion." So it is motion with a letter *e* prefixed — emotion — that lies at the heart of all the transformations and all the progress of human life.

But now it is time to look at and analyze the emotions a little more closely, that we may see their limitations, the part they play, and the part they ought to play, in the religious life. Emotion is of all kinds, good and bad, wise and unwise, helpful and hurtful. There are love and hate, trust and fear, hope and despair, admiration and repulsion, adoration and irreverence, aspiration and cloddish content with that which is poor and mean. All emotion is not good, neither is all good emotion well directed.

If, then,— as is often said,— emotion (instinctive feeling, the heart) is a better guide in religious matters than the head, it must be good and wise emotion that is meant; for not all feeling is thought by anybody to be a safe guide. Since, then, it is only good and wise feeling that is to be trusted, by what test shall we decide as to what feeling is good and wise? It will hardly do to let the feeling itself, or the subject of the feeling, decide the matter. Are we not then compelled to fall back on the head, the reason, acting in the light of experience, to tell us what emotions have led to good results, and in what cases they have done so?

The simple matter of fact, then, is that all feeling, all emotion, is nothing more nor less than *purely blind force.* It is power: it will produce results. It is motion: it will drive its object somewhere. But what results will it produce, good ones or bad ones? Where will it drive us, to a good place or a bad? To those questions, emotion has no reply. We

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must go to the reason, and ask it to study human history, and tell us, in the light of human experience, what results such and such emotions have produced, and where they have led men.

Love and hate, hope, fear, aspiration, worship,—these are forces as blind as wind or steam. No ship could ever traverse the seas from port to port on expeditions of pleasure or science or commerce, were it not for the propulsive power of wind or steam. It would only lie rotting at the wharf, or drift idly with the lazy tides. But, on the other hand, suppose you send a ship to sea with only wind or steam to guide as well as propel? How long would it ride the waves or fight the storms before some tempest would overwhelm her, or some rocky coast see her broken timbers cast up by the scornful waves? The motive force is absolutely essential; but above the motive force must be intelligence in the pilot at the wheel. This, then, is the law,—*emotion the force, intelligence the guide.* Emotion *must not* undertake to lead. If it does, it is a span of horses taking the bits in their teeth and tossing their manes in defiance of the driver. Something will be done, but the chances are that the end will be a wreck. The heart, then, has no right to dictate to the head. It may feel and move, but the head only must point out the way.

We now stand face to face with two or three important practical questions that it will well repay us to carefully consider.

That varying quality that goes by the names of emotion, feeling, heart, is a very popular one. It is important, then, that we understand the different ways by which it manifests itself; for not infrequently we mistake mere effusiveness for emotion or feeling, and so unduly honor the spurious, while we overlook the genuine. Emotion may expend itself in mere noise and display; or, with little or no manifestation, it may work and accomplish results. The principle of judgment, then, is here,—that is the best expenditure of emotional force which accomplishes the largest and most beneficent result. Let us suggest a few illustrations.

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You have stood in a railway station while the engine of a halting train was blowing off steam. It made an immense noise and fuss about it, and made a tremendous impression as to the forces pent up in the boiler. But when, from some hill-top, you see the same engine, all its blustering pretensions hushed, noiselessly gliding onward with its long train of crowded cars, you get a grander and truer impression of the mighty motive power it hides in its iron heart. So a river may rush and roar, tumble over cataracts, or ripple and glitter in the sun; but as you stand in the midst of the machinery of some great factory, watching the mighty movements, and know that the real power is the now unseen and unheard river far below, you may learn the lesson that motive force is not lost or idle because it attracts no attention to itself.

We need this lesson many a time in human life. Shakspere hit the great truth, to which all experience testifies, when, in "King Lear," he makes the quiet Cordelia the embodiment of the truest emotion,— that emotion that labors and endures,— while Goneril and Regan put all their affection into words. Words are cheap. This truth, also, a greater than Shakspere recognized in his picture of the two sons. One of them is ready with words,— "I go, sir"; but he went not: while the other promises nothing, but, after penitent thought, goes and does the will of his father. Many are they who cry easily, and, like Sam Weller's mother-in-law, have a "water-main in the head"; but they "take it out" in crying. "Tears, idle tears!" and that is all. With some, it seems to be a luxury to weep. They seek opportunities for tears, at the play or over some exciting story. But, when they have cried, they are done. They do little or nothing to dry the eyes and cheeks of those whose tears are real anguish, and not an emotional sensation.

Many a devotee weeps over her sins, then sins again and weeps once more; and, perhaps, she persuades herself that her nervous sensibility is piety. It were better to weep less and do more. Many a pious Christian weeps over the sins of the world, over the supposed doom of the heathen,— the

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millions that never heard of his religion, and so, as he thinks, are condemned to perish. He weeps and prays; but, when that is over, he drives a good bargain, he enjoys himself, he eats a good dinner, he puts the scraps of his luxury in the contribution-box, and then sleeps as quietly as if there were no hell. And, all the while, he may count his sensitive feeling for righteousness, and think of some quiet man, who is doing ten times as much for the world, as being on a lower religious plane than he.

There are men who are all smiles and cordial words and kindly greetings. These are splendid qualities, *if* they are only the outward manifestations of a character that will wear. There are ministers who are *so* glad to see you that their faces are hardened into one perpetual smile. They are just alike to everybody, and make each man or woman they meet feel that he or she is the one person they hold in a little higher esteem than any one else in the world. There are churches that shout and sing and pray so loud that all the world must hear. But the final test in all these cases is the question as to who it is that does the most for the real welfare of man. The emotion that puts itself into quiet deeds is of more worth than that which spends itself in mere effusive protestation.

It is a charge so common that it has become somewhat stale that rational churches are "cold," that they have no emotion, that they "run all to head." But apply the only real test,—not of numbers or noise, but of the influence exerted in teaching, in lifting up and leading on the world toward a better civilization,—and there is no fear of the result of the trial.

Indeed, it is characteristic of all higher developments of social civilization that men come to protest and profess less while they quietly do more. A few hundred years ago, it was customary to close one's letters by professing one's self "your most humble and most obedient servant," and this, though writing to one's deadly enemy. A Chinaman to-day will overwhelm you with his protestations of friendship, and all as

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a matter of form. But the simple "yours truly," or "yours, etc.," may indicate a man who is far more trustworthy.

The mother watching in hushed silence over the crib of her child, or the husband absorbed in his business, and for the time forgetting he has a wife or child, — these may be manifesting the highest kind of emotion in the noblest and truest way.

But another point demands attention,— the waste of misdirected emotion. Nothing illustrates more clearly than this the importance of taking the reins of life out of the hands of feeling, and giving them in charge to the brain.

This is a point that I can only hint at briefly, and pass. It is of importance enough for a whole sermon ; and some time I may devote one to it.

But, as indicating what I mean, consider for a moment how large a part of the love and hope and worship and consecration and martyrdom of the world has been wasted on men and causes and religions that proved false, and failed to help on and lift up the race! How many victims have bled, how many prayers been offered, how many anguished hearts been broken in the service of gods who were no gods and could not hear! How many schemes of philosophy wrought out, fought for through ages, consuming the noble thought of noble men, and at last have fallen for lack of the support of facts! How much love and effort have gone into schemes of philanthropy that have ended in nothingness or disaster! How have the fearful fancies of men created gods of horror, and then paid dearly in blood and tears to be delivered from their own dreams! How many unreal hells have men constructed, and then labored through long ages to escape the shadowy tortures! If all the time, the thought, the money, the sympathy, the effort that men have spent in devising schemes of salvation from a wrath of God and a future doom of which there is not one respectable shred or rag of proof, had been spent in making this earth what it ought to be, the long-dreamed of "kingdom of God" might to-day be a reality. Is it not quite time, then, that the

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management of human affairs were placed in the hands of reason? Too long have the firm of *Feeling & Fancy* wasted the substance of humanity, and paid the suffering and waiting heart of man by imaginary checks drawn on the banks of undiscovered worlds. With this brief hint at one of the most pressing needs of the age, I must pass to notice one more practical phase of our theme.

A friend said to me the other day: "Only a few people are governed by intelligent ideas or led by logic in religion. The most of them seek only comfort, emotional satisfaction. Will it not always be so? More than that, as human nature is constituted, is it not right that it should be so? Then is it not true that the majority of men and women will always hold by traditional and, for the most part, superstitious ideas and forms in religion?"

Before answering these questions, let me state some other phases of the same case. Many Unitarians say: "You radical thinkers do not make enough of the person of Jesus to suit me. I do not believe he is God; but I feel that he ought to hold a higher and more central place than you seem to give him." On the other hand, that which fills the heart of a conservative Unitarian seems dreadfully cold and barren and empty to the orthodox. And, again, the most impressive service of the Congregationalist seems cold and bare to the Episcopalian, accustomed to his ritual. And, once more, the Sacramentarian, or Catholic, feels his heart empty and his emotions unsatisfied, unless he have a more elaborate and gorgeous ritual still. But to the idolater, accustomed to see the very form and lineaments of his God, even the most ritualistic church would fail to supply the heart-felt want of a visible Deity. When Rachel fled with her husband Jacob from her father Laban, the story in Genesis tells us that she stole her father's gods,—teraphim,—hid them in the furniture of her camel, and sat upon them. To a person in her state of mind and at her stage of — not civilization, but — barbarism, it would seem as though one had no God at all, unless he possessed a sort of

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pocket or portable Deity that he could carry about as a charm.

It is apparent, then, is it not, that this whole matter is one of degree of culture, of thought, of mental habit? I am well aware that to many my creed seems bare and unsatisfying. And yet, to me, the world was never so full of God, the universe never so grand, and the outlook for man never so inspiring. It is not alone in religion that this feeling appears. Wordsworth was so afraid that science and industrial civilization would drive all romance off the face of the earth that he passionately declared he would rather be

"A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn"

than lose the poetry of the landscape. And, in a late poem, Oliver Wendel Holmes almost sighs for the Middle Ages, in his fear that some precious hopes are fading out of the modern world.

Now, I believe with all my soul that the emotions, the heart, of man, ought to be satisfied, must be satisfied, will be satisfied. No religion can draw the world after it that does not satisfy them. But the whole difficulty will clear itself to our thought, if we only take the trouble to discover the principle that underlies all emotional attraction and power.

Almost every man and woman has a book, a ribbon, a photograph, a faded flower, or some treasured nothing that, as they say, "no money could buy." It cost very little; and its intrinsic value may be small. It is a memory, an association, that holds the heart with a power that no new or costly thing could possess. This, then, is the law. The heart clings to what it has learned to love, to that to which it has become accustomed. A place, a service, a symbol, a church, a ritual, a creed, an idol, means all the world to the heart that has learned to regard them as standing for what is precious in the way of reminiscence of the past or hope for the future. Here is the power of tradition. This is the hold that exploded creeds and false conceptions of God have upon the world.

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But must the world, then, make no advance because the multitude clings with homesick longing to the old camping-ground, and dreads a new march into the uncertain future?

Tradition will undoubtedly, for long ages yet, hold the great mass of men. Only a few think and discover. But, in the long run, it is this few who do think that control and guide the movements of the world. The opinion of the one man on a great Cunarder, who studies the chart, watches the compass, and holds the wheel, has more to do with the course of the mighty ship than all the whims, notions, hopes, fears, and fancies of the hundreds who make up her passenger list and her crew. It is always the opinions and the leadership of a few that settle all the great questions of the world. So, however far behind may lag the main body and the stragglers of an army, the van-guard must still lead on and make a way for civilization. Blessed are those who think and dare! When the main body comes up, it will gather up their bones for relics, and build their monuments. And, as fast as men become accustomed to the newer and truer, so fast will the affections twine themselves about them and the heart feel at home.

This must be the history of man, if he progresses, leaves the partial behind him, and goes on to the more complete. It comes then to this: emotion should be the motive-power, and the reason the guide, in our eternal quest for truth and God.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

POEM—"HUMANITAS REGNANS."

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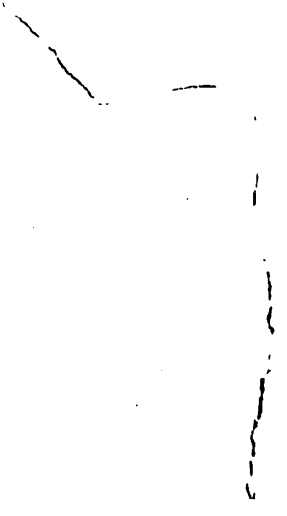

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OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

"Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation."

THE original meaning of the word *Duke* is not an official title, but that grander thing, a *leader*. Keeping this in mind, what words may more fitly be upon our lips to-day than those of England's great lament? "Great leader?"—Yes. And indeed we bury him "to the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation." "Great leader," no longer of a party only, as he was some months ago, but now and henceforth that grandest thing in all the world,—*the leader of a people.* Buried — thanks to his wisdom and his heart, thanks, also, to his suffering — not "to the noise of the mourning" of Republicans only, not to the mourning of white or black, not to the mourning of one country even, or one race. It is not too much to say that the death of no other ruler in the world to-day would touch so many hearts or dim so many eyes with the sincere mist of sadness. Through these past weeks, the civilized world has daily listened for the click of the wires that was to echo hope or fear with the words "better" or "worse." And, to-day, the civilized world, with hushed lip and reverent step, brings its tribute — a wreath of appreciation more fragrant and more lasting than flowers — to lay upon his grave. Says the London *Pall Mall Gazette:* "A year ago to-day, not one Englishman in a thousand had heard Garfield's name. To-day there will scarcely be an Englishman in a thousand who will not read of his death with regret as real and as deep as if he had been a ruler of our

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own." The significance of this sorrow in other lands lies largely in the fact that a man like Garfield, at the head of a nation like ours, stands as a symbol of popular hope and popular aspiration. It is prophecy and promise of the coming kingdom of man. For who is this Garfield, at whose funeral the civilized world is sad?

The answer to this question we want to freshen a little to our thought, if we can. We have cheapened it with talk. We have made it stale with Fourth-of-July commonplace, and yet it is the grandest fact in the political progress of man. Never until this age, in the long and weary history of the world, has such a thing been possible. This Garfield,— he was not born in purple nor cradled by a queen. The light of no ancestral glory haloed his brow. No bluer blood flowed in his veins than that which makes up the life-tide of the common mass of our common people. There was round him none of that "divinity that doth hedge a king." No priestly pretension of special access to God or special divine favor set him apart from his fellows. No fabled star of destiny shone over his cradle, or gave him peculiar guidance along the laborious pathway of his life-career. But one short year ago, he was a common citizen, one among a thousand others thought to be his peers. A few months see him — what any other of the thousand might have been — the mightiest ruler on the face of the earth. What makes him this? The simple fact that a free nation chooses him to embody and execute its will. It is this that touches and thrills the common heart of the world, and in the most distant lands kindles the high hope, even among the lowest, that some day simple humanity may win its birthright, and come into possession of its own. With such an example before it, no hope seems extravagant and no high attainment impossible. For, again, who is this Garfield?

Of common New England stock, he was born in a log cabin in a forest clearing on the frontier. His early privations, struggles, self-developed manhood, and well-won successes are not very much unlike those that make up the

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youthful history of a thousand other distinguished Americans. The strange romance of it lies in the fact, not that a log cabin and a canal boat are at one end of his career, but that, starting with these, he placed the White House at the other end. This is the romance, stranger than that of Middle Age castles and knights, that is possible only where manhood is free and permitted to count for all it is worth. This is the last, highest, and crowning result of all the world's long struggle toward the ideal condition of the race. This is the hope that shines upon the cradle of the lowest, and that lights up a free and open pathway to the loftiest summits of human achievement. This is the American idea: not that caricature that proclaims "one man as good as another," but only the *equal opportunity* that shall enable every man to become the best and most of which he is capable. Garfield won, not because of the log cabin and the canal boat, but because of a character that was able to conquer early obstacles, and turn his very disadvantages into steps in the upward stairway of a noble ambition.

Let us glance at just a few of his personal characteristics. We shall find, as always in such cases, that the law of cause and effect holds good. He is no illustration of the popular American delusion,— that luck and early disadvantages and popular equality can take the place of work or merit, and that wonderful fortunes may, in this country, come to those who have done nothing to deserve them.

We find in him, from the first, a quenchless thirst for knowledge. And this characteristic distinguishes him all through. There has been a great deal of newspaper sneering at the "scholar in politics." And it is true that one may be a mere theorizer, wholly unacquainted with the practical management of affairs. But much of this sneering has come from men who had their own selfish schemes in view, and who were conscious that these schemes would be exposed if the light of intelligent statesmanship were let in upon them. But practical statesmanship does not preclude the idea that successful practice is the result of intelligent and sound

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theory. Right action must be the result of intelligent thought and study. Thus, from the time when, as a boy, he devoured all the books that came within his reach, on through his struggles as teacher and student, through his scholarly and manly treatment of great questions on the floor of the House, clear up to his cautious and thoughtful facing of the high problems of his last great office, he has given a lesson that it is to be hoped his fellow-citizens will learn. That lesson is this: that conscientious study of the conditions must precede the correct solution of any important political problem. All his life long, he carefully studied, collected, arranged, and preserved every item of information that he thought might help him in coming to a right opinion on the great questions of his age and country. As one illustration of his practical method in the face of an emergency, it is said that, when he went as a colonel of volunteers into the South-west, his superior officer, in order to test his fitness for command, told him of the condition of affairs in a certain part of Kentucky, and asked him what he would do in such a case. He went to his tent, and the next morning he knew the whole topography of the country, the number of inhabitants, and the resources of every county in that part of the State. All the factors of the problem were at his fingers' ends. This by a night of hard work and thoughtful study. His life, then, is no encouragement to those who trust in hap-hazard or "manifest destiny." To those who have faith in tireless labor and well-applied intelligence, it is an inspiration.

Another quality was his commanding sense of duty and his loyalty to high ideals of patriotism. He said once in substance: "My life belongs to my country. I am only anxious to do as much as I may before the mortgage is foreclosed." This spirit animated him all through. It is well brought out in the conflict through which he passed when deciding between the military and the civil service. While he was in the army, doing noble work and gaining honorable fame, his neighbors and friends at home elected him as their

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representative in Congress. Then came the serious question as to what he should do. No fears for personal safety, no petty question of personal fame, no question of pecuniary gain, had any weight. He left the army and went to the capital, simply because those who knew him made him feel that, in the then condition of the country, he was more needed in Washington than in the field.

As touching his ability, it is not too much to say of him that he was, in every sense of those words, *a great man*. His was not the kind of greatness that flashes, that dazzles. He was not a meteor of eccentric orbit, to draw all eyes to the heavens, and then go out in darkness. He was not the lightning, that, while it illumines, also threatens, and leaves the watchers anxious as to whether the result is to be good or evil. He was of that rounded type of greatness, which, symmetrical and complete on all sides, grows upon one as he studies it. The grandest buildings, like St. Paul's in London, never at first sight seem so great as they are. Some eccentric and disproportioned structure will be much more striking at first view. Garfield was a man who grew to the very last. As illustrative of his sound judgment, his just and comprehensive mind, review his congressional career. While many of his fellow-members have been on all sides and no side; while they have watched the political weather, only anxious that every popular breath should fill their sails; while they have been ready to neglect all public duties and sulk in their tents, like Achilles, when their own personal schemes miscarried; while they have made themselves rich through the public misfortunes,— let us gratefully remember to-day two things to the infinite credit of our dead President. First, so far as I can recall, during all his career in the House, he was never on the wrong or dishonest side of any great question. His speeches outlined the policy that both the wisdom and the conscience of the country have ultimately approved. Of how many others can so noble, so great a thing be said? And, secondly, with unlimited opportunity to coin private wealth out of public disaster, he dies

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at last in what, for one in his station, is poverty, even his house at Washington being mortgaged. However nobly the private generosity of the country may provide for his family, let us remember that it is only the payment of a debt justly due from the nation he has served.

Then, once more, and lastly, so far as personal characteristics are concerned, he was that best of all things in a public man,— not in the sense of religious cant or negative, innocuous flabbiness,— he was good. He was manly; he was loyal; he was simple; he was a loving husband and father; he was one of that kind of men that we need not be ashamed to put forward as a typical American. He was not lifted up by prosperity; he was not crushed by adversity. Many fulsome words have been written during these dark days of his suffering and his patience. And it is undoubtedly true — let us say it in justice to humanity — that thousands of others would have borne it quite as well. In many a quiet home, aside from that "fierce light that beats upon a throne" or a ruler's chair, in the shadows of private life, there are those who suffer as nobly, unsustained by public praise, and borne up only by their own nobility. And I doubt not that he, in the seclusion of a private life, would have shown the same grand qualities. These qualities were himself: men do not dissemble thus, and for so long.

And yet, common as we may believe these qualities to be, was it not a noble sight to be held up before the nation and the world? Not one murmur; not one petulant complaint; not one cry of agony or disappointment, even in a moment of forgetfulness; no bitter word even for his murderer; no impeachment of Providence; no vexed cry over lost ambitions,— this quiet, patient, heroic fortitude is simple manhood lifted to the sublime.

Let us now for a little borrow the aid of the poets, in painting him as he was. And, first, some lines from Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior." He was one

> "Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
> That makes the path before him always bright;

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Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by his resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives; . . .
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire. . . .
He who, though thus endued, as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes; . . .
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of heaven's applause."

Listen next to Tennyson, whose words we gladly and rightfully appropriate, while he pictures one

"Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime. . . .
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power; . . .
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life,
Who never spoke against a foe. . . .
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
Till in all lands and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory."

The most perfect picture of a human being that has ever been drawn in human speech is Tennyson's portrait of his ideal King Arthur, etched in four lines. What line of it need we change as we to-day apply it to him whose name is on all lips? —

"Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her."

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But, now, we remember again that he is no more:—

"Hush! the dead march wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seemed so great,—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

But there is one grand conquest in a character like his, in that it compels all forces to be his friends. Living or dying, succeeding or failing, even obloquy and opposition can only serve "the good great man"; for they show him as he is. Whatever he gain or lose, he, as Coleridge says, has "always treasures, always friends,"—

... "Three treasures,—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

As we said of Lincoln, so now may we say of Garfield, that he was indeed fortunate in his death. For whatever may be the future results to the country, for Garfield's own fame and power, we must pronounce his death a fortunate one. There was a North and a South, there were Republicans and Democrats, there were even "administration men" and "stalwarts" in his own party. But, for no fault of his own, he fell. Then came the days and weeks of pain made noble by a sublime patience. And when, at last, he died beside the sea, only one America was left, and one universal sorrow found vent in universal tears. No ruler dies in vain, around whose death-bed are hushed the conflicts of turbulent factions, and who leaves behind him a legacy of peace, and of consecration to nobler ideals of statesmanship. Out of the clashings of a great convention was struck the glow

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of this meteor, which shot into the heaven of political success. Storm and cloud were about it, and men wondered whether it would continue to shine, or would sink into the obscurity of failure. But there is no question now. This mad attempt to hurl it from its orbit has only set it among the fixed stars, one of the eternal lights of the world's heroism and martyrdom.

In simple justice, it must be said that some of the best men in the country felt more or less of misgiving as to whether Garfield the President was going to hold true to the noblest ideals and utterances of Garfield the Congressman. This, not that for one moment they doubted his honesty, but because they questioned as to whether he were not, as was charged against Lincoln, too kindly and yielding toward those he trusted and loved. But he lived long enough to prove that, with all his "good-nature," he had also that divine obstinacy which, when a star is in sight and a hand upon the wheel, holds the ship relentlessly upon its course.

Fortunate indeed in his death; for no possible eighty days of health and strength and administrative labor could have been more fruitful of high results for the country than have been these eighty days of hushed and anxious waiting. Some things grow and ripen best in shade. The outcome is a public sentiment above faction and party, nobler ideals of statesmanship, and a quiet but earnest popular demand that the best things Garfield meant to do, by some hand must and shall be done.

However distasteful it may be in the first fresh impulse of our sorrow, however we shrink from political moralizing about an unclosed grave, there is yet one question that will not down, and that ought not to be waived one side. As the graver's acid eats its imperishable lines into metal, so ought the bitter acid of our tears to burn into our hearts forever this one lesson of the hour. And as on the altar of his gods the father of Hannibal made him swear eternal enmity to Rome, so, by the suffering and death of Garfield, here before God, to-day, let us swear eternal enmity to that which

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has so often slain our national honor, and at last culminated in the assassination of our noble leader.

Tell me not that it was Guiteau who murdered the President. There might be much to say concerning that at another time. But here and now let us look beneath superficial appearances. Guiteau is no more than the blade of a dagger, a weapon in the hands of a system of unparalleled corruption. Or, if the corruption have an equal, it can find that equal only in the absurdity, the unreason, of the same system. The Civil War was no more truly and logically the result of slavery than is the assassination of Garfield the natural result of the condition of our Civil Service. If, then, we wish to avenge our dead President, if we wish to do what is even more important still,—prevent results yet more disastrous to the future of our country,—let us not be content with punishing one man. Let us destroy the system of which the one man is only one noxious manifestation.

There is no time now, nor is this the occasion, for dealing adequately with so large a theme. It must suffice to-day to suggest food for reflection by one or two remarks.

In the first place, let me say that the one great danger that threatens the success of popular institutions in this country is this system that has slain our President, and that the Civil Service Reform aims to destroy. Not only is our present system the teeming parent of all corruptions and all discords, but, as business simply, it is absurd. No man is so foolish as to conduct his private business in such a way. Those who are interested in its perpetuity tell us that no other way is practical. But not only are other systems practical, but they are already facts in other lands. No one in England would dream of killing Gladstone for such a cause as that which animated Guiteau; for, with all his power, Gladstone holds no such dangerous and corrupting authority in his hands as we permit our rulers to wield.

But, as I said, I must not now discuss this subject further. Yet so much had to be said. We ask for the destroyer of our leader. Do not fix your eyes on the jail in Washington.

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The pistol-shot of that pietistic, Bible-reading, infidel-hating, and — as he would have us believe — inspired scoundrel is only a single lightning-flash out of a cloud, gendered by years of corruption, and holding still in its bosom the threat of future tempests. Slay the real slayer then. Realize the ideal that Garfield's own words have outlined more than once: thus you will avenge the past by making the prosperity of the future secure.

But now, at the last, we have to learn once more the lesson that, whatever man dies, the race still lives and the universe moves on. Even though, with solemn service, the captain himself be let down over the side beneath the closing waves, still the great ship must sail on. In old times, even from the hushed chamber where the king had just breathed his last, there went forth the cry: "The king is dead. Long live the king!" The sceptre only changes hands: it does not fall. In Garfield's own great words when Lincoln fell, "God reigns; and the government at Washington still lives." So, however many tears we shed, and however many flowers we throw upon his coffin, still we must look up and move forwards. We can help the dead no more; but fifty millions living demand our care. With what mental attitude and in what words shall we greet our dead President's successor?

And now a few words must be said that, if we might, we would gladly omit. Whatever our new President may prove himself to be, we must still confess that he is not the man that any of us would have chosen for the place. And it is time that this great country learned not to put any man on the steps of the White House that it would not be glad to see installed within.

One thing more we must say; and that is, that, when the President was struck down, he who now is President was an ardent supporter of that political system which was threatening the nation and which proved to be the assassin. And he had just made such a display of personal and partisan politics as, to say the least, was totally unbecoming in one who held his high office.

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But they who have charged him with wishing the President's death have spoken not words of wisdom, but of reckless passion. Indeed, during all these trying weeks,— let us say it with gratitude and hope,— he has borne himself with a modesty and self-control that promise manly things. Not only has he not grasped after power that many have thought rightly his own, but he has displayed a noble reserve, and a genuine shrinking from the honors thrust upon him, that seem to show he fully feels the grave responsibility of his position.

And in his past record there is much on which we may rest. Even his enemies have found no spot upon his personal character. He is a man of personal purity, of unquestioned honesty, one loved by a large circle of friends, and who, in trying positions, has shown no common executive ability. Let us hope that, in these weeks of brooding anxiety, he has learned much as to the evils of that political system that has slain his predecessor, and that now he is ready to see to it that the country shall not too deeply regret the change.

At any rate, this is true. By no seeking of his own is he where he is. It is we that have put him there. It is only justice, then, that we give him all opportunity, and by sympathy and co-operation assist him in a worthy discharge of his high duties. Never man had a grander opportunity. In his case, self-interest seconds duty; and both alike will plead with him for noble deeds. It lies only with himself to turn the whispers of the nation's distrust into loud and general acclamations of applause.

And now, at the close, it only remains for us to note once more that old but ever-repeated and eternal mystery of human progress,— how by way of blazing fagots, by a path lined with cross and gibbet and torture and the lurking assassin, the march of our race goes on. Men struggle against the truth, kill and bury it, as they think; and yet it turns out to be only the planting of seed that springs up to nobler harvest. Truth is the only begotten son of God;

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and they who slay him find that they were fighting against an immortal. Though the World, in its sweep through space, dip for a time into shadow, it flashes out again into a sunlight brighter than before.

> "No accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath ever lost."

And as in other martyrdoms before the truth has been watered by the blood of the slain, so now, I think, there is ground for a high trust that the political health of the United States will be all the stronger for this terrible test. Though evil ever so often seem victor, though it seems sometimes that truth is forever on the scaffold and wrong forever on the throne,—

> "Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

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J. A. G.

HUMANITAS REGNANS.

With finger on lip and breath bated,
With an eager and sad desire,
The world stood hushed, as it waited
For the click of the fateful wire.

"*Better!*" and civilization
Breathed freer and hoped again.
"*Worse!*" and through every nation
Went throbbing a thrill of pain.

A cry at midnight, and listening;
"*Dead!*" tolled out the bells of despair,
And millions of eyelids were glistening
As sobbed the sad tones on the air.

But who is he toward whom all eyes are turning?
And who is he for whom all hearts are yearning?

What is the threat at which earth holds its breath,
While one lone man a duel fights with death?

No thrones are hanging in suspense;
No kingdoms totter to their fall:
Peace, with her gentle influence,
Is hovering over all.

'Tis just one man at Elberon
Who waiteth day by day,
Whose patience all our hearts has won
As ebbs his life away.

His birthday waked no cannon-boom;
No purple round him hung;
A backwoods cabin gave him room,
And storms his welcome sung.

He seized the sceptre of that king
Who treads a freehold sod:
He wore upon his brow that ring
That crowns a son of God.

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By his own might, he built a throne,
With no unhuman arts,
And by his manhood reigned alone
O'er fifty million hearts.

Thus is humanity's long dream,
Its highest, holiest hope begun
To harden into fact, and gleam
A city 'neath the sun,—

A city not like that which came
In old-time vision from the skies,
But wrought by man through blood and flame,
From solid earth to rise,—

Man's city,— the ideal reign
Where every human right hath place,
Where blood, nor birth, nor priest, again
Shall bind the weary race,

In which no king but man shall be,—
'Twas this that thrilled with loving pain
The heart of all the earth, as he
Died by the sobbing main.

For, mightiest ruler of the earth,
He was the mightiest, not because
Of priestly touch, or blood, or birth,
But by a people's laws.

O Garfield! brave and patient soul!
Long as the tireless tides shall roll
About the *Long Branch* beaches, where
Thy life went out upon the air,
So long thy land, from sea to sea,
Will hold thy manhood's legacy.

There *were* two parties: there were those,
In thine own party, called thy foes:
There *was* a North: there *was* a South,
Ere blazed the assassin's pistol-mouth;

But, lo! thy bed became a throne;
And as the hours went by, at length
The weakness of thine arm alone
Grew mightier than thy strongest strength.

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No petulant murmur, no vexed cry
Of balked ambitions, but a high,
Grand patience! And thy whisper blent
In one heart all the continent.
To-day there are no factions left,
But *one America* bereft.

O Garfield! fortunate in death wast thou,
Though at the opening of a grand career!
Thou wast a meteor flashing on the brow
Of skies political, where oft appear

And disappear so many stars of promise. Then
While all men watched thy high course, wondering
If thou wouldst upward sweep, or fall again,
Thee from thine orbit mad hands thought to fling;

And, lo! the meteor with its fitful light
All on a sudden stood and was a star,—
A radiance fixed, to glorify the night
There where the world's proud constellations are.

—*Boston Globe.*

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THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

MATTHEW xvi., 19.

IN his two great poems, Milton sang "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." The "Loss of Eden" is the burden of the one; and "Recovered Paradise to all mankind," the theme of the other. The disobedience of one man shuts the gate upon all the race; and the obedience of one opens it again for all who believe. But only a very few, comparatively, ever hear anything about the opening of the gate; and only a few of those who do hear ever "believe" in the "saving," theological sense of that term. And so, of the innumerable multitudes shut out, but an insignificant fragment ever cross the threshold of return. The fate of Tennyson's famous "Six Hundred" is but a feeble type of the fate of the human race.

This is the Protestant conception of the universe. And, indeed, some form of this underlies the whole theology of the Church. Eden was a place, a garden; for this is the meaning of the word "paradise." In it was every flower that was pleasant to the eye and every fruit that was pleasant to the taste. No beast was yet wild or noxious. Even the serpent was harmless. He, in some mysterious fashion, walked upright; and Eve was not astonished to hear him speak. No poisonous plants, no thistles, no briers or thorns, had yet sprung out of the ground. The supposed curse of labor had not yet fallen on man. No nerve had yet felt the thrill of pain; and no heart-broken agony had yet looked on a dead face or called in vain to ears that could not hear.

We are not to think, however, of primeval man as having any such thoughts as these. Long and weary ages of toil and tears had passed. Man had fought the wild beasts, and his

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wilder fellow-man; had been racked with pain, and had seen his loved ones die, before this sweet vision had visited his troubled dreams. And it came at last as a crude attempt at philosophy. So soon as he began to have any strong conceptions of a good and just God or gods, his moral sense demanded an explanation of the apparent evils. A good being, he thinks, could not have intended all these ills. And so, his thought ran on, he must have made all things fair and good at first; and either man himself, or some enemy, must have wrought the ruin. And so it appears in Milton's scheme of things. Lucifer, till then Prime Minister in heaven, is put in the second place, while Christ receives the first. Ambition leads to revolt. Then there was "war in heaven." A third part of the angels are cast out; and man is created, whose final destiny is to take the revolted angels' place. Not through any special enmity to man, but out of a desire for revenge against God, Satan attacks humanity; and, in spite of the guardianship of angels and of Omnipotence itself, Eden becomes a desolation, and man a subject of the prince of hell, his conqueror.

Temporarily, man's half-developed moral sense is satisfied. It was not God who made the evil. It was his enemy and man's,—the devil.

Paradise, then, was a place from which man had been driven. If only he could get back again, could eat of the fruit of the tree of life, all would be well. Religion then naturally undertook the problem of recovery.

For many ages, and indeed until quite modern times, it was thought by many that the "Earthly Paradise" still existed, and might some day be rediscovered. The hope of one day eating from its tree that had the power of conferring immortality, of drinking from its fountain that had in it the gift of immortal youth, lured on many an adventurous voyager in those days when Europe waked up to the existence of this then new world. Eden was supposed to be in the far East. And when Columbus, believing in the fact that the earth was round, sailed from the port of Palos, he

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had no thought of discovering another continent: he only hoped, by this new route, to reach the extreme eastern shore of Asia. And, when he discovered land, he supposed it was really India; and, in accordance with that thought, he called the inhabitants "Indians,"—the name that has remained until the present day. And one of the grand inspirations and hopes of Columbus was the possibility of finding here the lost Eden of the race. And many years went by and many explorations ended in disappointment before the weary mariners gave up the dream. Indeed, Ponce de Leon expected to find it somewhere in the tropic glades of Florida.

But the point for you to notice in all this is the fact that, in all these centuries, the prevailing thought, even among the most civilized of mankind, is of the perfect state of man as a *place*, from which they could be driven, and which, like a garden or a city, they could find and enter again. All this is true of the Messianic dream of the Jews and of the looked-for "Kingdom of heaven" of the Christians. These were to be located on earth. Multitudes hold this opinion still, in spite of the fact that the explicitly promised date of its establishment has long since gone by. That is, they hold that a man who was entirely mistaken as to the time and manner of its coming is still able to bring it to pass. But most Christians now locate this Paradise not on earth nor in this life: it is a city of the future, inhabited only by immortal spirits, the home of the dead. But still it is a place, a city, with walls and gates. In it, however, are all the special features of the lost Eden. It is a city, and yet a garden, a paradise. A crystal river flows through it, and on either bank of it is there "the tree of life." In it is all that was lost,—for those who have the keys, or can gain the favor of those who hold them.

Let us now turn to the scene in the Gospels where Jesus is reported to have conferred the power of the keys, and thus get at the thought of the early Church. Jesus and his disciples are walking near the then modern and Roman city of Cæsarea. He is not yet acknowledged as "Messiah."

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He turns to his disciples, and says, Who do the people say I am? They answer, Some think you are the beheaded John the Baptist risen from the dead; some say you are the old prophet Elijah returned to earth; while others think you are Jeremiah, or some other of the old prophets come back again.

It is worth while to notice just here, in passing, the state of mind of these men. Nothing is too wonderful for them to believe. It seems perfectly natural to them that one of the ancient dead should come back again. It is well to reflect as to how much the testimony and opinions of such men are worth to the modern world. One in their state of mind to-day would be regarded as so near the border line of insanity as to render all his sayings worthless. And yet, to the larger part of Christendom, all the laboriously acquired knowledge of the world is as nothing, when weighed against one of their lightest whims or notions!

But, after Jesus gets their reply, he appeals to them for their own opinion. Who do you say that I am? Peter replies, "Thou art the Christ,— the Messiah,— the Son of the living God." Jesus is much pleased at the answer, and declares that this has come to Peter by special revelation. And then he adds a gift and a promise: "I say unto thee that thou art Peter,— *Petros*,— and upon this rock,— *petra*, — I will build my Church. . . . I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." That is, he gives Peter the absolute power of God on earth,— the power of determining the eternal destiny of men. A startling power this, to be intrusted to the hands of one who is only a man! And this man, Peter, afterwards not only does not show himself specially wise, but, along with all his other faults, is capable of being a liar, a swearer, and a traitor.

These few words, attributed to Jesus, have been the fountain of more hate and blood and tears than perhaps any

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other equal number of words in all history. Out of these few words sprang the Inquisition and St. Bartholomew. They furnished material for the rack and a thousand unspeakably horrible instruments of torture. Out of them came the blazing fagots for kindling ten thousand burnings at the stake, out of them numberless cruel wars and merciless massacres, out of them the long feud between Catholic and Protestant, the separation of Christendom into bitter factions, the transformation of those claiming to be the followers of the "Prince of Peace" into the inhuman ferocity of pitiless fiends. Strange picture this which history paints of the "kingdom of God" on earth! It is a picture lurid with burnings and red with blood. No other religion on the face of the earth has presented such a scene.

Now, what shall we think? If Jesus was a divine being and knew the future, he foresaw all the results of these few words of his. Not only that, he knew he had left his words in such ambiguous terms that wise and good men would differ as to their meaning, and that cruel and unscrupulous men could turn them to advantage in their merciless schemes of enslaving men and using them to advance the ends of their own unpitying ambitions. In this case,— let us say it with all plainness and weighing well the force of our words,— no character so cruel and inhuman as Jesus has ever blotted the pages of history. Let those who make him God or gift him with prophetic foresight of the future escape this difficulty, if they can.

This saying is the corner-stone of the Catholic Church. The assumption is that this power, once given to Peter, was handed down in perpetuity to all his successors. It is assumed further that he founded the Church of Rome, and became its first bishop or pope. Thence follows the primacy of Rome in Christendom, and the later doctrine of the infallibility of the pope. But here are several assumptions of quite too much importance to accept without proof. There is no evidence first that Peter founded the Church of Rome. Indeed, it is not certain that he was ever there. Then there

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is no proof that, even if he possessed such power, it was ever transferred or was indeed transferable. But, cutting clear under the deepest foundations of the claim, let us say there is not the slightest particle of proof that God ever gave any such power to any man. And if he did, judging it by its fruits, we must declare God himself to be evil; for this stupendous claim has been evil, and only evil, in its results in human history.

But the Protestant interpretation does not help us any. Instead of giving the keys to a man, he gave them to the Church, they say. But which of the conflicting claimants is the Church? And where shall bewildered man go to find the true and only genuine key that will admit him to the lost Eden? Is it possible that a loving Father has left so great a matter in such fearful doubt?

Or, if we interpret the words still again, and say it is the *truth* of the confession of Peter that is the rock on which human salvation is built, yet we are little helped. Shall we interpret the Messiahship as the Jews did, as the early Church did, or in some one of the conflicting and mutually contradictory ways of the modern Church? Whichever way we turn, these words of Jesus give little help. They are only a perplexity and a snare.

Let us now see what modern critical scholarship has to say to us about them. In all rational probability, Jesus never uttered the words at all. We know the early Church wrote many gospels. It took the liberty of suppressing those it did not like or which taught unacceptable doctrines. It superintended and manipulated and changed the records at will for many generations. There is hardly a doubt that these words were a forgery after the fact, and directly intended to represent Jesus as supporting the primacy of Peter after the ambitions of Rome had made her seek the headship of the Church. She seized the keys, and then advanced the claim that they had been conferred upon her unscrupulous hands by the direct act of Heaven. Thus has the Church, to make herself mistress of heaven, been willing for ages to turn the earth into a hell.

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The central, grand error of all, the one on which we want to fix our eyes, look at so that we shall never forget it, is this, which takes a twofold form: first, that it is a *place*, the simple getting into which can make men eternally happy; and, second, that any power on earth, *save God and the individual soul*, has any control of its keys. So long as these twin errors live, some power will lash the souls of men with whips of fear, and hold them in abject slavery. "All that a man hath will he give for his life"; much more for an eternal life. Convince him then that there is some special place with walls and gates, within which is endless bliss; that there is another place, walled and gated, within which is endless pain and horror; then convince him that some earthly power holds the golden keys that are able to give him entrance to the happy city,— and what abject homage will he not pay to the power that controls his destiny?

A belief essentially like this is the common one of the race. It is inherited from a barbaric past. It hangs like a heavy chain about the neck, the wrists, the ankles of the race. It bends it down to the earth; it cripples it for work; it hinders its progress. To set men free, they must be taught the human origin of all religions, of all Bibles, of all pretended Saviours. And the thousands of ministers who know these things and do not speak; the thousands of laymen in all the churches who know these things, but still support a ministry that does not speak, — these all are accomplices in that treason against humanity that consists in letting men still grope fearfully in the dungeons which the ignorance of the past has built, instead of breaking down the walls and letting them come forth into the light and hope of the modern world.

So long as these beliefs continue, the Babel cries of pretended authorities will still be heard. The Catholic will shout: "I hold the keys. I only can open the gates!" And the Protestant will shout: "The Catholic key is a base imitation. I hold the original and genuine one!" And the hundred different sects will each continue to claim that, though

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the gate may possibly open to others, still there is some peculiar feature about his key that possesses the magic gift of opening the gate a little more readily than all the rest. Until one begins to think that, if only one key is genuine, it must be the divine intention to prove that gates are not intended to be opened, and that keys are only delusions for keeping people out.

What, then, is the way out of the tangle? Is there a clew to the labyrinth? Where is the city? And is there a key?

The answer is simple. It is only opening one's eyes. The solution is simple daylight. It happens sometimes in sleep that men have troubled dreams. They are about to fall over high precipices. They are fighting with wild beasts. They are groping about hopelessly to find some lost way. In their agony, they cry out and plead for help. What would a friend do for one in such a case? Will he not take him by the arm, give him a gentle shake, and call to him to wake up and open his eyes? And when the light streams in upon him, and he is fairly awake, he will smile and say, The wild beasts, the armed men, the precipices, the bewildering pathways, are all gone now that I have opened my eyes. He will not forget that labors and cares wait for his waking hours; but they are only such as he can intelligently attack and hope to deal with: they are no longer the intangible horrors of dreamland.

And so in the matter of this kingdom of heaven and its keys. There is a kingdom, and there are keys. But the kingdom is partially, at least, within the reach of all men; and the keys are within the grasp of every man, to be thrust within the wards of natural laws by the hand of each man for himself. No priesthood controls his destiny, except as he permits. The whole supernatural machinery of heaven and hell and schemes of salvation are only hideous fancies of the night. They are dreams of barbaric ignorance. It needs only that the eyes be opened to the daylight of reason, and all this trouble of the darkness is gone. Let them go where they belong, with the bats that hang head downward in the darkness of antique caves, which, though they used to

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be the habitation of man, have long been forsaken for the daylight of the upper world.

What, then, is the simple truth of the whole matter? Only a little time is left us; and we must put our answer into a few brief words. We shall only succeed in outlining what might fairly claim an elaborate and extended treatment.

How much do we really know about heaven? Only this, that the law of cause and effect holds good everywhere; and that thus, day by day, we are making our own future. As I have often said, A good to-day is the only sure promise of a good to-morrow. Wheat planted grows wheat. Weeds planted grow weeds.

We know further that happiness depends not on *where* we are. Men are happy in log cabins: they are unhappy in Back Bay mansions. A fair landscape is not fair to one who is blind; and to one with no taste for music a symphony concert is not a bringer of joy. Happiness, then, depends essentially on *what* we are.

It is time for us, then, in the modern world to cease thinking so much about getting out of hells in some other life, or of getting into heavens in some other life. We cannot indeed help our tender and loving dreams as to what and where our departed friends may be. But we must remember that our present life-work is not to be forever busied about such imaginations. We cannot help the dead. And the only way in which we can help our own future is by making the present noble. Here, all around us, are eyes heavy with weeping, are nerves thrilling with pain, are backs bent with burdens. The kingdom of God we are to build is *here*. If we build it here, we need not trouble about the future. God will keep all that we make worth keeping. So if we really build God's kingdom, we need not fear but it will be an *eternal* kingdom.

How, then, shall we build it? Knowledge must be the architect. Tireless labor must be the workman. The earth must be subdued and all the forces of nature made the servants of man. Justice must be organized, and right relations

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be established between all classes and all persons. Then let art beautify it. Let sentiment, like ivy, climbing over and softening the outlines of some old tower, twine about it, and give room for all winged fancies to build their secure nests. Let religion blend the blessings of heaven with the aspirations of earth. And let poetry sing its tears and labors and triumphs past, and prelude the welcoming chorus of the angels that shall greet it at the opening gateways of the future.

Sing, then, the workers' song;
The laboring ages' birth;
The death of ancient wrong;
The reign of right on earth!
Not like the old-time fane
That without hammer rose,
This one is built with pain,
And rings with mighty blows.

In blood and bitter tears
Were its foundations laid;
For trowels, men used spears,
And swords in place of spade.
Age after weary age
They toiled, until at length,
In spite of evil's rage,
The walls stood up in strength.

Wide open to the east,
To north and south and west,
The gates stand. To its feast
It welcomes all the oppressed.
Not yet's our city done.
Some day its walls shall span
The circuit of the sun,—
A world-wide home for man.

Sing, then, the workers' song!
Let knowledge be your light.
In love and hope be strong:
Build up the walls of right.
Some day, the capstone fair
Shall swing into its place,
And ring through all the air
The shouts of *one glad race!*

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CONSECRATION.*

IT is so true that it has come to be a truism among all wise, practical men of affairs that consecration or, in other words, devotion to the business that one has in hand is a main condition of success. He who is "everything by turns and nothing long" is, so far as the results of his life are concerned, nothing all the time: "jack at all trades" and, it logically follows, "good at none." The men of the past who have made themselves distinguished, who have written their names high, so that they can be read above all the smoke and turmoil of life, so that they have never been obscured by the mists of forgetfulness, these are the men that consecrated themselves to that which they felt to be the great end of life. It is indeed true that now and then some grand, some many-sided, some colossal man, like Cæsar, has been able to be poet, historian, orator, general, dictator, all in one. And yet, even in the case of these men, some one faculty, some one achievement, so out-towers and overshadows all the rest that when we speak their name we instinctively think of one thing, as in the case of Cæsar. No matter how distinguished he may have been in the other departments of life, when we say Cæsar we mean the general, the conqueror, the one who was able by his mighty power to rule all the men with whom he came in contact.

Consecration, therefore, to that which one feels to be worthy of consecration is the condition of success. How is it, then, that men are accustomed to think and talk about religious consecration, as though it were something that did

*Reported by B. C. Barrows.

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not concern them in any manly, noble way? What do we think of, when we speak of religious consecration? Am I far from right when I say that almost any successful business man here before me would, as popular language goes, be rather ashamed to be spoken of as a man religiously consecrated? He does not think of it as something downright manly. He does not think of it as something worth his while.

Let us glance for a moment, that we may illustrate and understand this point, at some of the thoughts that have connected themselves with this matter in the past. We take the Old Testament in our hands and read about Samson, how his parents consecrated him to Jehovah. How did they do it? They put him on a special kind of diet as to food. They permitted his hair to grow long, and forbade him to cut it. They sent him off to some specially consecrated place, there to go through some special routine, as if that, and that only, or that chiefly, were serving Jehovah. As we come down the ages, what do we find? We see Saint Simeon Stylites on his pillar, consecrating himself, as he thought, to God through the long years, consecrating himself by doing nothing at all, from the stand-point of the modern world. We see the monk retiring to his cave or his cloister, the nun secluding herself from the world. We see these devotees smiting themselves with cords, denying themselves all the natural inclinations of life, cutting themselves off from home, from society, from the love of husband or wife and child and from friends, going through special routines, reading devotional books, muttering prayers, living what they consider a consecrated life, consecrated to nothing at all for which the practical man of affairs in the modern world has any respect. Come down to modern times, and in the language of to-day what does it mean? It still means more or less of what I have referred to. If one speaks of one of our fellow-men as having "gotten religion," as having become consecrated, devoted, in a religious way, we instinctively and straightway call up certain hours spent over works of devotion, certain

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hours given to prayer and prayer meetings, a certain look of the face, a certain air when on the street and among his fellow-men. We think of him as spending his time in meditating on the condition of his soul, like a spiritual dyspeptic feeling his spiritual pulse, counting the spiritual heart-beats, estimating the question as to whether he has attained spiritual health or not. We think of mysticism; we think of the man becoming unworldly, withdrawing himself from certain aspects of human life, looking askance at its enjoyments, feeling that those sides of life that are so real to us are vanity and vexation of spirit, summing it all up by living so that at any moment he shall be ready to die, according to the conception of that readiness which he has held. As an illustration of what this means in one direction, I heard of a person, only a little while ago, who expressed the opinion that Mr. Garfield was very fortunate in not dying suddenly after he was shot, and in having a prolonged period in which he could give himself to religious thought and make his peace with God and so get ready to die. As though a man could make his peace with God any better than by doing his duty! As though he could be any more ready to die than he is in the full career and rush of a noble service toward his fellow-men!

Let us first look this matter a little in the face. Let us see whether there is anything in religious consecration that *is* worth a man's while. For I take it that there is no man full-blooded, live, earnest, who would not consecrate himself to anything that he feels to be of importance enough to enlist his sympathy and to call forth all the energies of his manhood.

What, then, is the modern world's thought of religion? There is a feeling on the part of a great many of the practical business men of the world, well-educated, thoughtful men, that religion is somehow dying out, gradually fading away from the real life of the world. Those who hold to the religious ideas and interpretation of the past look on this as a sign of depravity and decay. They admit it and lament it. On the other hand there are certain men who admit, or rather assert, it and rejoice in it, because they have come to look

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upon religion as a thing that belonged to the childhood part of human life; and they think that, as we grow to manhood and womanhood, it ought to be left behind, and will be left behind. In opposition to all of these ideas, let us face the fact, for fact it is, that religion has been in the past and is still to-day the mightiest force in human history. Religion has been stronger and is stronger than human love and human hate, than human hope and human fears. Religion has been stronger and is stronger to-day than kings or presidents, or assemblies or houses of parliament. Religion is the mightiest force that touches human life, either for better or worse. We must face this fact, and admit it. Religion rightly interpreted I believe to be the grandest force in human history. Religion falsely or partially interpreted I believe to be the most devastating and destructive force in human history. For it is perfectly natural that that which is the mightiest power can do either the most good or the most harm according as it is directed. That which is the highest and grandest force in the world can either lift men up or sink them down. Take for an illustration this human love of ours, that binds men together in families, in societies, in bonds of friendship, and out of it comes either heaven or hell, just because it is so mighty, so grand, so all-encompassing in its power.

Not only has religion been the mightiest force, not only is it so to-day, but I believe that it always will be the mightiest force in human history. Not this religion, not that; not this kind of theology, not that kind of theology; not Buddhism, not Christianity necessarily, according to its popular interpretation; not the Catholic Church, not the Protestant. These all may fade away. If it were possible, their very names might be forgotten, while it would remain true that religion is the mightiest force in the world.

What do we mean by this? Take a definition of religion, one that is broad enough to include all religions, that which takes firm hold of the essential idea, and then see whether it be possible that it should ever be outgrown. What is religion? All the way from fetichism up to the conversation

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of Jesus with the Samaritan woman, in which he declares that God is a spirit to be worshipped anywhere by the true and humble heart,— all the way from the lowest to the highest, religion, in its essence, is simply this,— man's thought of the relation in which he stands to the universe, or to the power or powers that control it. Just so long, then, as there is a man left, just so long as this man is encompassed by the fathomless mystery of the universe, just so long as he feels that over and beneath and above him, on every hand, is an inscrutable power, a power out of which he has come, a power on which he is dependent every moment of his life, a power toward which he travels and into some new relation of which even the gateway of the grave is to lead him,— so long as these things remain, so long religion must live. And as these are the grandest facts,— those that were first, those that shall be last,— as these are the all inclusive facts of life, as they surround man and all his interests of every kind, as he is surrounded by the horizon,— these are facts that he can never outgrow.

Religion then, I say, must be forever the mightiest power in human history. Now let us analyze this matter of religion a little, so that we may understand the partial or mis-interpretations of the past, so that we may discover if there be something left that an intelligent, practical business man, a man of affairs, may become interested in, and may feel that it is worth his while to consecrate himself to.

Every development of religion, from the beginning of the world until to-day, has had four distinct, different, and separate phases, four branches of development. All the religions of the world may be classified according as they emphasize one or the other of these.

Now, what are these four parts? There is, first, the doctrine, the dogma. That is, to translate it out of theological terms into the common English of every day, the thought that man has had concerning this power outside of him and with which he has to deal every moment of his life. This, then, is one development.

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The next is the ritual, or, rather, the form of service that this religious life of men takes on. This ritual may be very simple or it may be very complex and extended, but it is not at all unnatural. It is not at all unlike that which we find every day in the midst of our affairs concerning a thousand things which we do not call religious. If a body of men come together for any object, it may be for some literary or philanthropic purpose, if they are to do anything in any orderly fashion, they go through some form of procedure which would be, in religious phrase, a ritual. This may be very simple, simple as that of our old Puritan forefathers, who gathered together once a week, in the plainest of all plain structures, the old country meeting-house of New England, and went through their simple and severe service. They had a ritual just as much as the Catholic Church from which they had seceded, and which they looked on as the embodiment of all evil. A ritual may be as simple as theirs or as elaborate as that of one of the great cathedrals on the other side of the sea, a ritual so elaborate that it requires among those who are devoted to it almost every hour of every day of the year; which requires something specifically religious to be done at every stroke of every hour.

Whether it be simple or whether it be complex, still every religious life must have connected with it something of form and order which constitutes its ritual development.

Third, the condition of the heart, the attention that men have paid to the state of the motives, the roots and springs of all human activities,— this feeling, whether it be love, whether it be hate, whether it be fear,— no matter what the motive, every religion has its mainspring in a feeling; a feeling in view of the doctrine, a feeling connected with the ritual, and a feeling which is the mainspring of all its activity.

Fourth, every religion develops itself in the practical part of human life, more or less. It touches the sphere of action, so that men live differently. They develop differently from what they would, if they were not connected with this or that phase or form of the religious life of the world. These, then,

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are the four phases,— the doctrine, the ritual, the feeling or emotion, and the practical or active part of life. And, according as one or the other of these is developed, according as on one or on the other of them the special emphasis is laid, does religion develop itself into this or that particular kind.

Take, for example, the Catholic, or the High Church of England, or Sacramentarians that have their origin in Christianity; or the Buddhist, which have nearly the same features. These are what they are, because they have learned to exaggerate the ritual or ceremonial side of their religion until it seems to them that this is the one thing above all the rest. They do not entirely overlook doctrine. They do not overlook the condition of the heart, they do not cut off the practical development of the religious life; but they emphasize the ritual, making it the chief thing, so that a man's eternal destiny is supposed to hang on the question whether the priest has touched his forehead in baptism, or whether he has partaken of this or that of the sacraments of the Church.

As an illustration of the doctrinal, take the great bodies of Protestants. The Presbyterians furnish as good an illustration as any. The one great thing that this body has laid its emphasis on, the one thing that it has put in the foremost place in its religious life as the essential of right relation to God, is strict accuracy as to doctrinal belief. They have not abolished the ritual. They have not disregarded the condition of the heart. They have not left out of sight the practical part, but the one thing they have cared for has been doctrine. On the other hand, while holding doctrine by a very firm grasp, and while holding the ritual in a subordinate position, the great body of Christians represented by the Methodists have laid very special stress on the heart, the emotion, the feeling. So that, when a man was supposed to have felt the touch of divine love in his heart, he has been declared one of the saved, no matter whether or not he may have been false or faulty in some of the other directions.

The last point, and the one to which I wish to call your

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attention especially, is the practical. We have reached a period in the development of human history when, by common consent, compelled thereto by the practical reason and sense of the world, this side of human life, this side of religion, has come to receive the highest and grandest emphasis of all. Not only among us, who emphatically put it at the front, but all over Christendom, it is coming more and more into view, into the notice of the people both in the pulpit and in the pew, and men are getting frankly, freely, and fearlessly to declare that it is not so much matter what men believe on speculative subjects. It does not so much matter whether they pay attention to ritual or not, it does not so much matter whether they play upon their emotional life, but it is of the greatest importance what they do; whether the practical outcome of their life be justice and righteousness and truth; whether their life be a helpful life to their fellow-men, whether they be doing anything to lift up and lead on civilization. They are beginning to say, "Think as much as you please, dogmatize as much as you will, speculate on things in the heavens above and the earth beneath, but it is of no avail unless you *do*." They are beginning to say, "Have a ritual, if you wish it, as elaborate as the Catholic or the Church of England, or have no ritual; but, whether you have a ritual or have it not, first and foremost, and above and beyond all things, you are to be judged by what you do." And so they say, "Feel if you will, be touched deeply by hope and fear, be as a sensitive instrument played on by every wind, shed tears of sympathy, have hours of ecstatic hope and beatific emotion and mystic contemplation, or sacred delight in your view of the divine nature, but it all amounts to nothing unless you do something for the world." And this, as we analyze human nature, we find to be the only Christian end and aim of existence.

Why do men feel that the only possible, conceivable end of any feeling or emotion is that it shall be a motive to action? Because they say, "Of what avail is it to me or to anybody else that a man thinks profoundly, that he is

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able to realize in his brain a scheme of the universe, if that is all, if it expend itself only as a fashion of thought?" The only object of thinking is that, when a man has thought, he shall do. If you plant a rose in the garden, you know that the only thing that can justify its existence in the space of ground that it occupies, where it sends out its rootlets and drinks up the life of the soil, turning it into fibre and bark, while its leaves tremble in the sun and drink in the dew and bask in the sunshine,— the one thing that justifies all this is that at last it shall burst forth into flower. It is that which it bears at the last which makes it worth while. By their fruits, ye shall know them. And the one object of existence, the one object of thought, the only object of feeling, is the fruitage of life, the results in the practical sphere of the world that are produced by all the feeling and all the thinking.

Now, then, it is this side, as I have said, of the religious life which is coming to be developed in the modern world. And the justification of this development is to be found in those principles about which I have been speaking. This is the only thing at the heart of the universe,— let me say it reverently,— the only thing at the heart of God. The thing God cares about more than every thing else in the world is righteousness in action; rightness that means health, so far as the body is concerned, that means sanity, so far as the brain goes, which means equity in society, which means organizing justice in politics, which means helpfulness and right relations between the different classes and conditions of men. The only thing that this universe cares about more than anything else is that its laws be kept. And, like a ponderous wheel that rolls along its way in spite of the agonized cry of those that are crushed by it, the power of this universe perpetually moves on in the execution of its own laws,— that is, in the vindication of its own righteousness.

Do you not begin to see an interpretation of religion that can make it worth a man's while to care for it and to consecrate himself to it? That man is truly religious in the

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only worthy sense of the word, who does something to make the world better. Let me put it in just this way, that it may be perfectly clear. What better thing can any power in the world do than to make all men right, righteous, helpful, just, and happy? Can there be anything better conceivable? Religion itself can have no higher end and aim than that,— to make the world what it ought to be. A religion that does not do this, though having a gorgeous ritual in a heaven-kissing cathedral, though having a world of emotion, though developing itself in libraries of speculative thought, is an utter failure. That is the religion of God that organizes practical righteousness among men.

Where, then, is the sphere of your religion? Not here! We ought to come to church only as a soldier takes his lesson from his drill-master. We ought to come to church only as a band of soldiers practises its steps and evolutions. The sphere of religion filled by its activity is to-morrow where you shall organize what you hear and feel to-day. A man like Charles Sumner, trying to put practical righteousness into politics; a man like Mr. Gladstone, doing the best he can to organize justice among an oppressed and distressed people; a man like Wilberforce or Howard, trying to elevate the condition of those in bonds, whether by injustice of their fellow-men, as slaves, or by their own injustice, as criminals,— the man who devotes himself to the educating and uplifting of the womanhood and manhood of the race, the man who in his business is scrupulously careful not only that he makes money for himself, but that he makes it honestly and in such a way as to injure no other man, and that the carrying on of his business is an addition to the helpful forces of the world,— this is the truly religious man, the man who is doing more to bring God down to earth and to lift earth to God than archbishops and popes and priesthoods and religions, however named, which are failing in this practical result.

What do I mean, then, when I ask you to consecrate yourself to God? I mean this: it is the philosophical, the truly

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religious meaning: it is the meaning that has been developed by the experience of men here on earth. I mean that you shall consecrate yourself to the right. Not that you should leave your positions, if they be good positions, nor your business, if it be a good business; but that you shall in your families live a life that shall make the family life sweeter, purer, and nobler; that among your friends you shall live a life that shall make those friends, if they love you, feel that they have been lifted a little higher rather than depressed in the style and type of their manhood; that you shall live a life in society that shall help not to separate the classes and conditions of society between whom there is already a distrust and growing hatred, but that you shall help to reconcile all conditions and classes and differences of men; that you shall lead a life in politics, not that shall cause the success of your own party, as such, in opposition to other candidates, but simply to pursue such a course as, if it were pursued by all the electors of America, would wipe out of existence all corruption, all meanness, all injustice, all those things that degrade politics and threaten the future of the country. This is the truest and highest sense of the words *religious consecration.* It is taking the power of the grand truths of this religious conception and bringing them into the sphere of active life, and making that life better and nobler for the contact.

In a few words, let me sum up the meaning of this religious consecration.

Consecrate yourself, in the first place, to truth. Why? Because the true conception of the real nature of the thing with which you are dealing is absolutely the first essential to all right treatment of it. If you are going into the grocery business, you need first a true conception of that business before you can carry it on successfully. If you are going into the law, you need a true conception of the laws with which you must deal, and the facts of human nature and human life. If you are going to build a ship to send to China, you need to understand the laws of marine architecture and the laws of navigation, so that you may pursue an intelligent

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course. If you are going, then, to be religious, if you are going to consecrate yourself to God, you need a true and real conception of what you are and how you are to make this consecration.

The next thing is love, emotion, feeling, because this lies at the root and is the mainspring of action. Can you cultivate love? Can you cultivate sympathy? Does it come under the practical action of the human will? I think so. If your lungs are weak, you can go into a gymnasium or on the water in a boat, and, by rowing, you can develop them. You can develop your sight by dealing with colors and studying shades, until you acquire a faculty of sight that shall enable you to discover many colors and shades that would have no sort of meaning for me. You can develop any of these faculties: your sense of beauty, by studying art; your sympathy with the beautiful, the sublime, the grand in nature, by putting yourself in the presence of it, and thus calling out those faculties of your nature. If you are touched by looking on scenes of suffering, you can develop sympathy with the needs of the world by contemplating these things, by looking at what the world requires to make it better.

So, I say, consecrate yourself to the development of love for man, that this may be the mainspring of enthusiasm in you, and so that, when you conceive the ideal of the kingdom of God, you may care about making that ideal a fact. Then when you have developed a sense of the truth and a sympathy and a love for man, when you have found out what ought to be done, go and do it. That is the last word of consecration to God, and without that word all the rest is meaningless.

O God, whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to Thee.

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In fearless, world-wide search for truth,
  Whatever form it wear,
Or crown or cross or fame or blame,
  We Thine ourselves declare.

In love that binds mankind in one,
  That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,—
  In this we're Thine indeed.

In labor, whose far-distant end
  Is bringing to accord
The real fact with highest hope,
  We follow Thee, O Lord!

To truth, to love, to duty then,
  Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves; and doing this
  We give ourselves to Thee.

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infinite life at the heart of things, and because he believes in a kinship that binds him to this infinite life. Man, then, is the animal that has learned to think of himself, to think of right, to think God; and has ended by thinking that he is a son of God.

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I. WHAT IS MAN?

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THE ORIGIN OF MAN.*

IT goes without saying that, if one is to improve the condition of mankind, he must first understand something correctly concerning the elements of human nature, and the forces and laws by which it has come to be what it is. If you give a man your watch to put in order, he must be one who knows something about the mechanism of the watch, the principles on which it runs, so that he can discover what it lacks, and be able to supply it. And yet there are a great many people in the world — few I hope here — who, listening to me this morning, would say: "All very well for a lecture, but that is not a sermon. It is not a proper thing for a Sunday morning." If I should spend an hour in outlining and drawing lessons from the creation, as it is written in Genesis, they would think that that was sacred, that that was preaching. In other words, a man who relates and draws lessons from unfounded human traditions and legends is popularly regarded as treating sacred themes in a proper manner on a sacred day; while he who humbly and sincerely, looking at the facts of the world, attempts to detail things of eternal truth, as manifested in the nature of things, he, they say, is talking science, he is lecturing, he is secular. You know very well that I believe nothing of the kind; but, even were it so, I can do no otherwise. I must be secular; I must lecture. Let others treat sacred themes, and preach.

The theme we have in hand, then, this morning is to trace, if we can, the origin of man. Where did he come from and how? What are the principles underlying his development?

*Reported by B. C. Barrows.

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We want to find out first what man is; how he has come to be what he is; then to notice his imperfections, and discover, if we may, by what process they can be helped. We want to notice how far he is developed, and then discover, if possible, by what means he may be made to develop further and higher still.

Let us be perfectly clear, however, as to the point that we are after this morning. I do not propose to attempt the impossible. I shall not then look after the ultimate origin of anything. Suppose, for example, I could discover the "missing link" about which so much has been said and written, connecting man with the animal world beneath him. Suppose I could go further still, down and down and down, toward the very origin of life itself, and find the first little globule of protoplasm, inorganized, distinguished from dead matter only by the fact that this little drop is not dead. Suppose I could go further than that, and trace the development of the one out of the other, and prove the theory of spontaneous generation to be true: what then? I would be no nearer the ultimate origin of things than I was when I started out. Eternity would still be beyond me, and still would the question rise whence came the material out of which this living matter was developed. By what process did it come? Who made it? Did it make itself? Did it always exist? If it did not always exist and did not make itself, who did make it? And, if some being made that, then I should have the same questions again concerning this being. Did he exist always? If not, did he make himself; and, if not, who did make him? And then the same questions again concerning the new being, and so on and on forever. The question then of the ultimate origin of anything, though we may put it into words, is, if you will consider it carefully, simply unthinkable. It is inconceivable. We may as well, first as last, recognize the fact that we must think within the limits of our own human nature. We cannot overleap the boundaries of the horizon. We must stand where we are, and look out as far as we can, investigate as much as possible. But to suppose

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the human mind will ever be able to solve the ultimate origin of anything seems to me simply a delusion. We shall attempt, then, nothing so ambitious as this.

We are here: we are what we are. There was a time in the history of this planet when we were not here, when the world was occupied only by lower forms of life. There was a time when these lower forms of life even were not here, when there was not one living, breathing thing upon the planet. Sometime, somewhere, somehow, man came to be. The question before us then is simply to answer the question *how*.

You are familiar with the traditional story to which I alluded last Sunday. Six thousand years ago, Adam, a perfect, complete, typical man, was created and placed in a garden. Human life then was very long. Men lived three, five, eight hundred, or a thousand years. Two thousand years passed away, or nearly that, when the world had become so wicked that the Lord could endure it no longer, and he drowned them all,— all, with the exception of eight persons, Noah, his wife, his three sons and their wives, who floated in an ark above the universal ocean, and when it subsided found themselves on the summit of a mountain in Asia. These eight came forth from the ark a little more than four thousand years ago; and from that little beginning, within that limit of time, the entire world has developed as it is today. This is the traditional theory. Why can we not accept it? I will give you in brief some hints why we cannot.

In the first place, we cannot accept this story for the simple reason that we have traced it and found it to be an unauthentic legend. It did not even originate with the Hebrews who have given us our Bible. We have found out that they imported it late in the history of their career from Babylon. It was not original even with the Babylonians. They derived it from the Akkadians, a people who had developed a widespread civilization in the valley of the Euphrates before Babylon itself was built. We have traced the story, and found it not to be history, but a legend that the early Hebrews,

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Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses himself, knew nothing about. It came into Israel about the time of the captivity, brought with them probably on their return from their sojourn in Babylon.

Another reason. We find arguments against it in the ruins left of ancient civilizations. Go to Egypt, and there alone are arguments fixedthato ı nstne,make it simply impossible for us to believe any such story as this concerning the origin of the human race. We find there a highly wrought, completely developed civilization,— empire, literature, religion, language, everything that marks a high and wide-spread culture. We find it when? We find it in full career further back than the historic date of the flood itself, as it comes to us in these chapters of Genesis. The ruins of those old civilizations, of which this may be taken as an illustration and specimen, forbid our believing that this can be accepted as a true account of the history of man.

Another argument we find in language. The story is, as we find it in Genesis, that all mankind spoke one common speech until the Tower of Babel was built, and then the Lord, in his wrath, to frustrate the plans of the ambitious men who thought to erect a tower high enough to scale heaven, scattered them over the face of the earth, and confused their tongue, and from that — which also occurred about four thousand years ago — have come all the different languages of the human race.

Now, as a matter of fact, the science of language, as developed within the last fifty years, makes it impossible for any man who is intelligent or acquainted with facts to believe that any such a thing was possible. We can group together the languages of the world, and find that they fall under a few grand divisions. Many of the languages of Europe, our own, the Latin and Greek, all run back to our Aryan forefathers in Asia. Even in regard to this, we cannot get back to the source; but we have gone back beyond the time of Babel, and we find the very language we speak there in its rudiments. Yet we are not at the spring. We can trace

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back the Turanian, the Semitic, and these different families, but find no trace of their coming together. It is as if you followed up three or four different rivers, under the impression that they came from one common spring, and yet, going hundreds and hundreds of miles, find them no nearer together than when you started, so that you would be compelled to believe that the common source was, at any rate, far, far away. So we can trace back the languages spoken on the earth beyond the time of Babel itself, and no trace of their coming together. Indeed, the facts of the science of language, instead of permitting us to believe that the human race did speak one language at the first, compel us rather to believe the direct opposite: that from innumerable dialects, springing up naturally all over the earth, there has been a consolidation, until at last out of them have come a few, great, strong, living languages, capable of growth and of absorbing these lesser forms and divergencies of speech. And those best versed in the history of this development tell us that there is hardly a question that the outcome is to be practically unity; a few, two or three possibly, great languages being common to the civilized world, and the one that is to be most wide-spread of all, our own.

There is one other argument that makes it impossible for us to hold this theory, and that is the problem of race development. If we believe this old story, what must we accept? We must accept something so hard that no scientific Darwinian would dare to propose it to the intelligence of the world. We must believe that inside of four thousand years the negro of Africa, the Chinaman, the North American Indian, the Hottentot, the Patagonian, the Lapp, the Caucasian, all the different types or races on earth, have sprung from one family of Shemites. And yet we go to Egypt, and we find a refutation of the possibility of so wild and absurd a dream. We find on monuments of Egypt, reaching back to the time of the flood itself, outlines of negroes as clearly developed in type as they are to-day. We find also the Asiatic and the Egyptian types. So we know these divergencies of race are

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at least older than the time of the flood, older than the tower of Babel, older than any age which the Bible permits us to hold. And yet men who hold that these tremendous changes have been wrought out by natural processes inside of four thousand years object to the Darwinian theory, because they say the world has not existed long enough for all these marvellous developments to have taken place. They object to a very slight wonder, and ask us to believe an impossibility.

Running thus briefly over these arguments, let me come to comparatively modern times, and show you how the problem has sprung up within the last hundred years.

Geology you know to be a very modern science; but it has revolutionized the thought of man concerning the world in which we live, until we know that, by processes and forces at work everywhere around us, this old earth has been developed into its present condition through periods of indefinite and unimaginable time. The six thousand years theory has been stretched and stretched and stretched, by the pressure of facts, until, like a dilated soap-bubble, it has burst and vanished into air. Even those who try to hold still to the inspiration of Genesis have been compelled to change the "days" of the Bible to periods of uncounted ages.

Now comes that special science of which I must speak, to which is given a long, hard name, the science of palæontology, which deals with the fossil remains of plants and animals that are discovered in the rocky strata under our feet. What are the facts in regard to this? The question was started in Europe by the discovery of some marine shells in the Alps, along the pathway of the journey between France and Italy. Marine shells in the Alps! Do you wonder that theology started? It must explain these things. And, unless it could explain them in some way consistent with its traditional story, the discovery of these fossil shells would be destined to revolutionize the thought of the world. How did they come there? Theology said the flood brought them. When that was disproved, it said they were freaks of nature. When

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that was disproved, it said the devil made them to mislead the thoughts of men. And, when they could hold that no longer, they said God made them as a mere pleasantry, as a sort of imitation of the things that really existed. Voltaire, having no intimation of the decisions of modern science, said, No, the flood didn't bring them there: they were simply dropped by pilgrims from France to Rome. No, said science, — and its answer is that which the intelligence of the world to-day accepts as unquestioned,— these are genuine remains of marine shells; and they were deposited there in precisely the same way that sea-shells are deposited to-day. The place where these were found has been under the sea. And this made the revolution in the thought of the civilized world of which I have spoken, because the sea had never been there in any historic time. This stretched the thought of man back and back, opening up a vista of myriads of ages; and it placed the origin of life way back of the six thousand years in the dim distance of unimagined time.

The science of palæontology, then, has settled it that the fossils which are discovered in the rocks are really the remains of creatures that were once alive and in their natural element and condition; that they were placed there, and covered up in the process of the deposition of sediment, precisely as shells and bits of leaves and twigs are being covered up on the seashore to-day, by layers of sand being washed over them and hiding them away, in what, in future ages, will be rocky strata, to be dug up again and uncovered. What does all this mean? What are the necessary inferences from things like these? It means that life has been on this planet millions and millions of years.

The wise men that have developed this science for us have found out another thing: that there is a natural development in the structure and complexity of the forms of life from those that are found lowest in the rock to those that approach nearest the position of man. That is, that these rocks have been laid down one on the top of the other. If I should begin here to pile up newspapers and place between them

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leaves and twigs, and then more newspapers, and then another layer of organic forms, and so on, you would know perfectly well that the one at the bottom was the oldest, or the one first placed in position. That is the argument of common-sense. All these marvellous results have been thus developed. We know what are the lowest and what are the highest. We find the simplest forms of life lowest, and we find a constant development in structure and complexity as we approach the position of man. It appears, then, like a process of development at first sight. It is as natural as the development of an oak out of an acorn, or from the first twig that shoots above the soil.

Again, there are places in this rock record where there are blanks, as though in this book I should tear out here twenty-five leaves, and here fifty, and here another number, leaving the book a fragment. And yet, suppose I should do that, and you should pick it up, not knowing how it came so, you would feel perfectly certain that originally all the leaves were there, would you not? No man would be so foolish as to make a book, and number it for a few pages consecutively, and then leave out a few pages. You would say the natural inference was that in the first place the book was complete. Or suppose you should go into my library and find Gibbon's History of Rome in twelve volumes, or rather find seven or eight volumes, and the others missing, and the places where they had stood vacant. Would you not feel perfectly sure that in the first place I had the full set? I should not have bought a mutilated copy. Originally, they were all there, though some may be lent or on the library table.

Another illustration. Suppose I should find between here and Worcester a series of milestones, with one and two missing. I begin and count from three. Three, four, five, and six are there, then five or six stones are missing. Again, between twenty and thirty, five or six are missing: then they run on up to forty. Would not you say,— finding these spaces thus distributed, and yet finding the same number of miles precisely in the spaces as where the series are complete,— would

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you not say that originally all the forty were there, and that in some way the others had been thrown down, displaced, or carried away? Something precisely similar to this is found in the rock record from the lowest, simplest forms up to man, — at the bottom the simplest form, and man at the top, the completion, the flower and fruitage of the tree of life. But we find breaks; and we are not able at present, with any organic remains discovered, to bridge over these breaks. The inference is that these missing forms were there at the start, but that, in the ten million changes that have passed over the old earth in its history, these records have been wiped out. Why, the wonder is not that these organic remains are now and again missing: the marvel rather is that we find the record so nearly complete. The result, then, of rational thought on the subject, compels intelligent men to believe that this rock record originally was complete, that down below were simple forms, followed by more complex ones until we come to man.

Now, the question is, Do these different forms of life represent special acts of creation? Was a very simple form of life created and then wiped out of existence, and then another created and that wiped out, and then another, a little higher, and so on, by innumerable acts of separate creation, or did they develop one from the other? The facts are such that every intelligent student has already decided that the theory of the development of one form from another is the only one that is consistent with the facts and acceptable to the rational mind.

To make the argument very simple, suppose I should take a crab-apple, and prove to you, what all intelligent people know, that the crab-apple was originally the only apple in the world, and then show you all the marvellous forms of the apples that have some way come into existence since that time, would you be inclined to accept the fact that they all developed from the crab-apple, or would you believe that they were specially created? We *know* that this is a process of development. Every gardener knows that he can develop

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new forms of almost any plant or shrub or fruit. Then, by what we know, passing from the known to the unknown, we argue, as every rational man must, that there has been a process of development of life from the lowest to the highest, through all the ages. But now the question comes, and here is the point where many scientific men, and almost all theologians, hesitate. They grant the development of all these forms of life until you come to man. Shall we include him in this process, or shall we say there must have been some new power manifested here? What we call Nature, what I believe to be God, in and working through the laws of things, is capable of developing all these wondrous forms until we come to man. Now, they say there must have been a special act of creation in order to account for him. Why? They can give no reason that is, to me, worthy of serious thought. It is very largely, with a great many, a matter of egotism. They do not like to feel that they have so many poor relations. They do not like to feel that they are organically connected with the animals, way down to the first globule of protoplasm. They say: "I am a man. I am superior to all the rest of the world, and God must have made me in a different fashion from that which he used in all the other marvels of the universe." That is a little lingering trace of egotistic prejudice, nothing else.

There is another feeling. They say: "If I shall grant that man has been developed from the animal world, why, I may wake up some morning and find that I am nothing but an animal." But this you must keep in mind: Whatever theory you accept as to how you came here on earth, or how you came to be what you are, the simple fact will remain forever that you are what you are, and nothing else. No theory as to how you came here will change your nature one single iota. Is there any necessity, then, for calling in some other power, some new manifestation of the creative ability to produce this wonderful result,—man? As I had occasion to tell you last Sunday, man shares almost every faculty of his whole nature with the animal world beneath him. It has

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been discovered that you cannot possibly find the border line, for example, between the animal and vegetable world. There are forms concerning which the wisest living cannot tell whether they are animal or vegetable. They put them sometimes on this side of the line and sometimes on that. You cannot find the exact line between the animal and vegetable, any more than between day and night. It passes through a gradation of twilight that rubs out all marks and lines. No man has found the line between the animal and the human. There is such a gradual transition from one to the other that it is impossible to tell whether it is anything more than a difference of degree.

Let us look straight in the face this problem as to the origin of man. There are just three *thinkable* theories that an intelligent man can hold. We may think that man was created out of nothing, or out of the dust beneath our feet. That is one theory, the popular one, the theory of the Church. Another theory is that man may have been born from ancestors very much unlike himself, as if, for example, a bird were hatched from the spawn of a fish, or as though a rose were developed out of some wayside shrub that never bore a flower. That is a theory of which you can think. The third theory is that man was born from ancestors somewhat different from, but very much like, himself,—for example, to recur to an illustration I have already made familiar to you, as though we assume, what we know, that a pippin was developed from a crab-apple,—an apple, though considerably unlike itself, still, in all essential peculiarities and particulars, more like than unlike.

Let us glance at these, and see which one we must accept. The creation theory says man was created suddenly, out of the dust of the earth. Try to get a picture of that in your mind. God, of course, according to the theory, is invisible, although Genesis tells us that he came down and walked in the garden. We are to think then of the bare ground and the blank air. Not a man on earth, not a man having ever been on earth; then suddenly, in an instant, where there was

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simply the bare ground and the blank air, a full-grown man! That is the creation theory, though hardly worthy the name of a theory, because a theory professes, at any rate, to deal with and explain facts. But consider for a moment that there does not exist on the face of the earth one single frayed rag or shred of proof that anything ever came into being in such a fashion as that. You remember how the little boy posed his father by asking him whether God could do everything, and, when he told him he could, the boy asked if God could make a two-year-old colt in fifteen minutes. The problem of making a two-year-old colt in fifteen minutes is very simple compared with that of making a full-grown man in no time. It is enough then to say, in regard to this, that there does not exist in the world one single particle of proof that any such thing ever occurred.

Take the next theory, that man was born from parents much unlike himself. Again, we must say that there is not the slightest proof on the face of the earth that anything ever came into existence in that way. Trace it all the way through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, clear down to the lowest forms, and we find that the antecedent parent form is substantially like that which it has produced. There may be variations. There are variations, many of them. No child is precisely like its father or its mother; and yet it is very much like both of them in all essential particulars, differing only here and there in minor matters. Now, then, I repeat, there is no proof that anything in the world ever came into being after the fashion which this theory indicates.

What have we left? That man was born from parents with which he was genetically connected, very much like himself, slightly unlike. What is this theory? This is nothing more nor less than Darwinism. What about the proof of this? All the proof we have, whether complete or not,—find as many missing links as you please, find as many breaks in the evidence as you will,—all the proof we have is that living forms, both vegetable and animal, have come into existence, and do come into existence in precisely this way.

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The intelligent world, then, is placed in this position. There are three possible theories as to the origin of man: two are utterly lacking in proof; the other one, whatever defects there may be in the evidence, has at least some proof, has indeed a good deal of proof. Which of the three, then, must an intelligent man accept? I believe the day will come, yea, now is, when the man who expresses his disbelief in this theory of the origin of man will be doing one of two things,— either he will be impeaching his own knowledge of facts, or impeaching his power to judge as to the value of proof.

Now for two or three results or lessons springing out of our theme. I have touched on one already; but it is so important that I wish to touch on it again. Men argue against this scientific theory of the origin of man, because they fear that, somehow or other, something vital, something precious in their natures, is going to be endangered. But just think, friends! Here is an oak-tree. Suppose we get around it and fight about the way, the process, by which it has come to be an oak. When we have done that, and got through, it is an oak just the same, isn't it? Your theory or mine does not change its nature a particle. And so in regard to our manhood: we are men, no matter where we came from, no matter through what stages of development we have arrived at our present position. We are what we are: no matter if once all the life on the earth was a little globule of inorganized protoplasm, no matter if beyond that there was nothing living, no matter if out of that we have been developed, still are not those words of Shakspere relevant and beautiful as ever: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god"? Still it is true that his thoughts wander through eternity, looking before and after. Still it is true that Shakspere lived and wrote, that the poets have given us their grand creations. Still it is true that Jesus walked in the villages of Galilee, teaching his beautiful

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parables and everlasting truths; that he defied the orthodoxy of Jerusalem in the interest of the new and grander definition of man. Science, civilization, literature, the achievements of man, *are*, no matter by what process they came to be.

One other point. The future destiny of man remains just where it was, no matter what theory we hold of his origin. A great many people are afraid that, if they admit the truth that they have been developed from the lower forms of life, they are going to lose their souls and their hope of immortality. If we are made out of the dust, where did we get our immortal souls? Suppose I was developed out of some lower form of animal life, is there any more mystery about having soul than on the other theory? I am what I am, on either theory. If I am destined to survive the shock of death and to continue in my full career, then that is true, no matter where I came from. If it is not true, no theory of creation will help the matter at all. I, for one, no matter what theory men may hold in regard to this, should not be ready to give up my hope. Since some power has showed itself capable of making me what I am, is it any greater wonder or mystery to suppose and hope that this same power, whatever it may be, shall also be able to continue the existence which it has given? I am lost in the wonder that I exist. It is no more wonderful to me that I may continue to exist.

I saw an article only a day or two ago in a prominent paper, saying, that the theory of evolution is atheistic. Evolution does not undertake to explain the ultimate origin of anything. It simply discusses the question *how*. The theory of evolution is neither theistic nor atheistic. It does not touch that question. It leaves it just where it was before, to be settled on other grounds.

Another question is as to whether this theory is consistent with devoutness, with piety, with religion, that which men treasure in their minds concerning the great mystery of life and death and eternity. It seems to me so strange that men should raise questions like these. Religion is a fact.

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It has been developed in every age, under all circumstances, in every clime. It has proved itself to be an essential part of human nature. Is a theory of the universe going to change us so completely as all that?

Consider one more point. Men seem to think that they do God honor by clinging to a theory as to how he produced certain results. I feel that I do God greater honor by humbly looking after the facts, by not presumptuously saying, "O God, it cannot be that thou didst so and so: this other must have been thy way of working." I feel that I honor God most by humbly and reverently finding out his ways, accepting and rejoicing in them, and remembering this one thing, that nothing can be piously true, nothing can be religiously true, which is scientifically false. This universe, if it be the work of one will, one life at its heart, must be like a web with one pattern running through it all. It is one law, one element, one God; and we cannot be religious while we cling to false traditional human conceptions as to how God did this and that, and refuse to accept the truth of his own testimony as revealed in the work of his own hands.

When will the world learn this lesson? Time and time again through the history of the Church, during the last two hundred years, this writer, that writer, and another, have been put on the "Index" and excommunicated for teaching just such truths; for truths they have proved to be. Yes, the Church, time after time, has flung its defiance in the face of God, and condemned those who have uttered his own eternal truths. Let them beware lest by repeating again that old, age-long tragedy and farce, lest by putting Darwin and Spencer in the "Index Expurgatorium," and excommunicating them, they find, as so often before, that it is God himself they have put in the "Index," that it is God himself they have attempted to cast out of the temple in which they claim to worship him.

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The Problem of Sin and Salvation.*

SIN and Salvation,—these two words suggest the thought of a law broken, of a penalty following the transgression of that law, and of some deliverance, either from the transgression itself, from the penalty of that transgression, or from both.

And these idea — law, transgression, penalty, deliverance, in some one of their thousand kaleidoscopic forms — will be found at the heart of every religion, of every philosophy in all the world. It is the problem which faced primeval man. It is the problem which has been studied all the way up the ages. It is the problem which faces us to-day. It is the problem which will continue to face us until that ideal condition, which we call the kingdom of God, shall have come in its perfection on earth.

If we take our stand by the side of the lowest barbarian, and see him afraid of or trying to conciliate his fetich; if we see him laying food as an offering on the grave of some old chief or ancestor and praying, "Here we bring thee food: be good to us, and help us"; if we take our stand in that ancient civilization of Mexico, and see thousands of human beings slain by the priests as an offering to their cruel gods; if we see the mother casting her child into the sacred Ganges; if we see the follower of Doorga, in India, committing a hideous murder, under the supposition that he is thereby winning favor with the cruel goddess; if we stand in that awful vale of Gehenna, outside of the sacred city, and hear the drums beat to drown the cries of the innocent children burned in the arms of the red-hot idol,

* Reported by B. C. Barrows.

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Moloch; if we go up the holy hill and stand in the temple, and hear the hymns and prayers ascend, and see the countless victims slaughtered in the attempt to appease an offended deity or to wash away the sins of his worshippers; if we stand with Jesus himself, as he talks with the Samaritan woman, and hear him outlining the conditions of deliverance from human evil, and reconciliation with that God who is an infinite and omnipresent spirit; if we come down the ages, and see the crowds kneeling in cathedrals, or pilgrims toiling on their way to far-off, sacred shrines; if we sit beside the Quaker in his silent worship, waiting, as he does, for the moving of the spirit; if we stand in the presence of gorgeous rituals and ceremonies; if we come to our own simple and severe form of worship, and study of these serious themes: in all these cases, we are looking upon this wonderful phenomenon,— man in his different stages of development, in different conditions, attempting to solve this one problem of sin, suffering, salvation.

The same truth meets us, if we look over the various attempts of the world to outline a perfect philosophy of things, from the first crude efforts in the dim distance of prehistoric time. If we look at the result of the work of Aristotle, if we read Plato, if we come down the ages to Spinoza, and then on to our own time, and open the last volume of Herbert Spencer, again we find this same wondrous thing going on, — man attempting to solve these old, age-long problems of the world.

These, again, are the problems that have inspired the mightiest and sublimest flights of the world's poesy. It was the problem that Job dealt with in one of the grandest poems of ancient times. Some phase or form of this problem engaged the thought of blind old Homer. It was this thought that pursued and led on Dante, in his pilgrimage through the various rounds and circles of the *Inferno*, as he climbed the mountains of the *Purgatorio*, as he stood wrapped in the beatific vision of the *Paradiso*. This was the problem that Milton had in mind, when, as he says, he attempts

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to rise "to the height of this great argument," that he may "assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men."

This is the problem of Faust. And the multitudinous minor singers of the world, like the forest songsters in the morning, that wake and answer the first sweet cry, all give utterance to the wail of the world's sorrow or the pæan of the world's great hope.

This problem, then, of sin and salvation, which the world has been working at these thousands of years, shall we dare to think that we can solve it this morning, in an hour? Only one thing encourages us to attempt so mighty a theme. A little child on his father's shoulder may be able to see further than the one who lifts him up. A dwarf on a mountain-top may be able to gain glimpses and outlooks that are utterly hidden from the tallest giant in the valley. Balboa discovered the Pacific, not because he was mightier and grander than thousands of his fellow-men, but because he was the first who, in his wanderings, climbed to that mountain peak in Darien, and from there saw spread out before him that marvellous new world. And so, not because we are wiser, but because we are able to climb to the high peaks of outlook of philosophy, of science, that the world's struggle and toil have heaped up century after century, we, though small in our intellectual stature, may be able to gain glimpses of the solution of some of these problems that the wisest and greatest of the past sought for in vain. Let us then put the problem simply and clearly before us.

Men suffer. Why? Men are burdened with the consciousness of sin which they seek to throw off, that they may be free. Why? What is the explanation of these strange, mysterious facts?

I want to ask you to follow me while, as briefly as possible, I show you how men have looked at this question, and how natural it is that they should look at it as they have. I will give you a principle which you can apply to all the religions and all the philosophies of the world.

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If we stand by the side of the lowest barbaric man, trying to feel with his feelings and to look out over the universe through his eyes, we shall be able to understand perhaps why he gave the answer, that we know he did, to the first problem of the world. He knew nothing of any power in this universe except such as he imagined in the likeness of himself. He therefore peopled the world with ten thousand invisible forms, gods of the clouds, of the stars, of the sun, of the moon, of the rivers, of the trees, of the mountains. And these gods were to him either good or evil, according as they helped or hurt. And so the sun as the source of life, the sun as the giver of light, the sun as the glad bringer of day, was a good being. When it scorched the deserts, when it dried up the earth, when it brought pestilence on its beams, then it was an evil power. So, too, he feared the lightning as an evil thing. He trembled before the cold, before hunger and disease, and the ten thousand forces about him that seemed inimical to his welfare and happiness. He interpreted all that he called evil in his life by referring it to some one of these invisible, mighty, malignant powers that, in some way, he had offended. The problem with him was, How shall I be able to gain the good-will of this power? You will see that this is the principle that runs through all the religions of the world, and explains them all. They are man's theories of the universe and of the powers that govern it, and his attempts to come into right relations with these powers, so that they may be friends, and not enemies; so that they may help, and not injure him.

And precisely this problem, only with such a change as our change of thought necessitates, is the one that we have to solve. What is the effort of modern science except an attempt to find out the nature of the forces that encompass us, and to bring ourselves into such relations with them that they shall help instead of hurt? The principle remains the same, and must remain the same forever. It is only a difference of interpretation, determined by the intelligence of man. When man had grown so as to conceive the grand principle of

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monotheism; when he had come to think that instead of there being a hundred or a thousand different gods, some good, some bad, some indifferent, there was only one, and that one their God, their Father, their Friend, an Almighty Being,— when this conception had taken possession of man's mind, you will very easily see it necessitated a grand change in the interpretation of the problems of sin, suffering, and salvation. Men would reason of necessity like this: "Why should we sin against and disregard the will of a loving, good, and perfectly wise God, one who knows always what is best? On the other hand, why should a loving God and Father and Friend, an Almighty Being, make us suffer? Why should he torture us? Why should he lay burdens of sin and suffering upon us, that crush out the life, that kill hope, that lead to despair, that make us wish for death?"

You will see that the moral nature of man, developed to this stage of perfection, would demand that he must find some cause outside of this perfect God, if possible. He would say a perfect God must have made things perfect at the first, so it was inevitable that there should grow up a dream of a primeval Eden. Man, they said, must have started in a Paradise; and it cannot be God's fault that he did not remain there. He must voluntarily have committed some offence against the Most High that produced this condition of sorrow and evil.

Out of this kind of reasoning sprang the doctrine of the fall. The fall of man, so long as it was accepted, seemed to promise a solution of all these great problems that had weighed upon men's hearts. But let us now briefly state two or three reasons why to-day it is simply impossible to accept any such solution.

In the first place, suppose there was a fall, who would be responsible for it? Not Adam certainly. No argument, no train of reasoning, can by any possibility shift the responsibility from — let me say it reverently — God himself. Did He not make Adam? Did He not place him in circumstances where He knew he would fall? And all the time He

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might have made it otherwise. He might have circumstanced him so that he would not have fallen and would not have sinned. The responsibility must come back to God himself. This doctrine, in its implications, is not only irrational, but utterly immoral. For one of its darkest aspects lies just here: that it throws the burden, not only of the curse of sorrow and of death, but of sin itself, upon the innocent, if I may be pardoned such a contradiction in terms, in order to state that which is true in thought. Take, for example, the case of the unborn child. He does not ask to be born. He comes into a world already blighted, thrust here by the power that created the universe, born of a parentage already depraved and corrupted, born the inheritor of disease, possibly of idiocy or insanity, with a tendency to crime so strong that no power of human effort or human surroundings shall be able to stem the current and ward off the terrible result. The innocent, on this theory, suffer for the guilty, and suffer perchance more than the guilty themselves. And this theory, according to the common conception, is darkened by prolonging the result of the fall even to infinity; so that unborn millions, for the sin of one, are doomed to cross this earth amid tears and sorrows and wrongs innumerable, living a life of torture only as a prelude to an eternity unspeakably worse.

Another point, which of itself would be sufficient to set the matter aside as the solution of our problem, is that it has been discovered, beyond a question, that no such thing as a fall of man has ever taken place. It is a tradition, a legend, a myth, unhistoric, without one particle of basis in fact. Instead of man's having been in a higher position and having fallen from that to where he is to-day, we are rather to think of him as originally lower than the lowest type of man with which we are acquainted, and through uncounted ages, and by slow accretions of moral power and intelligence, climbing gradually up to his present position, where he looks upward to something as yet only to be dreamed. We cannot accept, then, the fall of man as a solution of this problem of suffering and sin.

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Let us for a moment put aside all these theological and traditional conceptions, and try to look the matter simply in the face from the scientific stand-point of to-day, and see if we can suggest a possible solution.

And first as to the problem of suffering. I, for one, cannot conceive the possibility of a being so constructed as to be able to feel the sensation of pleasure and yet not liable to feel the sensation of pain. The very possibility of feeling joy or ecstasy or hope or love of necessity implies the possibility of feeling their opposites. I cannot even understand how we should have a conception of joy, were there not a background of sorrow as a contrast to help us to a definition. If, for example, I had always been perfectly happy all my life, and had never seen anything but perfect happiness, I should not even know that I was happy. I should have no materials out of which to construct a definition of pleasure or of pain. Contrast is essential to consciousness.

Once more. I believe that pain, all that pain which is necessary in the world, is a good, and not an evil. I shall not enter into a discussion of the problem whether God might have created us differently, or whether we might have been developed differently here. But, taking us as we are, it seems to me perfectly clear that a little thought is able to show that pain is a good and not an evil. Every individual existence in the world is surrounded by conditions that we call laws, which constitute this individuality. If I had a blackboard here and should draw a circle, and then break it at any one point, the circle would be destroyed. I have broken the law of the circle, and the circle is no more. You cannot have a river without a bed and banks and water,— the water flowing over the bed between the shores. Break these conditions anywhere, and the river is destroyed. So with ourselves. We are surrounded by certain conditions, certain laws which constitute us what we are, individual men and women. Now it is a contradiction in terms, that God himself cannot help, to say that I can break the law of physical health, and still be healthy. If I break a law of physical health, the result must

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follow. If I break a law of mental sanity, I must become insane; and Omnipotence, even, cannot ward off the result.

Now, then, think of this: that pain is simply nothing more nor less than the index of a broken law, whether of the body or of the mind. In society, anywhere, it means that the conditions of righteousness, the conditions of health, the conditions of well-being, the conditions of happiness, have been transgressed. There is no pain on the face of the earth that does not find right there its explanation. Now suppose that we could break the conditions of life and still have no suffering. Take the case of a little child. Suppose it did not hurt the child to cut itself with a knife, or to burn itself in the fire, or to eat that which is injurious, would there be one child in ten millions that would grow up physically unmutilated? How many of them would grow up at all? Pain is simply a signal, a warning, set up on the limits of the laws of our individuality, telling us to overstep those laws at our peril. And, if it be true, as we know it is, that so many men are habitually breaking the laws of health, breaking the mental and moral conditions of right living in spite of the penalty and the suffering, how many, think you, would keep those laws, if the penalty and the suffering could be abolished? We shall be able to abolish pain just as fast and as far as we learn the conditions of right living. But, until we do learn those conditions, and obey them, pain will exist; and its scorpion whip will lash us into the right way, driving us on toward better and nobler conditions of life Pain, then, I believe, is not an evil. It is a signal, a beneficent guide, telling us the way of life, and warning us not to depart from it.

Now let us look at the question of sin. The consciousness of sin, they tell us, is a sign that we have offended God, that he is angry with us. It is the foreshadowing of punishment. It is an indication of the fall. But, instead of telling us that we are lower than we once were, it seems to me that the fact that man has a consciousness of sin is the grandest element of all his grand humanity. It is that in which I

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read the noblest and most wonderful lesson of hope; for what does it mean? Did you ever see an animal conscious of sin? Do dogs and horses meditate over their past life, and say: "I did so and so, and the result of it was evil. I ought not to have done it, I might have pursued a nobler course?" Do they look forward and say, "We must create around us conditions favorable to nobler life, we must be better dogs and better horses"? Do they look up and on, and see heights of attainment that lure them to something grander, in the way of the development of their nature, than they have yet attained? If such a thing were possible, would we not say at once, Here is the germ of something unspeakably wonderful, and these creatures beneath us are manifesting the possibility of incalculable development? When man stands half-way up a height, on the brink of an abyss, looking down and saying, "I came from there: there is even now danger that I may slip, and fall back to that condition," and he shrinks from the edge of that abyss with horror, and looks up and sees peak after peak, mountain height after mountain height, each one overtopping the last, until they fade away into the infinite blue, and feels an aspiration toward those heights, an impulse to climb, and says, "There is my destiny, and no one knows how far it reaches beyond what any one can see": do you not feel that, when man can say this, he thus declares himself capable of advancement, of infinite progression? If you could conceive a race of men stationary, men who had never been any worse than they are now, men who never by any possibility could be better than they are now, you would never find them troubled by any sense of sin. It is only the man who is capable of being something more, who sees an ideal, and is inspired by it to pursue it, who talks of sin. And this, friends, will explain what I have many times heard spoken of as a curious problem in moral psychology,— that the best people are just the ones that are weighed down with the heaviest consciousness of sin.

It explains Paul, noble, heroic, grand soul as he was, when

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he says, "I am the very chief of sinners." Why? You see a little boy sitting down with his pencil and slate, and making the image of some animal or drawing a tree, in such a fashion that the name of the object has to be written under it, so as to show what it means. If you find him contented with his work, you do not feel that the germ of an artist is there. And so it is consistent with the grandest attainment of artistic genius to find a man a master in the world of art, and still dominated by an ideal so far beyond his highest achievement that he feels as though all he had done were nothing; and he says: "Artistically, I have not attained. I only look forward, I dream, I hope." This was what Newton meant, when he spoke of himself as a little child gathering pebbles on the seashore, while the infinite ocean of truth lay unexplored, stretched out before him.

The consciousness of sin, then, means that we are all children of the Infinite, that we are capable of treading our yesterdays underneath our feet, that we are capable of making our very sins stairways for climbing: it means an infinite outlook, a hope for an eternal future.

Now, friends, in accordance with the thought I have already given you, let me outline my conception of salvation. We have talked of sin and suffering. What do we mean when we speak of salvation? You will readily understand that I do not believe we need to be saved from any wrath of God. That expression we may still use, if we please, as a figurative, poetic expression, just as we speak of an angry sunset or a threatening aspect of the sky. It has no other meaning. God is not angry with us; He is not out of patience; He is not out of temper with us in the least. If He is, only Himself is to blame, for He made the universe and started it on its career. Nor do we want to be saved from the devil. What is he? Simply, man's poetic personification of the adverse forces of his life. Satan is man's adversary. The devil everywhere has been thus named. That is, he has been the figurative embodiment of the different obstacles man meets and has to overcome in the pathway of his

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progress. We do not need to be saved from hell. There is no hell, save that very real one of sin, of sorrow, of suffering, of wrong, of corruption, out of which we are all attempting to struggle, day by day, and out of which we are trying to lift the world.

We do not need to be saved from any fall, for there has been no fall. What, then, do we mean by the word "salvation"? And here let me say, if I use any of these words again, I use them with a figurative meaning only. I believe that all the terms that have been developed in the history of these old schemes of the universe and of man ought to be, as far as possible, discarded from our living thought.

As there has been no fall, so there is no need of any atonement in the theologic sense. There is no need of any deliverance from the fall in the theologic sense. There is on need of any incarnation in the theologic sense. There is no need of any substitute suffering in the theologic sense. I believe that the words "Saviour," "salvation," "Messiah," all these terms that belong to these Oriental forms of thought, ought to be displaced by those that thrill and are alive with the real thought of to-day. There is no need any longer for these terms. And I believe that no one man, no one being, in all history, has a right to the exclusive name of Saviour. With all reverence for God and for whatever he has made sacred in the history of the past, I must dare to differ from the apostle when he says, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." I believe there are a thousand names. Every man who has lived out a grand ideal, who has uttered a grand thought, who has done a grand deed, who has become an inspiration to thought, an impulse to the moral life of his age, all these in their spheres, and to the extent of what they have done, are the world's saviours. These are the forces that lift humanity and push onward the car of its progress.

The word "salvation" then will be changed, and in its place there will come in the word "education," — not education in the narrow sense of what we get in the schools, but education

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in that broad sense which defines it as being a leading out, a development of all the possibilities and capabilities of our being; and which deals with our surroundings, bringing us into right relations with them.

We are saved then, physically, when we have learned to keep the laws of our body, and are well; mentally, when we have learned the laws of thought, when we have learned to weigh evidence and look over the world calmly in search of truth. We are saved morally, when we have learned and are guided by the laws of man's mind and body, when we have learned to stand in right relations to our fellow-men and the universe about us. There is no salvation, there is no conception of salvation, higher, grander, better than that; for what can there be better or finer than a complete man?

Whoever is saved in this sense is saved forever. We believe in one God, one law everywhere. If, then, I am right in my relations here, and trained in all my capacities, fitted to dwell in whatever surroundings I am placed, then I am ready for any world, for any sphere where the providence of God may place me.

By what means, then, shall this salvation be wrought? Not by belief in any atonement; not by prayer simply; not by forgiveness. Do you know, friends, we are often deluded by that word "forgiveness"? God himself cannot forgive you, in the sense of blotting out the natural and necessary results of your deeds. These you must suffer, as a grand tree with a limb lopped off or its trunk wounded by the blow of an axe, can only outgrow its wounds, developing strength in spite of them, leaving them behind as an incident of the past. We are to be saved through knowledge, through a development of self-control, through the subduing of our passions, those forces that would lead us astray. We are to be saved by following motives which, when fairly understood, will lead us all to choose the way of wisdom, which is the way of pleasantness and the path of peace.

And then mental rest, the sense of deliverance from sin, how shall we attain that? We shall attain it when we have

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come into such accord with God and with the universe, with the conditions of our life, as no longer to bear them simply as a burden, but to rejoice in them as the conditions of a possible noble life. When we see these conditions all around us, and accept them heartily; when we learn to place the forces of this universe beneath us as help and inspiration, thus feeling ourselves one with the great Power that guides and moves the world,— we shall rest in peace, not as having attained, but as doing the best we can to-day, and reaching on toward something higher and better to-morrow.

Let us, then, be reconciled to these necessary conditions of our life. To fight against them is as if an eagle should wish to abolish the air, when all the time these currents with which now and then he has to struggle are the resisting medium which becomes the lever for his mighty wings, that lifts him in his flight as he soars in the face of the sun. So, by reconciling ourselves to these conditions of life that we think burdensome, by accepting them, living nobly in relation to them, they shall become the very conditions of peace and of endless advance.

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IV. IS MAN FREE?

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IS MAN FREE?

In the second book of his *Paradise Lost*, Milton pictures for us a conference of the infernal powers. They have heard that a new world, and a new being called man, have been somewhere created; and they are trying to fix upon one of their number to go and seek out this new work of God recently become their enemy. And after Satan, their prince, has volunteered to undertake this difficult task, and has left them to carry it into execution, the poet pictures those that remain behind as dispersing this way and that to occupy their thought and time until his return. Some of them engage in games, after the fashion of the old Olympic; some of them practise at the tournament, as it came to be called in later years; some of them start on a voyage of exploration to find out what sort of a place this hell is which is henceforth to be their home. And then the poet says: —

> "Others apart sat on a hill retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost."

I take it that we are to regard this abyss, and this confusion of thought, and this discussion of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge as representing the abysses of the poet's own imagination, and as setting forth his conception of the condition in which these great philosophical themes stood in his day. Not only have these infernal powers, as depicted in the poet's imagination, discussed these great questions; but you are aware that they have been themes for the theologian,

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for the philosopher, for the scientist, in all ages. I do not undertake the hopeless task of settling that which the world still continues to hold in debate. Only must I give you, as clearly as I can, some reasons for holding what seems to me to be the true theory concerning this question of the freedom of man.

There have been four great types of thought concerning it. Three of them I do not propose to discuss at any length, except as that discussion may be incidental to my treatment of the fourth. Yet I must at least name and outline them as I pass them by.

There have been men who have believed in what they have called fate. There have been those who believed that they themselves were "men of destiny," led, guided, or impelled by some invisible, undefinable force that created their careers, and determined before they were born that they should be what they were. This fate has generally been held as an impersonal, undefined power. The old Greeks and Romans spoke of Father Jove himself as being subject to its sway. The gods of Olympus were not supreme, for fate reigned over them. This fate was not a deity supreme over the gods that sat on Olympus: it was simply that mysterious force that seemed so many times to thwart all the previsions of man and to determine destiny in spite of all that man could do.

The next theory that I shall notice is that which is very familiar to you all, by name at least, whether you have ever taken the trouble to understand it or not,—the doctrine of predestination. Practically, in its working among men, it is substantially the same as the doctrine of fate, only there is this difference: the theologians who hold this doctrine do not speak of an impersonal, indefinite power, but of a personal will, a God who, before the worlds were made, determined that out of all possible universes he would create this one; out of all possible kinds of beings, to inhabit this world, he would create man. He determined that he would create him just as he did, for a specific purpose; that he would place him in the garden of Eden; he would so situate

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him that he would fall, and out of that fall would issue all the facts of the world just as they have appeared in all these unfolding centuries of time. This is the doctrine of predestination,— that God, before anything was, determined "whatsoever cometh to pass."

Some theologians, more tender-hearted than logical or consistent, have attempted to evade the harsher side of the doctrine by saying that God determined the good, but only permitted the evil. But, when you take into consideration the fact that, on this theory, God created the universe, that he made man just what he was, knowing definitely just what he would do, and placed him in just the circumstances where he did place him, foreseeing all the time that these results would follow from the causes that he had started, you will very easily see that it is tender-heartedness and not logic, that draws any such distinction. The responsibility of the world as it is, on the theory of predestination, cannot be evaded or shifted. It goes back ultimately to him who determined it.

There has been another class of theologians, who, though tender-hearted toward sin and suffering, as it came before them in actual life, have been — although it seems strange to think of it — logically consistent in carrying out this doctrine. Dr. Emmons, the famous Massachusetts theologian of the last century, carried it so far as to declare that, at any particular period of the history of the world, God creates and determines just precisely the amount not only of good and of happiness that shall exist, but also the sin, the crime, and the sorrow; that he is the active, efficient agent in the arm of the man that strikes a blow that results in a murder, just as much as he is in the arm and heart of the good Samaritan that binds up the wounds and sores of humanity. And Dr. Gardner Spring, the eminent theologian of New York, also carried it out to this same logical result. Once, when a friend asked him why he supposed there were not more converts to the church, he answered consistently, "I suppose God converts just as many people as he wants con-

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verted." This is logical predestination. I shall not stay to discuss it.

The third is the theory of free-will. Perhaps you will be surprised that I speak of this as one of those simply to be outlined and passed by; and yet such is the position to which all the thought and study of years have compelled me. What do we mean by free will? For we must have a clear and distinct conception of it in our minds before we are fitted to judge whether or not it holds good as a philosophy of man. I am now conscious of being free to do as I please. I can continue speaking, or I can stop and go into my study. I can choose what thought I will utter next, I can pursue one line of argument or another. But this does not express the doctrine of free will. If I say, "Yesterday, I might have done something that I did not do, provided I had wished to do it," I am not giving utterance to the doctrine of free will; I am only expressing what all of us believe. And yet I presume large numbers of people think they are giving expression to the doctrine of free will when they say, "I am conscious of the power to do as I please"; but that is not it at all. The question is whether, back of the willing, you have power spontaneously to evolve and develop choices themselves. Sir William Hamilton, the great Scotch metaphysician, says, before the doctrine of free will can be maintained, it must be proved not only that a man can do as he wills, but that he can *will as he wills*. I know not whether I can make myself clear on this very subtle point. The question is as to whether the will is an independent power that originates choices, that spontaneously expresses itself, without being determined by motives, by the surroundings, or by the character of the man who chooses. Let us put ourselves in the attitude that the common mind must be in concerning it. Suppose a barbarian for the first time in his life should see this clock, here in the church before us. He might suppose at first sight, as the hands go around and it strikes the hour, that it was a living being, the hands moving as an expression of the will of this mysterious power.

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There is nothing apparent on the clock face that determines that the hands shall move just as they do. But, if you take the face off and show him what are the forces at work that determine that the hands shall move thus and so, you have given him a new view of the whole question.

I say, I have power to do as I please. But suppose there is another power back of my consciousness that determines that I shall *please* to do so and so, then what? Free-will, then, in any proper use of language, does not say merely that I am free to do as I please, but must say, I am free to please as I please, that I am free to originate choices. If the freedom of the will means anything, it means that the will is an independent, spontaneous, self-acting power. And that I cannot hold.

I come now to the next theory, and the one which all my study and thought has compelled me to hold, — the scientific doctrine of necessity. This, as you will see, is not fate, neither is it predestination. It is something quite distinct and apart by itself.

Now, in order that we may proceed clearly with the unfolding of our subject, I must ask you to get clearly in mind a definition of the will. What do we mean when we talk about it? For convenience of discussion, as I have before said, we map off and divide up this one human nature of ours; and we say that the imagination makes excursions into the unknown, the heart feels, the brain thinks, and the will determines. But a little thought will convince you that this is simply a mental division for convenience of conversation. It does not represent any real distinction in human nature itself. It is not a something in me that wills.

My will is not a driver on a stage-coach, sitting on the box, holding the reins of my nature in his hand, and deciding that I shall go this way or that. No such dominant power rules over the faculties of my being. The will is simply the utterance of myself. It is not a "will" that determines. *I* determine. In other words, the will is only the majority vote, so to express it, of the individual. It is the resultant of the

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sum total of forces that constitute me what I am, and that play upon me on every side. Analyze it a little, and see. There is somewhat about me that constitutes what I call myself. A large part of this element — I know not how much — has been derived by inheritance from my ancestors. I have modified this in a thousand ways by my own thoughts, words, and actions. Then I am placed in a certain environment of circumstances. I would like to do this, or I would like to do that; but here comes in a deterrent force, that says, "If you do so and so, such and such an unpleasant result will follow." Friends dissuade me from following this path, and say, "I prefer you shall do something else." And so there play upon me these forces. Pleasant and unpleasant probabilities appeal to me. The wishes of friends, public opinion, popular applause, the desire to do good, the wish to be useful to my fellow-men,— all these ten thousand forces play upon me; and, as a final result, I decide in a particular case, "I will do so and so." Now, when I have made that decision, you are right in saying that I have *willed*. There is no other will that has determined it. There is no metaphysical power in me that has decided how I shall act. *I* have decided that I will follow such a course. This, I take it, is the rational definition of what is meant by the will.

Now let us look at the doctrine of necessity. It means simply an extension over the realm of human nature of the *law of cause and effect*. It means that nothing happens without a cause in me, or in you, any more than it does anywhere else. We know, for example, that the stars over our heads follow certain determined courses, keeping to a certain order, because of certain forces acting on them. Their movements are orderly and intelligent. In regard to the inorganic world underneath our feet, we also recognize everywhere perfect order. Cause and effect hold good there. In the realm of the vegetable world, among the grasses, the flowers, and the trees, we trace perfect order. We know, if we plant a grain of corn, corn will grow from it. The conditions being what they should be, we can count

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on certain results following from certain causes. In the animal world, we find precisely the same thing, the law of cause and effect prevailing everywhere. The doctrine of necessity extends this principle over the whole realm of man, and says man is not an irrational being; he acts under the influence of causes, is governed by motives, by considerations that lead him this way or that. You know perfectly well that, if the world were not governed by the laws of cause and effect, there would be no possibility of study, there would be no possibility of organizing sciences. You could never *know* anything. Suppose that I could not count on the properties of iron remaining what they are, what would be the use of building an iron bridge? Next week, it might become wood or some brittle metal, and utterly fail to meet the calls I should make upon it. So in every department. The world would be insane: it would be one wild chaos of chance and disorder, unless this law of cause and effect held everywhere. I believe it holds good in human nature as well as everywhere else. This is the scientific doctrine of necessity.

Let us consider two or three objections against necessity and in favor of what is popularly called free-will; and later we will consider two or three points that look the other way.

Men are accustomed to say that there is no use arguing about the question of free-will, for it is a doctrine of common-sense: every man knows he is free. But we know also that common-sense has been a great many times mistaken in the history of this world. Common-sense,— what does it mean? It means simply that stock of intelligence which has become portable in the crowd, and can be passed from hand to hand like current coin. It means the stock of common opinions that are held by the majority. And many and many a time, as Huxley has said, common-sense is only another name for "common ignorance." It needs to be supplemented, now and again, by a little sense that is not so common. Common-sense teaches us, even to-day, that the world is flat. It taught that for thousands of years, and it

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took a great while to argue into the common-sense of the crowd the belief which is now established beyond question. Common-sense teaches us every day that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west; and yet we know that it is not true. If a man had never seen any other effect of the power of the sun except the melting of wax exposed to its rays, he would say that it was the quality of heat to melt substances. But, if he put wet clay in the sun and saw its effect on that, he would say that it was the quality of the sun's heat to make things hard and dry. Common-sense teaches us today that we tell whether a surface is rough or smooth by looking at it; but we know that we do not. The question is determined by touch; and the skilful painter will produce effects with his brush so carefully and perfectly imitating nature that you cannot tell whether the surface is rough or smooth until you feel it. Common-sense teaches us that color inheres in the thing we look at. Yet we know perfectly well that the same fabric which was blue by daylight is green by gaslight. Thus, we often find that we have to revise our observations and experiments, and reform them by the aid of senses that are rare, and developed only among those minds that are gifted and trained to the exercise of special powers. Common-sense then is not entirely a safe guide in the matter of the will.

They say also "If man is not perfectly free, why do you punish anybody for crime, why do you blame anybody for anything that he does? You are aware perhaps — if not, it is true — that barbaric man was inclined always and instinctively to abuse and beat and punish *anything* that *hurt* him. He did not question whether the power that hurt *meant* to do so or not. Children, too,— little barbarians as they are, all of them, at the outset,— illustrate precisely this same quality. A child abuses or beats his playthings when offended with them, simply under the influence of this passion that hates what hurts or displeases, without reasoning as to whether the object is responsible or not. I can remember, when I was a little boy, standing with one of my brothers by

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the stove in the old farm-house, getting warm before going to bed, when accidentally he burned himself; and under this impulse, so common among children, he seized a stick of wood and began to beat the stove until he broke it in his anger. This illustrates the power of this passion. In the Middle Ages, it was common for a king to vent his wrath on any messenger who brought him bad tidings, although he knew perfectly well that the bearer was not responsible. I take it that we are not yet civilized enough to have half-outgrown this impulse. If a man commits a crime, without raising the question as to the degree of his responsibility, as to whether he inherited a tendency to crime, whether he is more or less guilty than we would be in like circumstances, we visit on him our wrath and vengeance. I believe, when the world is civilized, this whole conception of *punishing* men will be outgrown, will fade out of the world's jurisprudence, and will remain in language only as a survival of a more barbaric time. We have no right to take vengeance, no right to measure out by our imagination the supposed degree of any man's guilt, and then adjust our torture to fit the degree of our anger. What right *have* we then? We have only the right of personal and social *self-protection*. Suppose there is a tiger loose in the streets of Boston. It is an instinct of the tiger-nature to kill and to devour. You know that he is not responsible, that he is no more to blame than a hurricane. Yet you take your measures to protect yourself against him, even to the extent of taking his life. If there is an overflow of the Mississippi River and thousands of acres are submerged, the river is in no degree responsible for the damage it does; but we build levees and dikes to keep back the destructive power. An avalanche is not responsible for sliding down the mountain-side; yet the Alpine traveller takes measures for self-protection against its force.

So our theory of the will cannot make us helpless in the presence of crime. We have the right and the duty of self-defence. No matter whether a man is insane, or whether he

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is simply criminal, as we call it, all we need to-day and all we have a right to do is to see to it that he shall not work harm to society. And, if it be needful that he be put out of the way, we have the right even to that extent. This, then, is no argument against the necessity of human action.

Let us consider another objection which is supposed to be conclusive. If I act under law, if my will is determined by what I am and by the motives that influence me, why do I ever feel remorse? It seems to me perfectly natural that this feeling should spring up. Have we not seen the mother, whose little child has died, who wrings her hands and almost breaks her heart, and who says: "Oh, if I had only known! If I had only done so and so, I might have warded off this calamity!" And yet reflection convinces even her that she did the best she could under the circumstances, with the wisdom she possessed. But all her logic does not turn back the tide of feeling that sweeps over her desolated heart. She mourns and regrets and sorrows still. You remember those pathetic words of Whittier's at the close of "Maud Muller:" —

> "For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> These are the saddest, — It might have been."

If what? If Maud Müller and the judge and the circumstances and a thousand things had been what they were not. And yet every one knows that, if we could go back and reproduce exactly the same circumstances, and put the people in those circumstances, just as they were at that moment, they would act precisely the same again. I feel remorse, I feel sorrow for what I did that injured another's life, just as I regret any ill result of something I have done; yet I know that put me back into yesterday, just what I was yesterday, seeing things as I did, feeling things as I did, under the influence of the motives that played upon me yesterday, and I should necessarily do what I did yesterday.

I believe that this remorse may be carried too far, not only in a philosophical sense, but even so as to work moral injury. What is the use of remembering the past, except as it becomes

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a motive power in controlling the future? It was very subtle wisdom in the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* to picture the most terrible foe of the Christian life in the person of Giant Despair, who is the mightiest enemy that Christian meets all the way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. And what does it mean? Simply that when despair, hopelessness, has taken possession of the heart of man, there is nothing left for him to do but to die.

Ruin, and only ruin, stares him in the face. Despair therefore may be carried to a destructive degree. We should remember the mistakes of yesterday, not by sitting down with mournful face and broken heart and wailing out our life over them; we should remember them only as motives and mainsprings for some grander deed to-morrow, remembering the mistake, so as not to commit it a second time. Remorse, the fear of punishment, the fear of evil results; these are valuable only as they become motive forces determining what we shall do next,

I must now pass by these, and turn to the positive side of the question. The doctrine of necessity, then, it seems to me, has every argument, every logical method, every fact in human history, in its favor. As I said a moment ago, unless man is under the law of cause and effect, there is no use in trying to study; there is no possibility of a science of politics, a science of society, of ethics, of any science of anything human. For, no matter what a man's character might be, there would be no possible way of counting on what he might do next, if the will is uncaused and in that sense free. The will is not free because I can do as I please. I must feel as I look back at the past that I did what I did necessarily, being what I then was. So that, as I have already said, for me to say I might have done differently from what I did, in coming here this morning, seems to me an absurdity. I might have gone somewhere else, had I wanted to; but I did not. Under the engagements that controlled me, played on by the motives that determined my actions every moment of my life, I did what I did; and in precisely the same circumstances I should do it again.

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There is another thing that seems to me conclusive. Did you ever think that, if the will is spontaneously free, there would be no such thing possible as human character? What is character? What do I mean when I say, "There is an honest man; there is a man who tells the truth, whom I can trust every day of my life"? I mean this. By his actions, by his choices, by the whole course of his life, he has built up and cemented a certain type of manhood that I can count on every time. But no such thing as this would be possible, if the will were a spontaneously acting force, not determined by the laws of cause and effect. Of none of you, my most intimate friends, who may have been honest all your life long, if the will is not under the law of cause and effect, have I any assurance that you may not commit a burglary to-morrow. That you have told the truth a thousand times is no assurance that you will tell it the one thousand and first time. But I say you have built up a character. This character is a determining power, directing the course of the will, so that I can count on an honest man's being honest all the time, a truthful man's being true, a pure man's being pure. If I know a man all through, I can tell what he will do. I could not tell, however, if the will were spontaneously free, if there were no laws of human conduct.

One more point. It is only because I believe that the will of man is not free, in this sense, that I have courage to work for the deliverance of the world from wrong. Why is it that we seek out poor children from the Five Points and the slums of the North End, and place them in what we call pure surroundings under good influences, where they will feel the love and care of those who will stand to them in the place of father and mother, where they may go to school, learn something, and be able to see specimens of manhood, that will give them a sense of the dignity of their own natures? Why do we seek sanitary reform as bearing on the morals of the community? Why do we build school-houses, erect churches, and establish the ten thousand influences with

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which we surround human nature, to instruct, to elevate, and lead it into the right way? For the simple reason that we believe in the law of cause and effect as bearing on human nature. It would all be unutterably absurd, if the will were free, independent and spontaneous in its action. What would be the use of taking a child from the influences that tend downward? If the will is free it has the power to do right under one set of circumstances as well as another.

If motives do not determine character, why seek to surround men by good motives? Why do we try to get a man accustomed to drink to his own hurt to sign the pledge? Why do we bring him into the society of people who have taught themselves self-control? Because we know if he is in the presence of liquor, and is under no restraint, no motive to abstain, he will drink. But we know that if he is a man of truth, if he is man enough to stand by his word, and if he has said he will not drink, he will keep his pledge. So with any man placed in temptation, who will fall every time he is so placed, we foresee this and surround them with influences toward good, because we believe, deep-down in our hearts, that it is character and motive that determine the will, that lead men to pursue this or that course of conduct. When we admit this doctrine of necessity as controlling human life and character, then we shall have a leverage that will hold, by which we can lift society and the world. And, as a matter of fact, there is no benevolent, reform, or philanthropic society on earth that does not proceed on the assumption that this doctrine is true.

There is not a man nor a woman on the face of the earth that, other things being equal, does not desire *that which* seems to him conducive to his own highest *welfare and* happiness. There is not a society that does not desire its own welfare and happiness. If this is a sane and righteous universe, then keeping the laws of this universe must tend toward the welfare and happiness of the individual and of society. If, then, we believe that men are governed by motives, all we need to do to lift up and save mankind is to

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make them wise enough to know that following their own eternal desire for welfare and happiness will lead them into the ways of truth and right.

The doctrine of necessity gives us this leverage. It gives us motive power, it gives us a way to work, it gives us confidence that our work will not be without its appropriate results.

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SERIES ON

BELIEFS ABOUT MAN

V. The Motive Forces of Human Life.

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THE MOTIVE FORCES OF HUMAN LIFE.*

At the close of my discourse last Sunday morning, I came to the conclusion that humanity, like all other departments of the world, is orderly, is under law, controlled by motives that are intelligible and that can be calculated. Taking now the next logical step in dealing with our great theme, we are brought face to face to-day with two great questions: What are the motives that control men? And are these motives right and adequate to produce human progress and perfection?

As we study the inorganic world, whether we make it include the stars over our heads or simply the elemental forces of the planet which we inhabit, we discover everywhere that powers are at work that are intelligible, that are orderly, and that these powers are competent to produce grand and beautiful results. For example, as we look at the law of gravitation, we see how beautifully it works, how efficient it is, what perfect order results from it. As we study the movements of the tides, the laws of the winds, the rains, the powers of chemical attraction and affinity, the laws of crystallization,— as we look all over the world and see those forces at work which have shaped our planet and brought it into its present condition, that have lifted up and then sculptured the mountains, that have scooped out the valleys, created our lake basins, marked out the watercourses for our great rivers,— everywhere we find perfect order and beautiful results. And we find these powers to be good, efficient, capable of producing the desired ends.

*Reported by B. C. Barrows.

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If we take a step above the inorganic world and enter the vegetable kingdom, we find precisely the same thing true here. There is order, there is power. And this power is good, relative to that which it is desired to produce by it; and it results in forms of beauty and use. Who thinks to criticise a rose? That mysterious force that has lifted the little stem above the soil, that bids it grow and develop to its perfect size and shape, and form that delicate leaf, tinted as no artist on earth could paint it, and then makes it fragrant, to delight the senses of all living creatures,— who can criticise the power that is there at work? It is right and it is competent to the perfection of these results.

Take another step. As we come up into the animal kingdom, we find the same thing holds true. There is order, there is law, there is a power at work; and the power is a good power, producing the proper results, the perfection of the animal world. We never think of bringing questions of perfect or imperfect, of right or wrong, in here. The eagle poising his mighty wings, floating through the air, flying in the face of the sun or over his mountain crag, is a piece of work that only fills us with a sense of power and with admiration; and, if he preys upon some smaller species, we never think of criticising him for it as though he were doing wrong. He is only fulfilling a law of his own nature. He is doing that which, judged by the eagle's standard, is right, and can be no otherwise. And so of every other thing below man that flies or creeps, or walks or runs, or lives, on the surface of the earth.

But as we take one step more into the region of humanity, at first this principle does not seem to hold. We find what we call sin, wrong, disorder, evil; and our first impulse is to criticise the motive forces which are at work in humanity. We are inclined to one of two opinions, either that these motive forces are wrong, or else that they are inadequate: they do not produce the results that we think we have a right to expect of them. We perhaps criticise the world in

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the vein and spirit of Heber, where he says of that beautiful Eastern land,—

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile";

or we say with Byron,—

"All, save the spirit of man, is divine."

The line of demarcation is popularly drawn between all the rest of the universe and man. We have a feeling that the motive forces that control him are either wrong or inadequate.

These, then, are the two great questions that face us. We want to find out what these motive forces are, and why they do not produce the same results of perfection and order that are observable in all other parts of the universe.

First, what are the motive forces that control human life? For our purpose, they may be roughly divided into two grand classes, the internal and the external. There is first to be considered the inherent nature of man, that which he is by virtue of the fact that he is a man; that which he is as the result of inheritance, the capital stock of thoughts and feelings and impulses and tendencies with which he is born into the world. These internal conditions of nature and inheritance are modified again by the man's own individual feeling and thinking and acting. That is, I was born so and so; but since that time, in the years that have passed, I have modified my nature in a thousand various ways by my own actions, impulses, and thoughts. This, then, is one side.

As we look out over the world, we have to take account of all those things which constitute the conditions of human life, — the country in which a man is born, the race to which he belongs, the climate, the type of civilization, the grade of civilization, the particular degree of culture that immediately surrounds him, the influences whether good or bad, the religious thought and tendency of the time, the business opportunities, and all the ten thousand things that make up the external conditions of the world.

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Man, then, is shaped by these internal and external forces. To give a little more definiteness, I may consider these motives all as one, and speak of that which I have classed as external simply as the conditions or limitations or incitements to activity, while I find the impulses all within.

There is, when you analyze deeply, when you resolve all the multifarious manifestations of life, all the impulses of man, into their simplest forms, but one grand motive which plays a conspicuous part in the development of human life,— that is, the one never-resting force of hunger, or desire. Man is simply a bundle of appetites. He is one grand thirst with a thousand mouths. He desires life; he desires happiness; he desires the gratification of all his passions; he desires the free play of all his impulses; he desires love; he desires power; he desires fame, honor, the respect of his fellow-man. You see him reaching out this way, reaching out that, ever seeking to possess something he has not, or to become something he is not,— one great impulse that reaches out for its appropriate satisfaction. And the external world, in this view of it, we only look upon as the field in which all this hunger may feed, as the theatre on which all these impulses may act and play their part, as the conditions of satisfaction, the limitations of desire.

Now, to illustrate clearly what I mean, let us compare man, from this stand-point, with a plant. Take any plant you please,— shrub, flower, or fruit-bearing tree,— and what it will become is determined by two things. In the first place, by its inherent nature. If it be a rose-bush, no soil, no sun, no change of air, during the lifetime of this one single plant, can turn it into any other kind of shrub. If it is a heliotrope, you cannot transform it suddenly into a geranium. What it is is determined by its own inherent nature. Whether it shall be all that it is capable of becoming is dependent entirely on its external surroundings, upon the kind of soil in which you plant it, upon sunshine, upon rain, upon dew, upon cultivation, and care. If you take a plant that was born and fitted to develop to its finest in the tropics, and

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transfer it to the far north, or up close by the snow-line on the Alps, it can never become what, by its nature, it is fitted to be. If you take an Alpine flower and plant it under the tropics, it can never develop as it would in its native home. So there must be the combination of these two things,— first the nature of the plant, and then the conditions of its development.

Precisely these two forces are the ones that play upon the development of this marvellous human nature of ours. No possible amount of training can produce an essential change of nature in man. No conceivable amount of schooling could have converted Milton into Newton. No change of circumstances could have made Newton the author of *Paradise Lost* or could have enabled Milton to compose the *Principia*. The man who has no musical ability, no natural taste or faculty in that direction, cannot become a master of song, simply by spending his life in conservatories, and training the poor feeble faculty of which all men possess the rudiments.

On the other hand, a man with the mightiest genius in any one direction may have his whole career thwarted by the lack of appropriate circumstances,— as a rose, fitted to produce a gorgeous flower and the finest incense of fragrance, can be dwarfed or stunted or killed by surroundings that are unfitted to bring out that which is finest and sweetest in it.

So I suppose it to be true, as we look back over the history of the world, that we are at liberty to say there have been thousands of possible generals and mighty leaders of the world, that have played no part in history. There have been thousands of possible poets who have never sung their songs. There have been thousands of possible orators who have never swayed listening assemblies by their magnetic words. If our war of the Rebellion had not come just when it did, if it had been postponed twenty years, we should never have heard of the mighty statesmanship of Abraham Lincoln, we should never have heard of the deeds that made

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Grant the foremost general of his time. And yet both these men would have been, so far as their inherent natures were concerned, all that they since became.

These two forces, then, work together to produce the grand results of our human life,— the inherent nature and tendency and the external condition.

That which controls man, then, is this one hunger to which I have referred, the hunger along the line of his impulses, along the line of his essential nature; for you will generally find a man naturally hungry for that which he can do, for that which he can become. He desires and struggles to attain. The outside world gives him opportunity, or crushes out the possibility by its adverse circumstances. It is not simply poetry, then, when Gray, in his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," speaks of the "mute inglorious Miltons," of the "Cromwells" never heard of, and of the "village Hampdens" never known beyond the playgrounds of their childhood. We hunger, we thirst, and we do what we can.

Let us see whether these natural impulses, this desire for money, for fame, for love, all these appetites that tingle and hunger after their appropriate satisfactions, all these aspirations of the mind, all these dreams and ambitions that lead and lure us on, are right; whether, if we guide and train them, they are competent to produce the result of a perfect world.

Here, I must place before you the two great antagonistic theories of human nature that in some form or other have dominated the world. All the philosophies, all the religions of men, have been shaped and colored by one or the other of these grand theories of human nature. I shall call them the *Oriental* and the *Occidental*, for the reason that nearly all of the Oriental religions and philosophies have taken for granted the one, while our modern Occidental theories are beginning to repudiate and cast this away, and look at men from the other stand-point.

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Now, what is this Oriental theory? It is that man is essentially all wrong. His desires, his impulses, his propensities, are corrupt and depraved. It is this theory which has given us our doctrine of the fall of man and of total depravity. It is this which speaks of the world as blighted, and which talks about worldliness (that is, being interested in the affairs of human life) as an evil. It is this that John had in mind when he said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." This leads Paul to say that "the carnal mind is enmity against God." It is this that teaches us that he who loves the world must be an enemy of God. It is this that tells us to crucify the body and crush out our natural appetites, feelings, and desires. It is this theory that produces monasticism and asceticism in all its forms. This made men feel that, in order to please God, they must deny all the natural passions and instincts of their nature; that the perfect saint was the one who said no to every human impulse, who denied human pleasure, human property, human love, even that of wife and child; who fled from all those things that are naturally so attractive and beautiful to us, thinking them wiles of the evil one; and who believed that if they retired to some cave or monastic cell and whipped and punished, and starved and tortured themselves, until they had crushed out everything natural that they thus came very near to God. And when at last they had broken down or beaten through the walls of this body, which they called their prison-house, and escaped, that then, for the first time, they would be free and akin to the divine, linked with the nature of that which is highest and best.

It is this philosophy which dominated a large part of the speculations of Plato. It is this which lies at the root of the great religion which to-day is believed by one-third of mankind, the Buddhist; for Gautama teaches his followers that all evil springs from the fact that men have desires,—in other words, if men never desired anything, they would never be disappointed, there could never be any suffering, any want. And he teaches them that the way toward sal-

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vation is to crush and kill out every wish. The philosophy is that of repression and extinction of everything natural and human. If that is accomplished, men will perhaps rise to that condition where they shall care for nothing, be anxious for nothing, the region of perpetual calm, that is never disturbed by the ripple of an emotion. Attain this condition, and you are on the border land of Nirvana, the Buddhist heaven, which so far as we can understand, means that we are on the border of — nothing, of extinction.

This is the theory of human life which has dominated Christendom, which has given color to the history of the Church. And you are perfectly well aware how the prevailing orthodoxies of the day tell us that everything natural in man is wrong. We go astray, they say, from the moment we are born. We cannot wish or think or feel any good thing; and, if we are ever to come near to God, all these natural desires and impulses must be subdued. We must have our natural heart taken away, and a new heart substituted in its place. We must learn to hate the things that we naturally love, we must learn to love the things that we naturally hate.

This is the theory that underlies the theological doctrine of "conversion" in all the churches to-day. It is that man in his natural estate is something helpless, something hateful to God, something in opposition to everything that is right; and he needs a radical change, he must tear all these natural impulses up by their roots and plant something else in their stead.

Out of this theory has sprung the doctrine of endless damnation; for Edwards, our famous New England theologian and metaphysician, was only logically and consistently carrying out this belief, when he pictured, as he did, a man, honest, perhaps noble, kind and true in his home, as being potentially at enmity with God, a viper. He draws, as perhaps you will remember, that horrible picture of God holding a man over the flames of perdition until the innate devilishness of this human nature is developed, and it

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becomes a viper in its hate, and turns and spits its venom in the very face of God! It is this theory of human nature which underlies the conception of man as being all wrong, naturally selfish and evil, needing to be utterly changed before he can be brought into accord with the will and law of God.

This I have called the Oriental theory, because, so far as we know, it was born in the Orient, and came to us through the Oriental religions and philosophies, from which we have borrowed the still prevalent theories of our day.

On the other hand there is the theory of man which is held by the scientific theorists and teachers of the world to-day,—that theory which treats man, equally with all the rest of the creation, as naturally good and right; that teaches that man ought to desire just what he naturally does desire, that it is not wrong for him to love this beautiful world that is our mother, and on whose breast we live and from whose bosom we draw all that makes life fair and lovely. It teaches that it is not wrong for a man to desire wealth; that it is not wrong to desire the good-will of his fellow-men, honor, fame, position, and the respect of those that are about him.

This Occidental theory teaches that man needs no reversal of the ordinary motives that govern him; that he does not need to have them torn up by the root; that his heart is naturally right. It does not need to be taken away from him and another put in its place. That which he does need is direction, education, the control of the motives that are natural and that already exist; and that this education, direction, and control are capable of producing just as fair and orderly and beautiful results in human nature as are produced in the other departments of the world.

The question for us to decide, then, is between these two theories, which of them we must hold. Let me outline what seems to me the natural, logical result of the working of these native forces of human life.

Let us suppose a man to be what we ordinarily, though falsely, call selfish, dominated by what he thinks is best for

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him; to be governed by self-love. Take such a man as that, educate him, make him wise, let him learn the results of human experience here in this life, and what sort of a man will he become?

If all the world were governed by these motives, and were educated, made wise enough to learn the principle of self-control, what kind of a world would it produce? That, it seems to me, is the question for us to settle, in order that we may decide whether we can hold this natural theory of man or not.

Now suppose man to be governed simply by the desire to get the best things that are possible for himself, that he desires to become as complete a man as he can, to get all the satisfaction out of human life that is possible, what sort of a life would such a man as that lead? Will he find that this grand motive power, this shaping, controlling force, will become modified in any very serious way by the experiences of life? In the first place, he will discover that there are a great many things in the world that he naturally desires, or that he would naturally take, in the satisfaction of some one of his appetites, that are injurious to him. Just precisely as the lower animal world has learned that there are some articles of food that are poisonous and some nutritious, and has therefore learned to eschew the one and seek out the other; so man, governed simply by the desire to please himself, will find, as the result of his experience, that he cannot afford to indulge indiscriminately as he passes through the world. He finds that there are a thousand fruits that are sweet to the taste and pleasant to the eye, that are desirable and attractive, which at the same time are in their results deadly. He discovers growing all along the pathway of human life that which has come to be figuratively set forth as "Dead Sea fruit," "apples of Sodom," that turn to ashes in the mouth, to bitterness and even death itself as they are eaten. Man, then, governed simply by this impulse of self-love, learns to let these things alone, to pass them by and choose that which is really good, and which lifts up and helps,

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which gives pleasure with no sting of sorrow after it. This, if he learns perfectly the lesson of life, will be the result without bringing into play any other motive than that of self-love.

Consider another way in which his action will be modified. As he goes on through life, he will not only learn that some things are in their nature deadly, but he will learn that all things, however fair, however sweet, however well fitted to build up his nature, may become injurious through excess. Too much honey satiates and cloys. Too much study incapacitates the brain. Too much exercise fails to develop muscular power, but rather weakens. Too much food destroys the very object of eating food at all, and cripples the digestive functions. Too much drink, of even that which may be healthful in itself, floods and injures instead of helping on the natural processes of life. So too much enjoyment enervates, vitiates, and degrades a man's faculties and powers. Too much of what commonly goes by the name of religion may be just as harmful as too much intoxicating drink or too much pleasure. Too much art culture, too much devotion to any department of human life, may overweight and overbalance human nature, and throw life out of its proportion, and produce results precisely contrary to what a wise self-love seeks.

This same man, governed by the principle of self-love, would learn another thing: that he must live with other people; that he must get along with other men and women in this world, with those who are governed by precisely the same motives that control and lead him. At first, he is apt to feel that everything which he wants, if used or taken by anybody else, is just so much taken away from him. This is precisely the attitude of the ignorant and barbaric mind. Take two tribes, for example: they cannot both occupy the same hunting-ground. They naturally consider each other enemies, and fight. If there is an opportunity to gain food or a place for fishing, the first impulse is that one must have the exclusive right, and the other must be kept away as an

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enemy. But what is the lesson of human experience? Is it not precisely the reverse? Suppose I am governed by no higher motive than the desire of getting the most possible out of life: I do not want to own all the land in the world, for in that way I should push far away from me all neighborhood and all human association; and I am just as hungry for that as I am for land. Suppose I can control all the property in the city, and pauperize everybody else: I cripple the very movement of civilization that makes the city of Boston a pleasant place of residence; I destroy the very end that I had in view. Suppose I should accumulate around myself all the books of the world, and take possession of all the intelligence; suppose I could borrow or seize from your brains and memories all that you know, and put it into the circuit of my own brain, would I be gaining a desirable end? I should rather be isolating myself, making myself alone in the universe; for there would be no one with whom I could communicate, no one who would understand me, no one between whom and myself there could be an interplay of intelligence. If I spoke, there would be no one to listen. I learn then true wisdom. I learn that my own happiness, my own intelligence, are furthered and lifted up by increasing the finest intelligence of the world. If I gather to myself all the brightness, I become like a lone star in the heavens, all its beams radiating until they are lost in the abyss, and no other planet, no other tiniest orb, to catch one ray and send it back again, to reflect the brightness and gladness of the central beams. Men learn by experience that, if they wish to be healthy, they cannot disregard the health of the world.

If I sit in a palatial residence on some high hill-top, surrounded by trees, made beautiful by all the landscape gardener's art; if I sit by my window as the breeze comes in and fans my cheek, it is not enough that everything within the limits of my estate shall be in perfect sanitary condition. The breezes blow around the world; and, if I wish them to come to me laden with inspiration and health, I must see to it that the world is healthy. If I have no other motive than

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my own well-being, I dare not, if I am wise, disregard the welfare of the farthest tribe on the face of the earth.

I have carried these illustrations far enough to bring before you the principle I wish to emphasize as the one important point of my discourse. I believe that these common, natural appetites, tastes, feelings, hopes, fears, that are the controlling motives of human life, are right, every one of them. There is not a part or passion that is not in its intent divine. There needs no reversal of human character. There needs no uprootings of human motives. There needs no "conversion," in the theological sense. These motives,—what are they? They all resolve themselves into one grand hunger,—hunger for life; for *more* life; for a broader, deeper, higher life. And, if there be nothing but that hunger, and there be along with it a growing wisdom, the result of human experience, there needs no other force to develop this world into a perfect kingdom of God.

There is no gulf, then, such as I referred to at the outset, between human nature and all other nature. There is simply,—because of man's being left to choose and to be governed by his own reason or unreason, by his wisdom or his ignorance,—there is simply a liability to a thousand mistakes and a thousand follies. Man is liable to pursue some course, thinking it leads to heaven, when he finds that it ends in destruction. He is liable to become the victim of some abnormal appetite, for the lack of a wise, powerful self-control. He is apt to go astray; but, in order to produce the perfect result, there needs only wisdom, direction, self-control. There needs only that I develop an ability to hold myself in check, to look out over the world and to choose this or that; to know what is best, and fix upon that. If I were only wisely selfish, I should do that every time.

I will close by guarding one point. Perhaps you will say in your heart: "This is downright selfishness. There is nothing noble here. It is all poor and mean." But consider for a moment. I had occasion not long ago to draw the distinction between self-love, between the motive power that

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impels us to choose that which we regard as good and that which goes by the name of selfishness, as an evil. I must draw that again now. If I am free, I cannot help choosing that which I regard as best for me, under the circumstances and at the time. No human being can help it. The motive impulse must spring from my own heart. It cannot spring from any other. If I see a person suffering and reach out my hand and give freely of my own money to assist, still it is *my* feeling that leads me to do it. I may call it sympathy instead of self-love, but I do that which I *choose* to do, and I *can* do no other. Now, as to the distinction between selfishness, as an evil, and this principle of choosing the best, of which I have spoken. Selfishness, as an evil, means that I am willing to take a pleasure or an advantage at the cost of the welfare of somebody else. There is no other meaning to the selfishness that is wrong save that. The man who is willing to become richer, to become more powerful, to do anything that he conceives to be to his own advantage, and as a result leaves another man or woman lower than before, that man is selfish. And right there is the heart of infamy in human conduct. But this is not choosing that which is best for yourself. In the long run, human experience tells us the man who takes advantage of the weakness of somebody else is not doing the best for himself. He is injuring himself unspeakably more than he is injuring his victim. So, instead of contradicting the principle that I have outlined, it only tends to confirm it.

I believe then that the forces, the powers, that are at work in human nature to-day, do not need uprootal or change. They only need instruction. They only need guidance, self-control. Then out of the present chaos and disorder will come infinite peace; and the perfect city of God, instead of coming down from God out of heaven, will begin right here in the dust at our feet, and will rise stone by stone until its walls are complete, and its domes and spires are lifted into the sunny air, and all its streets and homes are filled with

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the happy and perfected children of humanity who are the children of God.

Our Father! let us no longer slander thy work as it appears manifested to us in human nature, but take these same forces and motive powers that deal with us every day, and out of this common human material build up the perfect work that shall proclaim its Maker divine; and we will give thee thanks always. Amen.

NOTE.— In my main discussion above, I have kept myself to the standpoint of a wise self-love. I have done this for the sake of clearness, and to emphasize the fact that this force alone would necessarily lead to what we call unselfish care for others. I wish to add now to this the statement that love, sympathy, and self-devotion to others, are just as *natural* to man as are the opposite feelings.

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SERIES ON

BELIEFS ABOUT MAN

VI. THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

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THE LAW OF PROGRESS.*

On consulting the dictionary of Dr. Worcester as to the meaning of the word "progress," I found that he gave the following definition: "The act of progressing or going forward." But this did not help me a great deal, for the simple reason that he failed to define what was meant by "going forward." Which way *is* forward, when we are talking about the movements of mankind? Of course, any particular philosophy, religion, nationality, school of thought, reform, will hold to and attempt to defend the belief that progress is carrying out its own ideas, advancing along the line of its own hopes and purposes. But, if we take this for a definition, we shall find we are involved at once in inextricable confusion and helpless contradiction. Progress for the woman suffragist is one thing: Dr. Bushnell calls it "the reform against nature." Progress for the republican, that which we glory in, is looked upon as decay, disintegration, disaster for humanity, from the stand-point of the monarchist. That which we call religious progress is scouted as evil and destructive to man by those who hold to theories of supernaturalism. Progress for the American on this continent, that which means invading the wilderness, taking possession of his hunting grounds, is looked upon by the Indian as the destruction of his home and the decay of all which he regards as valuable in life. We shall have to go further than this, if we wish to find an adequate and satisfactory definition.

Herbert Spencer, as quoted by Mr. Bagehot, says it is "an increase of adaptation of man to his environment." This may be adequate and accurate as far it goes; but it does not go far enough to complete the circle. Adaptation to a man's environment will either lift him up or degrade him, accord-

*Reported by B. C. Barrows.

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ing to whether his environment is higher or lower than his present condition. Take a man already in declining health and transfer him to a region infested with malaria, with a fever-stricken atmosphere, or where the germs of some fatal disease lie hidden, and then produce "an increasing adaptation" between him and that kind of environment, and it certainly does not mean progress towards physical vigor or increase of the length of life. It means rather decay, or progress downward toward disease and death.

In spite, however, of the difficulty that we find at the outset as to a definition, we do find that the experience of man on earth has somehow brought into the consciousness and feeling of all those nations that claim to stand at the head, supreme in power, supreme in knowledge, supreme in happiness,— we do find, I say, practically a general conviction that there is such a thing as progress, and that the world, at however slow a pace, is advancing toward something higher and better. The creed of the civilized world is really summed up in the familiar couplet of Tennyson: —

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

And the conviction that there is in this, which men call progress, something desirable, finds its expression in another line of the same poet, where he makes the speaker say,—

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

That is, a man may live more in a few years spent in the midst of those nations which we call civilized and progressive than he could by lengthening out to almost any extent the mere fact of existence among those that are stagnant or decaying.

We shall get at an approximately correct, or sufficiently correct, conception of what progress means, if we, however briefly, glance at a few mental pictures of some contrasts between those nations that are barbaric and those that we call civilized. If we look first at the differences of their mere physical conditions and surroundings, we see barbaric man

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a wild, naked savage in the woods; at first without fire, without clothing, save that which he strips from the trees or robs from the backs of their owners, the wild beasts of the forest; without any adequate means of supplying himself with food; without weapons of defence against the wild beasts that are about him; standing abjectly fearful and helpless in the presence of the great elemental forces of the world; afraid of the lightning; afraid of the dark; afraid of the cold; tormented with hunger; swept off by pestilences; helpless in the presence of these great formless and therefore terrific powers, that he thinks of as beings like himself, only heartless and cruel. Then picture civilized man with an average length of life almost double; with unspeakably more means of comfort; dwelling in houses that are palaces; surrounded with everything that can appeal to the supply and wants of his nature; in great communities; in growing cities with their paved highways; with the means of communication which he has developed,— railroads, telegraphs, telephones, all the ten thousand appliances of the civilized world.

Then, when you leave the physical condition and come up to the mental, what an expansion, what an enlargement of man is here! A larger and more complex brain; schoolhouses, newspapers, libraries, art galleries, museums, all those institutions that correspond to and represent the mental development of the world. On the one hand, man, developed into such a godlike power over the problems of the universe that, as if he were a very god, he holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, and weighs the mountains in scales and the earth in a balance. He takes up the isles as though they were a very little thing, and measures the orbits of the suns. He even describes accurately their bulk and composition, and weighs the planets as an apothecary weighs his tiny grains. At the other end of the scale, this man, unable to count perhaps beyond the fingers of one hand; with a brain smaller than that of the civilized man; with little power of thought; no prevision; staring dumbly, perchance, at the great wonders of the universe, with an ox-like impassibility,

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instead of that reverent awe with which the civilized man faces the great facts that are everywhere about him.

Then, when you come to consider the differences in his moral characteristics; when you look over the world and see the reformatories, the asylums, the hospitals, that represent the tenderness of man toward the unfortunate, the sick, the poor; all the external institutions and appliances that come under that one grand word "benevolence,"— a word utterly unknown and unthought of, when man was at the outset of his career,— you become assured of the fact that there has been a marvellous change in the decrease of hate and the growth of love, a decrease of fear and a growth of trust. If I had time to analyze only these two facts, thus so simply stated, I should be able to sum up in them the entire moral progress of the world. Man has learned to hate less and love more. He has learned to fear less and to trust more. These two grand facts, like a double rainbow, span the whole arch that represents the moral progress of man from the lowest to the highest. Man, strong, self-centred, self-controlled, able to look out over and to control the forces of the world, is no longer afraid of them. They are his allies, his friends. He is no longer afraid of ferocious wild beasts or ferocious wild men. He is able to look other races in the face, and discern the fact of brotherhood. So hate dies out, and fear dies out; and trust,— that self-poised calm with which man faces the problems of the civilized world,— and love,— that bond that binds communities and nations together by the tender tie of sympathy, that makes men feel, each one of them, "I am a man, and nothing that is human is indifferent to me,"— these rise to the kingship of his life. These facts mark man as a morally progressive being.

It needs only a word to indicate man's religious progress, from the day when he stands in the presence of hideous, cruel gods, as he deems them, surrounding him on all hands, that he must propitiate with suffering and tears and blood, to that period in the history of the world where Jesus utters the thought that God is "Our Father," one who sends his

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rain equally on the evil and the good, and bids his sun shine on the just and on the unjust. From that time to this — for this later thought is only as yet beginning to be incorporated in the heart and life of man — there is a stretch of religious progress that means emancipation and help, and love and peace, and endless hope.

The New York *Nation* said two or three years ago (I quote from memory, not verbally) that the difference between the hut of the barbarian and a modern lady's drawing-room marked the entire advance of human civilization; and if you draw mental pictures of the two, and see what is implied in the contrast, you will see how profound is this generalization. All the contrasts that I have run over so briefly you will find indicated in this one phrase. The modern woman, cultured, refined, developed, surrounded by everything that can appeal to and satisfy her wants, physical, mental, moral, spiritual,— with a calm facing of the universe, with an outlook toward an endless future,—this is that which stands for what we imply when we talk about human progress.

Now consider for just a moment what we mean by the advantages which the civilized world has over the uncivilized. Take for instance a nation like England or like the United States, not by any means ideally perfect as yet, but in which there is the largest development of physical life, of freedom, of intelligence, of self-culture, of mental development, of moral advance. What is the advantage such a nation has over a barbaric people? In the first place, bring them together on the field of battle, and the civilized shatters the uncivilized at the first contact. The civilized world is mightier than the uncivilized. The modern man lives longer. He has more physical comfort. He has larger development of body as well as of brain. The old idea that men are dwindling and becoming puny as the ages go on, that civilization dwarfs the individual, is only a curious mistake. I went through the tower of London a year and a half ago, and I looked at the armor of the old kings and the famous heroes of English history. And it is my firm conviction

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that, although I am not a very large man, there was hardly a suit of armor there that I could possibly have worn.

In short, then, the civilized man lives longer, and he lives more. He is stronger, and comes out ahead in all contests, be they physical, mental, or moral. His larger internal development calls for and creates corresponding external conditions. Thus, all that we mean by governments, societies, arts, sciences, literatures, come into being. The general result is an infinitely richer and more complex world, and an infinitely finer, higher, and completer man, to inhabit, to enjoy, and still further to develop it.

Then there is this mental superiority, this ability to look out over the world and control its forces, and thus anticipate the future. There is an increase of enjoyment. There is an increase of everything that the human heart naturally desires. Now let us see if we can get at the heart of this. Let us see what it means.

What is progress? Progress is nothing else than growth. In scientific phrase, it is an "advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous." In plain language, it is an advance from the simple to the complex, from the less to the more. Let us take the case of a plant or flower, and I will illustrate, without leading you astray, precisely what I mean.

You hold a little seed in your hand. It is very small, but you know that wrapped up in there is a capacity for what you call growth, unfolding, development. It needs only appropriate conditions,— soil, sunshine, rain, air, room. Give it these, and there comes up first a tiny little blade through the soil: this divides into two; it grows; it branches; it throws out twigs on every side; leaves burst forth; then it flowers; and at last it crowns itself with fruitage that holds in its heart the seeds of other and endless new developments. This is what we mean by progress in plant life, the fact of growth.

There is, however, another side to it. What do we mean when we speak of the development of all the apples of earth from the crab-apple, when we hear of the new and finer developments of pear or grape? What does the horticult-

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urist mean when he talks about producing a finer rose than was ever seen before? He means the development of some one kind until it becomes more than it ever was before in all the qualities that compose it. It has more leaves,—doubled, tripled, quadrupled! it has more color, a deepening of the tints or a larger variety of tinting; more fragrance, and a finer quality of fragrance. And a precisely similar thing is what we mean by human progress. The lowest type of man who stood on the farthest border that separates manhood from the animal world was the seed, holding in himself "the promise and the potency" of all that the world has become.

It needs then for progress these two things,—an innate capacity for unfolding; then soil, sunshine, rain, room for development.

Now let me raise the question whether there is any necessary law of human progress. It is a strange question when you come to analyze it; and it seems to me a little curious that there should be so much confusion of thought in regard to it. Is there any necessity for human progress?

Yes and no.

There *is* a necessity for the progress of the race. There is *no* necessity for the progress of any one nation or of any one individual. The whole matter will be made perfectly clear, if you will let me recur to the illustration of the flower. There are so many conditions that are favorable to plant life in this world, and so many seeds, that we say it is a practical necessity that there should be plant life, and that it should develop and unfold itself more and more. But there is no necessity for any particular plant or flower to unfold, or for any particular variety to continue to live.

There are then two things necessary: the seed, the innate tendency to germinate and develop; and the conditions for development,—the soil, sunshine, rain. You may have the one without the other; but unless you have both there can be no development.

I believe then that, in the words of Pascal, one of the greatest thinkers of the world, we are to think of "the entire

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succession of men through the whole course of ages" as being substantially "one man, always living and incessantly learning." The race must live, the race must go on. Necessity compels it. It is progress, or die. For Nature, with her great problems, stands ever, like the ancient fabled sphinx, beside the pathway of human life, propounding her riddles to man. If he answers them, there is the reward of a larger life. If not, he is mercilessly devoured.

Man can solve the problems of life, and he must; and this constitutes progress. This is true of man, considered as the entire race. In spite of what brilliant writers and speakers may tell us of "lost arts," I do not believe there are any lost arts of great value. I believe that Emerson was truer in his thought, when he said,

> "One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath never lost."

I do not believe that the advancing march of man has ever dropped in the roadway, trampled down, and left behind anything really essential to its farther advancement. Mankind has not progressed with equal step through all the ages. There are periods, whole ages, when it seems to be standing still. We know that some of the greatest inventions, those that have revolutionized the world,—gunpowder, printing, steam,—were dropped in the soil of nations thousands of years ago; but the conditions of their growth were not there, and so they came to nothing.

Neither are we to consider that the human race is really making no progress, because it seems to be standing still. Did you ever look upon the growth of a century-plant? Week after week, month after month, and year after year, it seems practically to be almost standing still. But it is all the time gathering force, gathering increment of power and life and material in its broad, thick leaves; and at the last, when the years have gone by and the time is ripe, in a few days it shoots up its stalk, and in a few hours blossoms into marvellous beauty. And so the human race seems sometimes to have come to a halt. Yet in these silent, mighty

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ages when everything seems asleep, when literature is discouraged, and religion feels that the world is going to decay, it is only gathering forces, which by and by shall reveal themselves in a grand advance, some mighty enlargement of human life, opportunity, intelligence, and power.

There is then, I say, this necessity for the advance of the race as a whole; but there is no necessity for the advance of any particular nation, or any particular man. The whole question turns upon whether the conditions of progress are complied with by the nation or the man.

Now, what is the force that lies at the heart of humanity, that constitutes the eternal impetus toward progress? What is the power — to use that illustration again, that is so fitting that it will follow me all through the morning — at the heart of the seed, the tendency, that no man can explain, to burst its enclosure and grow? As at the heart of the seed, so at the heart of man there is an endless thirst, a deathless hunger to become more, to reach out on every side; and, as the plant, for the water supply that is far away, will send down and out its rootlets, hunting for it with almost a human intelligence through the dark pathways of the soil; or as the plant in a cellar or under a stone will reach out and seek for the tiniest ray of light that may come through some crevice; or will attempt to heave off and tumble down the obstruction that hinders its rise,—so ever in the case of humanity. There is a mental, spiritual hunger and thirst in man to become more than he is, he hardly knows how or why. He reaches out after those things that he desires, and thirsts for the satisfaction of every appetite. It makes no difference whether or not you can prove that there is any practical result to come from this deathless pursuit. A man does not reason when he is hungry. He is simply hungry, and he stretches out his hand for food. So you may prove ever so conclusively to the navigators and investigators and discoverers of the world that there would be no practical use ever subserved by mapping out the interior of Africa. But they will go on until every part of that land, till every bit of

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this round world, is as familiar as are the streets of Boston. In spite of wreck, disaster, and tragedy, over and over again, they will continue to knock at that icy gateway of the north, until the flag of some nation is hoisted on the pole. There is a deathless thirst in man to engage all his faculties, to accomplish all that is possible, to achieve all that his hand can grasp.

There are wise philosophies, there are religions, that tell man he is all wrong in this incessant hungering and thirsting for what they declare to be impossible; that the true way to find peace and contentment is by repression. As though you were to go to a horticulturist and tell him the true way to get the perfect flower is by repression,—not to give quite enough soil or sunshine, to clip off the aspiring leaves and twigs, to hold it back and down! But he will tell you that the true way is to give every one unlimited opportunity, then to select and cultivate the best. So, though men tell us that the true way to find heaven is to crush out and repress all the natural human tendencies of men, though they tell us that peace can only be found in their extinction, yet I believe that Tennyson has rung out the truer note and the healthier creed,—

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death.
> 'Tis life, of which our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant,
> More life and fuller that we want."

And just here, as illustrating the true nature of man and how to treat him as a help toward progress, I will read to you a paragraph from a paper by Prof. William James, the brother of the novelist whom you all know so well.

"Man's chief difference from the brute lies in the exuberant excess of his subjective propensities; his pre-eminence over them simply and solely in the number and in the fantastic and unnecessary character of his wants, physical, moral, æsthetic, and intellectual. Had his whole life not been a quest for the superfluous, he would never have estab-

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lished himself as inexpugnably as he has done in the necessary. And, from the consciousness of this, he should draw the lesson that his wants are to be trusted; that, even when their gratification seems farthest off, the uneasiness they occasion is still the best guide of his life, and will lead him to issues entirely beyond his present powers of reckoning. Prune down his extravagance, sober him, and you undo him."

Progress means trusting human hunger of every kind and in every direction, and opening wide the field for all human experiment. This hunger of man, this tendency to develop being given, he only needs intelligent guidance and opportunity, and progress naturally follows. Anything, however, which obstructs his way or turns him aside into some false path, will result in stagnation or decay. The problem for him to solve is this,— to learn the real nature of the forces with which he has to deal, and then how to make them friends, helpers to his growing life. This implies both self-development and control of the external world.

Two main dangers threaten him: first, that some false or imperfect theory of the universe — scientific, philosophic, or religious — may lead him astray; and, second, that some tyranny, external, as of a chief, a political organization, a king, or internal, as of a system of thought or a religious fear, may stand in the way and hinder his advance.

I have time left only for a few specimen illustrations of what seem to me the conditions and the line of human progress. If you place yourself in the condition of early man, you will find that the first step that he needed to take was to learn how to combine. One man alone is helpless. Men organized and co-operating sympathetically together are able to subdue the earth. It is as when a party of adventurous climbers wish to explore the summits of the Alps; they dare not risk this alone; nor do they simply make up a party, each walking by himself. But they tie themselves together, so that the weak may be helped by the strong; so that he who stands on the edge of imminent peril may be drawn back to a place of safety; so that all may go up or down

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together. A bundle of rods, as we have learned from the old fable, is always stronger than a single rod; and it does not matter either what kind of a cord it is that binds them together. The first problem, then, was the art of combination. The union might be compelled by the hand of a ruthless despot or a merciless chief. It might have been the fiction of a common ancestor, untrue in fact, but mighty as an idea. It might have been the possession of a common worship; and, so far as this is concerned, it made no difference whether the God were good or bad, merciful or cruel. The body of men who came together and were held together by some common bond was mightier than a thousand fragments of tribes, where each one was for himself,— just as the phalanx of Alexander, few in number, but elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder, foot by foot, marched through the myriad Asiatics who were not thus combined. The first step, then, was the finding some common bond.

Then what? Here came in that danger to which mankind is perpetually exposed,— the danger of learning to love and worship something that once was helpful, after its uses are all outgrown. So a nation comes to worship its despotism or monarch, or the family of that man that first made it illustrious. Thus it perpetuates the despotism until it becomes an incubus. So, in after years, men come to reverence the religion which was their first bond, in such a fashion that it stands squarely in the way of their taking a farther step of progress. They bow in blind reverence to that which was once useful, though now it be outgrown: as though a child, learning to walk by the aid of its baby-jumper, should come at last to estimate the service it once rendered him so highly, come to love it so warmly, come to reverence or fear it so strangely as not to dare to change it, and thus limit the entire development of his life to the capability of his baby-jumper.

This is what men are constantly doing. They do it socially, politically, morally, religiously. Something aided them once, and they will keep it forever. They dare not go beyond it. Forgetting the principle, they only stick in the form.

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What each man needs is to regard the fact of being bound together, not the instrument that binds. Revere government, not a despotism, not any particular form of dynasty. Worship religion, not a religion. The problem of progress will be found in the case of man, just as in the case of a tree, when there is cohesive power enough to hold together and expansive freedom enough to permit it to grow. What man needs in politics, art, science, religion, everywhere, is to learn to love and worship and care for this principle of co-operation, so that men can combine, but to hold it loosely enough so that there can be growth.

The principles already advanced contain by implication that which I shall make my next step, in the illustration of this great theme. The progress of man on earth has kept pace, step by step, from the beginning until now, with the decay of supernaturalism. What does this mean? It means simply this: that supernaturalism, in all its forms, is false, as a theory of the universe; and that man progresses only along the lines of a true theory. As I have already said, the conditions of progress are that men shall learn the real nature of the forces at work in the world and with which he has to deal; for only thus can he learn how to deal with them so as to make them his servants. Take two or three specimen illustrations.

So long as men believed that it rested on the will of a supernatural power as to whether they should be supplied with food or not, rather than on a correct understanding of the laws of agriculture, just so long they were liable to wasting famines, that devastated whole districts and nations. Famine was looked on as the judgment of a god; but the gods ceased to punish men by famine, when they learned the conditions of good harvests, when they learned to store provisions, and to establish means of communication, one nation with another, so that the supply, which is always a surplus somewhere, may flow to the place where it is needed.

There was no progress in medicine, so long as disease was regarded as the infliction of an angry deity, to be cured with

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prayers, amulets, sacrifices, and charms. When men began to learn that health and disease depend on natural and controllable forces, then they began to study those forces, so as to have some little power in the way of prevention and cure. Medicine, to be sure, has not made any very great progress yet; but every step it has made has been away from supernaturalism toward an appreciation of the laws of nature.

And so, in government, no progress toward freedom, toward the real development of man, has ever been made, except away from the idea of the divine right toward the human right. Those governments that have claimed to be theocracies, or where the kings or the ruling force pretended to be the arm and expression of the will of God, have in all ages been the worst governments on the face of the earth. It is only as human equity and human rights have come to be recognized, that the world has grown merciful, just, and kind.

So long as men believed that earthquakes were visitations of God, of course it did not make any difference whether they lived in one part of the world or another, or whether they built one kind of structure or another. There was no use in conforming to natural laws, since the gods could do as they pleased.

So you will find, in every department of life, that progress has been away from the supernatural toward the natural. This only means that man has been looking in the wrong direction for God.

> "Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
> And to see a sign appear,
> We deem not God is speaking in
> The still, small voice we hear."

So long as he looks in the wrong direction, he does not find him. We find God, who is the heart and life of all men, in the nature of things, in his laws of the world. And this is that naturalism which is not atheism, which is not agnosticism, which is not a going away from religion and the divine,

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but which really discovers it, and is thus the real finding and the real worship of God.

But yet, while it is not wise to hug our mistakes forever, it was perfectly natural that man should make this mistake at first. For human progress, in all departments of thought and life, necessarily leads through three different phases. At first, man looks out over the universe, or that little part that is accessible to him, and observes what he supposes to be facts. He philosophizes and reasons about them to the best of his ability: with the light he has, he explains them after a certain way. And this is what is called, in scientific phrase, a hypothesis. By and by, he accumulates a thousand facts that his first explanation will not explain; and he finds that his original hypothesis was wrong. As years go by, he discovers so many new facts that his old hypothesis cannot account for that his first explanation has to be given up entirely. His theory is shattered, and he is all afloat without any rational conception of things. When passing through one of these transitional phases, men know not what to believe: doctors are contradicting each other at every turn; and people look about hopelessly for something fixed, some place of rest. (We are passing through such a transition in the department of religion to-day.) After enough facts have been gathered, there comes a true explanation which finds a place for them all, a stable ground on which to stand with a possibility of endless unfolding and development.

Precisely this process has been gone through with in regard to man's thought about the universe. First, the Ptolemaic system was adopted: the world was the centre around which the stars revolved. Men reasoned as well as they could with the facts at hand. But by and by there came an accumulation of facts that this theory could not explain, and it had to be given up. Then there were years of transition,—a time when a new conception was coming in; and at last we have the Copernican theory, which is able to find a place for every sun and every system, every galaxy, every wandering comet, every asteroid, every star. We need not change it

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again; for, if we go on to study till we have ranged the whole sidereal universe, it will go with us and give us a framework for our facts forever.

Precisely these steps man has to take in religion, in science, in philosophy, in art, in every department of human thought.

In conclusion, then, the conditions of progress are: first, this universal hunger, this tendency to grow; then the feeding of this hunger with truth, and the giving unlimited opportunity, room, and range, for endless expansion.

We have then to lay special emphasis, as absolute conditions of progress, on two things,—*freedom* and *knowledge*. The tendency is here, deathless. It only wants room to expand, and guidance in that expansion, that it may develop in accordance with the laws of the universe, which are the laws of God.

To sum it all up, then, in another fragment of Tennyson:—

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> And more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster."

Our Father, we believe that this hunger of our hearts will lead us toward Thee, if only we have freedom to walk the road of human progress, and light to shine upon us to show the way. We ask Thee that we may do what we can for each other, and for the world, in making more opportunity for man and in teaching him how to use that opportunity. And we will give Thee thanks now and always.

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relations to each other; to that we may look forward. In giving the crowning fact of all, I wish to close, as I began, with a passage beautiful as poetry, profound as science, wise as philosophy, from Tennyson, as he outlines what will be the future relation in which man and woman will stand to each other: —

> "Not like to like, but like in difference:
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words;
> And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
> Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other ev'n as those who love.
> Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
> Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
> Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
> May these things be!"

O Father, we believe that it is thy love at the heart of things and thy power which create and develop the forces of the universe and of man. We believe that we only need to study and understand and give ourselves to thee, to realize all the noblest dreams of our grandest thought. We ask thee that we may be wise enough and strong enough to do this, that so we may help on the coming of thy perfect kingdom. *Amen.*

NOTE.—*When* shall "these things be"? Not in their completeness for *many ages* yet. But the seed is planted, and the stalk is up. It is a matter of time only when the blossom and fruit shall appear. Slow growths last the longest. As compared with the past, a few thousand years more are not long to wait.

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SERIES ON

BELIEFS ABOUT MAN

VIII. IS DEATH THE END?

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IS DEATH THE END?*

It is very difficult for men to argue while the heart aches or with eyes dimmed with tears. And if we do not feel the pain tugging at our hearts to-day, if our eyes now are clear and able to reflect the light that is in the sky above us, still is it not true, in the case of every one of us, that we have had these times of heartache, these hours of dimmed eyes when we could not see? And can we put all these memories away from us so completely as to enable us to treat a matter like this dispassionately in the clear light of reason, unbiassed by any prejudice or fear or hope? Are not these desires of ours, these longings, these precious bitter-sweet memories of the past, like some outside influence that deflects the needle from the pole? And, if we will find the direction of the true north, must we not discover some way of isolating the needle, so that it will tremble toward its true direction? These outside forces that do thus deflect the needle are a part of the very problem itself; but, to find out their real worth, we must isolate the needle if possible, and then measure the difference between the north and the point of its deflection. So if we will estimate rightly the power of these passions, the hopes and fears that sway us, and that sweep over us in such mighty power, we must, if we can, look at them objectively, estimate them, measure them, weigh them, see what they are and how much they mean. Let us, then, this morning look this problem as clearly as we can in the face.

*Reported by B. C. Barrows.

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I do not know how it may be with you, but I, for one, can have no sympathy with that common saying, that I hear on every hand, "If there be no future life, then this one is all a mockery and a sham,"— that this is not worth while. Of course this must be a matter of personal feeling only. I cannot answer for you; but for myself I wish to put it on record that in despite of all life's tears, with all its heart-aches, with all its disappointments, with all its poverty, with all its sorrows,— and pardon me if I say that of these I have borne a full share, — with all these, this life seems to me so full of mystery, so wondrous, so grand, that, whatever the future may have in store for me, *I would not have it that I had not been.* This brief look at the wonderful light of the blue sky; this hour of marvel at the stars of night; this bending over the mystery of a flower or blade of grass, and seeing there the infinite might and power pushing itself up in infinitesimal forms of beauty, grace, and fragrance; this clasping the hand of friend, if it be only for an hour; this feeling the throb of human love, if only for a little while,— all these, I say, seem to me so wondrous, so grand, that I rejoice and am thankful every day that I live. And if, at the end, it is only saying good-by to it forever, still even with my last breath I would say, "I am glad that I have been there even this little while."

Another preliminary point: we are told on every hand, we hear it echoed from pulpit and platform, it is uttered through newspapers and reviews, it is talked on the street, it is used as a cry of warning, and with it men shout, "Halt!" to the march of human intelligence,— we are told that the progress of scientific thought and investigation is leading the world down toward the darkness of materialism, the abyss of nothingness. And they cry out to us that, if we wish to keep the precious hopes of the past, we must retrace our steps and come back again into the old circles of faith and ecclesiastical trust. I wish to say again, concerning this, that I believe nothing of the kind. I wish to say reverently, simply, but with all the earnestness I can in the utterance, that, even were

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it so, I would not have the old past, or go back one step. For better, infinitely better, say I, is materialism, the dearest hopes being quenched in utter nothingness, than that which the old ecclesiastical Orthodoxy of the world dares to hold up in the face of human intelligence, offering it to us as a gospel,—"good news." Is it good news that you and I and a few of us, perhaps, shall attain immortality and bliss, but that others, the larger part of humanity, or call it the lesser part, or reduce it to a million, ten thousand, one thousand, one hundred, a single human soul, that this soul shall find eternity to be only an everlasting wail? Is that "good news" that can be given to a waiting, hungering world in terms like these? Better, I say, any other alternative that the human imagination can conceive. Better that the world lose all respect for order and law, and hold one high carnival of crime, that it plunge into woes and sorrows that stretch themselves out to the very crack of doom, if it last a million years, and then, if there may be nothing at the end, there is hope as compared with that which they dare tell us is the gospel. Better anything rather than the wail and the cry and the heartache and the bitter hopelessness that stretch on until the millions of ages are only minutes in their timeless tread. Better no future than a misnamed gospel promise like this.

One other point as preliminary. We must bear in mind clearly the nature of the problem that we are discussing this morning. We must have a clear definition of what we mean, and have a right to mean, by the word "knowledge," so that we may not be disappointed with the result of our investigation.

We mean by knowledge that which can be investigated and verified as a part of human experience. Nothing that transcends the experience of humanity either as being above our reach, or as being (for the present) beyond our reach, can, in any proper sense of the term, be called knowledge.

Now, then, if there be another life, if death be not the end, but if at the same time this other life be something higher than the present, under conditions which as yet we

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cannot experience or imagine, as manhood transcends childhood; if it be something beyond our present reach, like a horizon under which no ship has ever sailed, like a country unvisited, a sea unexplored; then, whatever we may think or hope or believe, whatever we may have reason to think or hope or believe, still we cannot as yet properly call it knowledge. Suppose, for example, that one comes to me, and makes the claim that he is from that other shore. But he is here now as a part of this present earthly experience of mine. I cannot go over beyond to verify his report. How can I establish the fact that he has really been there? How can I establish the fact, by what he claims, that there is any such country; for, while he is here, he is not there; and it may be never has been? I speak of this only to suggest the difficulties that surround the investigation of a theme like this. And yet, whether we shall be able to call it demonstrated knowledge or not, we need to consider carefully how much may be represented by those two little words, "faith" and "hope." We need to draw a clear dividing line between that which goes by the name of faith and that which we may truly call a scientific faith. Faith, in the popular language, as it is used many and many a time, means nothing more nor less than simple credulity, accepting a statement without evidence. Not such is the faith to which I refer,—the faith that is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, the faith that the scientific man holds in regard to that which he has not yet been able to demonstrate, which is separate from knowledge, but which moves along the line of the knowledge of the past, which stands on the highest peak of the present attainment, and, in accordance with all the principles that have given us the grand demonstrations that we have already attained, simply looks forward and anticipates that which it may expect to realize. To illustrate what I mean, take the faith of Columbus in regard to the New World. He was not able to prove it. No man in that day could demonstrate the rotundity of the earth; but there were reasons of this kind, and of that kind, reasons here and rea-

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sons there, that led the wisest of the ancient world, of all the ages down to the time of Columbus, to speculate, to hope, believe and prophesy that some day it would be demonstrated. And in this faith, not in an unreasoning faith, not in credulity, but in the light of what was known and following along the rays of that light, out into the darkness Columbus sailed. He was not a fanatic, he was not a credulous man. But, in the light of all the past, he sailed on into an unveiled future, and discovered the New World. Even then, the question of the world's shape was not settled.

It was only when Magellan, that grandest navigator of all the world, believing in the prophecy of the shadow, ventured to sail out and round and beyond the known, with the daring purpose of circumnavigating the globe, even when the Church declared to him that he would be lost, and his sailors mutinied, and the wise men called him a fool, and told him there was nothing there, that he would be lost in the wide wastes of darkness and never reach his home again,— it was only then that he attained the demonstration. That shadow had a great meaning at its heart. He had noticed that the shadow of the earth during an eclipse of the moon is round; and this indicating shadow led him on until he turned it into a magnificent fact. Thus we, not unreasoning, not credulous, simply standing on the farthest verge of attainment, launch ourselves on the unknown, and sail *toward* demonstration.

I believe that, though we may never be able to demonstrate the truth, still it is best as it is. The order of human growth and progress is a wise one,— first that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual, beginning here in the present and completing this, then leaping out into that which is beyond.

In the ages of the world, when there has been the clearest and most perfect confidence in a future life, this life has been little benefited by it. I have read you some words from the Egyptian Book of the Dead. Go back for a moment into that ancient Egypt, and see the time when there was the most

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explicit and most earnest and unquestioning faith in the future life, more earnest, perhaps, than the world has ever seen, before or since, there or any other where. So unquestioning, so real was it that one of the first things that a newly married groom and bride provided for was the disposition of their bodies after death. Death dominated every thought. It meant to them another life beyond that which we call death; but it so dominated the present that this life was all crushed out and ancient Egypt was one dreary, desolating tyranny,— tyranny in government, tyranny in society, tyranny in religion. The future blotted out the present, and made it poor and mean.

So in the Middle Ages, during the "ages of faith," as they are called by the Catholic Church, there never has been a time, except perhaps in ancient Egypt, when this world has been less cared for than then. Men dreamed so much of the future, and cared so much for being ready for the future, that this world was left practically out of account. And this evil was increased by that pernicious faith, not yet outgrown, that the next world is to be secured by a line of conduct utterly divorced from the development of this. So long as men believe in a future eternal life; so long as they believe, as they must if they believe at all, that it is of infinite importance as compared with the present; and that the way to get ready for that world is to scorn this one, so long this world will continue to be what it has been called, a vale of tears. But let men believe in that future life, cherishing it as a hope in their hearts, as a grand outlook, but carry along with it the faith that it means only the culmination, the completion, the coronation of a noble life lived here, then the two, not divorced from each other, shall stand in the relation of manhood to childhood. By completing and rounding out nobly the life that is given us here, we shall grow naturally into the eternal life.

Now, then, let us face the problem frankly and squarely, and see if we know anything about it, or what the facts we do know naturally lead us to think. I shall pass by nearly

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all the old and common arguments on the subject, not saying that they are of no worth, casting not one breath of slight upon them, simply telling you to keep them, cherish them in your hearts if you find they give you strength or comfort you, using them not as separate from those I shall offer you, but as buttressing them and giving them additional support.

The old Hebrew poet puts the problem so forcibly that I want to give you his words: "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. . . . If a man die, shall *he* live again?" That is the question. But here the old writer, it seems to me, misses the main point of our discussion. Cut down a tree, and let the rains of spring come down upon it, and the sunshine fall about the roots, and a new shoot will come up and a new tree develop; but *it is not the old tree.* It is another. One of our American poetesses, Mrs. Whitney, has sung to us beautifully in regard to the fact that God does not give us strange flowers every year, but that the old familiar faces look into ours every spring. And she fondly clasps to her heart the sentiment that it is the same old violet that is here. But it is not the violet of last spring. It is a violet that never was here before, and never will be again. It seems to me we can get very little hope from that class of comparisons. Carried out logically, they only prove that this body of man, when it disintegrates and crumbles into dust, is not annihilated; that it will spring up another year, perhaps in the grasses over our graves or in flowers by and by. Perhaps these same particles may reappear in another human body, but it will not be *I.* I gather no hope therefore from comparisons like these.

Now, what is the fact as demonstrated to us by the best science of the age? What do we know? We know that matter is never annihilated: we know that force is never annihilated. Matter and force are eternal. They may take on

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their million varied Protean forms summer after summer, age after age; but matter remains the same, force remains the same. If I take a crystal and break it to pieces, tearing asunder the fragments that make up its beautiful form; if I crush it and grind it into powder; if I turn it into vapor and drive it off into the air,—still with competent instruments I could gather out of the air again the very identical elements that entered into its composition. What was crystal remains, only in other forms. And so force remains. Whatever changes it may pass through, it never ceases to be. But I do not want simply to have it proved to me that the particles that compose this body are never to be annihilated. The question is, Shall I continue to think, to love, to feel, to hope? Shall I pass through this great change called death, and *shall I be I*, five minutes or a year after friends gather about this body, and say, "He is gone"? That is the question that we want settled, if it may be.

Now have we any light on it? If we have nothing very positive, we have some very powerful negative considerations. I wish to give you some of the grandest attainments of the world as bearing on this great question.

I have said that science can explain a tree. Science can explain a crystal. Science can explain a flower, even to its perfume. It can tell me all the particles remaining, all the forces remaining, all the gases remaining, after it is dissolved. Science has been trying for ages to explain man after this same fashion. But here, according to the testimony of the wisest men in the world, science has come to a halt. It has to face a problem that reaches into the fathomless mystery of the infinite.

I touch this desk. A sensation is started in my nerves, runs up the nerves toward the brain, and I think of the desk, and I notice its hardness, its color. As a result of that thought, I make some other motion, or give utterance to the same through words. And so here is a chain of cause and effect running through the desk into my brain, and immediately thereafter finding utterance in speech,—a perfect

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chain of physical motion. But I have thought, I have felt, in connection with the movements of these molecular particles that constitute my brain. Can science explain the fact that I have thought, that I have felt, that I have been conscious, that I have had an emotion? No: here is the gulf on the edge of which all human knowledge pauses and confesses it cannot cross. This chain of physical motion is complete. The law of persistence of force holds good. The law of molecular motion holds good; but it does not approach an explanation of thought. Thought is not one of the links in this chain running through my brain. The chain is complete; the movements are all complete, with the thought left out.

Here then,—and this is the one thing most important of any I shall have to offer you this morning, though it be difficult for me to make it perfectly clear,—here is the one thing that science has demonstrated to us, more than all ecclesiasticisms, more than teachers or churches have ever attained unto. Science has demonstrated that that which is essential in man no scientific method can explain. Here, then, is this *I*, this consciousness, this thought, this feeling, this hope, this love, that do not enter into the problem of molecular motion at all. Mr. Huxley tells us that perhaps some time science will be able to find the exact mechanical equivalent of a thought; but he tells us also that, if it does find that, it will not find the thought. Mr. Tyndall tells us that we know no more to-day in regard to this problem of the relation of the soul and body, from the scientific standpoint, than was known in prescientific ages.

This, then, is the thing that science has demonstrated; and here is ground whereon to take our stand,—a basis on which to found our most magnificent hopes. That which makes the essential thing in me, my thought, my love, my feeling, my hope, that is no part of that which the scientist can explain according to the laws of matter and motion. Here, then, is ground on which to rest. Here is a field of infinite possibility. And remember that it is science, this much berated,

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much-abused science, that has given us this magnificent result.

Now let me hasten to another point, important as bearing on this great theme. I regard it as something of unspeakable worth, as relating to this subject, that the simple fact exists that man believes in a future life; that he has believed this, practically, in all ages, under all skies, in all nations. How does it happen that this grand belief has sprung up? If I should find a dog, or some other lower animal, thinking about living after death, speculating about it, wondering if he should, would not I be justified in saying we must recast our definition of the animal, and put something into his brain or heart that we never dreamed of before? How does it happen that this wonderful animal man, of all the productions of the world, dares look the grave in the face and smile at death? It is the belief that he shall outface it and outlive it, and be mighty beyond its power.

If you take the lowest possible conception of the origin of man and say that he is created by the universe,—that is, that he holds the same relation to the universe that a coin does to the die that stamps it,—then you must believe that for every mark in the coin there was something in the die corresponding to it that created that mark. Every grand instinct, hope, feeling, in the human heart must be accounted for. They have been produced. They did not spring causeless out of nothing. If the universe made the human heart, then there is something in the universe that is responsive to the human heart. We know that light, for example, has created the eye through long periods of time. There was a time, far back in the distant past, when the rudimentary eye was only a little spot, just a bit more sensitive, somewhere along the line of the rudimentary nerve. There was no clear vision, only this rudimentary sensitiveness.

Light called, and the eye came out to see. When that process was only half complete, before there was any clear vision, if there had been any competent intelligence looking on and studying this problem, would he not have

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been justified in saying that, since there was a potency and promise of vision, there must be some great, creative force corresponding to it? So, through the ages, sound has created the ear. There was a call from the Infinite, and this curious mechanism came out to listen. At first, it was only rudimentary. But if, as in the other case, when the process was partially complete, and there were only indistinct murmurings instead of clear voices, had there been an intelligence to study this problem, would he not have been justified in saying there must be some great fact in the universe that corresponds to this ear, that is gradually and progressively creating it? If the needle is deflected from the north, it is by a power that pulls it aside: and astronomers have discovered new planets that they have not seen, simply because they have mathematically determined, that there must be some attractive force as yet not visible to man, by the movements of things that were seen. Thus, humanity, in its mighty sweep through the ages, has been perpetually deflected from its course and pulled toward some great eternal verity which must be postulated to explain the motion.

One other line of argument. The flower, the grass-blade, the tree, the animal, these all pass through the cycle of their existence and are complete on this earth; but man seems to be formed after some grander pattern, so that he does not reach his completeness here. In all the other departments of Nature, everything seems amply qualified to fulfil all the promises that she makes. Shall we not believe that it must be the same with man?

If you should go into a hot-house and find in some little circumscribed earthen vessel a growing germ of what you knew was capable of becoming a mighty Norway pine, would not you be justified in saying that this was not the original place of development, that it was not intended to come to completion here? If you, having never seen the ocean, should go into a ship-yard on a little river miles away from the sea, and should study the structure that was going up, knowing that it could not go on the land and that there was

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not room for it in the narrow river, would you not be justified in saying, "Either here is some huge blunder, or somewhere there is wide room and scope for this mighty thing to spread its wings and sail to some far-off shore?" When you see a man like Goethe, in the fulness of his powers, having studied so deeply into the secrets of nature, dying with the words upon his lips, "More light"; when you see a man like Newton, in that often-quoted comparison, speaking of himself as a little child gathering pebbles on the seashore while the infinite ocean lay before him,—do you not feel compelled to say, "This manhood that only grows and grows, but never culminates here, is a prophecy of a place where there shall be room for this mind that wanders through eternity, for this heart with its infinite capacity for love?"

You would not feel satisfied, nor should I, to treat this great question, and leave out of account the facts reported as true in all ages, and now in this modern world represented in a more marked degree in that which is known by the name of *Spiritualism*. There is a great body of testimony stretching back into the distance of antiquity, testimony not confined to any religion, to any nation, to any race, testimony, not of the poorest and most ignorant, but equally of the wisest men of all ages and times, to the belief that there have been at least occasional breakings through from some other sphere, or glimpses on this side of that other sphere. There is an amount of testimony so respectable that, were it given in evidence of anything else in the world, we should never dream of doubting it. Yet concerning so stupendous a fact as that we do doubt, and perhaps as yet, or for a time, we must. I have no sympathy with those who speak of these great matters with contempt. I do not feel that I know. There are testimonies from such men as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. Edward H. Clarke as to glimpses and visions of the dying; there are testimonies from all the ages covering this general field,—mixed up, it is true, with delusion, with palpable fraud, with all sorts of follies, that make one pause, hesitate, and question,—yet I believe there is so large a mass of

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testimony here that it cannot be brushed aside contemptuously by any man. Some day, it must be sifted, to see if there be a residuum of fact as its basis. Will you not be glad if there be? Most certainly shall I! And yet so anxious am I not to be deceived in regard to these high things that still I pause and wait for the competent investigator to sift the whole and give me the gold, if there be gold, in this great mass of dust and chaff.

One more question: Is there any rational theory of a future life that can be held by the modern world? If I cannot answer this question positively, I am sure at least that there is one theory that no reason and no science can condemn. You are familiar with the fact that that which we see and hear is only a very small part of this universe. We see so long as the wave movements of light are a certain number in a second. We hear under like conditions. But we know that above and below and all around us stretch reaches of this universe that no present faculties of ours enable us to touch. So far then as science has anything to say on the subject, this little world that we inhabit may be only like an island floating on the bosom of an infinite sea of being, compassing it on every hand, and yet unseen, unheard, unknown by us. Science knows nothing that can contradict such a theory. What indications there are rather lead us to think it probable. In regard to these bodies of ours,— for, mark you, I have no belief in *spirit* which means *nothing*, I have no belief in the old idea of the ghost as emptied of all that constitutes existence; I want no such life as that; I want no life poorer, lower, than what I enjoy to-day,— not only has science nothing to say against it, but there are many even who accept the theory, that within this body there is another, ordinarily invisible, that cannot be touched or weighed or handled by the faculties we possess. There are some scientific experiments that lead us to believe that there must be between the ultimate physical particles that compose this body other particles that, for the want of a better name, we call ether particles, forming a body complete and perfect in

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every function and every part. Just as science tells us that, to explain this universe, we must postulate the ether that fills all the space between the stars, so the space between the particles of this body must be filled with ether particles. What hinders then, until the opposite can be proved, that I should cherish the belief that when death comes, this body should simply step forth from the crumbling ruins of my old home, free, complete, fitted for that other, higher life that we may trust surrounds us everywhere now, and of which, even to-day, unknowing, we are a part?

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THE WHITE STONE.*

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. — Rev. ii., 17.

If I were to distribute the writings of the New Testament under three divisions, I should find that each of them successively appealed to one of the most important spheres of human consciousness. It is at the hearth of the gospels, with its sacred stories of Jesus, that Man warms his affections. It is in the gymnasium of the Pauline letters that he exercises his logical intellect. It is in the rich and boundless field of the Apocalypse that he finds free scope for his imagination.

I am well aware that this last book of the New Testament has been denounced and discarded, and, what is remarkable, by no less a man than Martin Luther and the champions of dogmatic Protestantism. By some, it has been regarded not only as uncanonical, but also as fruitless and unprofitable. I have often thought, however, when I look over the wide area of the New Testament writings, that, if we should cut off this concluding treatise, it would be as though a man preferred to sit in his palace and never walk in his park. For through this rich wilderness of tangled wood, this garden of natural sweetness, it seems that men have gone forth to find an asylum and resting-place for the soul. Imaginative natures have found peculiar pleasure in their revelries in this book; men under whose feet present things have been melting like quicksands, those who restlessly and tumultuously strive to go beyond the barrier of the present, children, dreamers, futurists, the unhappy members of the trampled

* Phonographically reported.

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African race,—all these have found peculiar joy in perusing it. And why has it been so? Because, finding that their spirit was unsatisfied, they have loved to expatiate in this wild and limitless domain; they have loved to unfold the fiery wing of fancy, and soar from zone after zone of an unbounded life and a universal hope. It is because it has given to us glimpses of this future, and hinted at certain inscrutable, mysterious parts of our nature and destiny, that men have turned to these pages with unspeakable delight.

To satisfy this craving, I believe these so-called seven letters to the churches of Asia were written. They all revolve around one great thought; and that is to point out continually the possibility of attaining the higher religious Life. This religious Life is attached to certain conditions, is inseparably bound up with certain provisional arrangements which depend on ourselves. Thus, in the passage that I have read to you, the attainment and enjoyment of the essence of religious Life are associated with the overcoming on the part of Man.

There is no picture, my friends, which human fancy loves to paint, no higher ideal which the world has found, no more cherished theme among the poets, than the figure of Man suffering and finally triumphant. This has been the great thought that has animated the sublimest dramas of the world, the key-note of its grandest tragedies. Prometheus Bound, Œdipus in Colonus, Hamlet, the Wandering Jew, are the great tragic images that have always seemed to haunt men with a strange fascination of their own. And the secret of their power consists in this: that it has been the picture of man striving and suffering, and man finally victorious. To such a picture as this, I ask your attention this morning. First, I shall ask you to consider the essence of religion itself; and, in the second place, the condition for its attainment and enjoyment.

This book, like a chamber of symbolism, whose walls are inscribed with glowing hieroglyphs, requires often a special key to unlock it; but, in this instance, it is not

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difficult to explain the simple thought. Remember at the outset that the imagery throughout is not Greek, but entirely Hebrew in its character. Our minds are at once transported into the ancient temple worship of the Jews. It is by means of these emblems that we may unlock the meaning of the passage. To the Hebrew of the past, as also to ourselves in the present, there were three distinct orbits of religious life, first what we call secular religion, then ecclesiastical religion and lastly essential religion. In every-day life, he learned what may be called secular religion,—in his business relations, in his transactions with his fellow-men, in his discharge of his obligations as a citizen. Without the aid of any church, he came soon to know what were the great conditions of secular religion. But that circumscribed boundary did not satisfy him. When his working days were over, he soon found himself within the enclosure of the temple, where he sought to pass from the conditions of mere secular into the further conditions of ecclesiastical religion. There, with the emblems of a pictorial religion displayed before him, the gorgeous pageantry, the costly ceremonials, he indulged himself for a while in the presence of an old hereditary worship. He might find some satisfaction for a time in tasting of the sacrificial feast after the oblation had been offered; but still his fancy might go on groping its way into something beyond. If he could only pass from the ranks of the laymen into those of the priesthood! If he could only go beyond the first veil of the sanctuary, and eat of that show-bread displayed upon the table, how his spiritual hunger might be stayed!

But even if he could imagine himself under that condition, and take his place in the priesthood and eat of the bread on that table, there was yet a higher condition of spiritual consciousness unattained, and unattainable, even by the high-priest himself. Behind that second veil, locked away in the old ark, and enclosed there in the golden vessel, was "the hidden manna," which no mortal tongue might ever taste.

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Thus there was continually unfolding to his experience this deep conviction: that, though he might pass out of the secular into the ecclesiastical religion, though introduced into the midst of these sacred emblems and these vanishing types and shadows, there was yet a certain essential religion which remained untouched and unattained. The hidden manna had not yet been tasted by him. Yes, and even if he had satiated his appetite on that manna, saved in the golden vessel from the sands of the wilderness, he would soon have realized the words of Christ, "Your fathers did eat of the manna in the wilderness, and *are dead*." Even this could not supply the great want of his soul, which still hungered for the very life of God.

This, my friends, is the simple thought suggested. And is it not so in our own lives? Men of the world, men of the universal experiences of society, learn in their every-day life what I call the great creed of secular religion, in which integrity, honesty, punctuality, truthfulness, are necessary articles of faith. But they yearn for something more. They pass beyond the secular, they enter the precincts of ecclesiastical religion; they taste and handle, they feed on the bread of the table; they hear the oracular word; they touch the hem of the church's garment; the veil is rent, they pass into that sanctuary. But sooner or later the day comes, in all experiences which are worth having, when ecclesiastical religion fails to stifle the huge hunger of the heart. The fire is quenched on the altar, the ashes are blown from it, the temple veil is torn asunder, the ark is shivered, even the tables of Law fall in fragments, and the golden vase of early experience is dashed in pieces, and the long-treasured creeds and catechisms of churches are swept like dust before the whirlwind, and you go abroad, crying: "Where shall I find an answer to the sorrowful questionings of the soul? I have passed through all, and all is vain. Give me the hidden manna."

Thus comes the soul to aspire after the essential religion which comes only from the hand of God, which he reaches

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out to us through the cloud. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

The thought of this essential religious life becomes altogether personal as we now pass from the mystical phrase "the hidden manna" to that of "the white stone." What do I understand by this? Referring to the old Book of Exodus, you will read how the chief priest of the nation wore about his neck a small breastplate ("the oracle of judgment" it was called), adorned with twelve precious stones, each inscribed with the name of one of the national tribes. These were names known, seen, read by all men. But inside of that sacred ornament there was a name unknown, unseen, unread by any but by him who wore it. Behind the breastplate,— so I am informed by learned writers,— enfolded within a lap or pocket, was the brilliant oracular gem, called by the double name of "Urim and Thummim" (the manifestation and the truth), originally the *thmei* of Egyptian religion; and on this were engraven the four sacred letters which represented the nameless and unknowable One, whose title "Jehovah" was never pronounced or even whispered by the devout Hebrew. Indeed, he had no name for the Deity. In times of emergency and danger, the chief priest would consult, not the stones that shone out on the world, but that one jewel whose rays darted in upon his own bosom. What stone this was may be easily inferred. In the inventory of jewels, all the most valued stones are selected and set in the breastplate. But one, which we might reasonably expect, the richest of all, is not there,— the diamond. Being the most precious, it was doubtless reserved for a sacred hiding-place, and for the initials of the nameless One himself. "A white stone." Not white in color: the epithet, as we all know, means rather sparkling with transparency of light. Peering down into the inner folds of the breastplate, the priest would gaze on this translucent gem, which sending its flashes in luminous vibrations

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along the optic nerve would rouse the brain to a finer frenzy, out of which he soon ascended into the solemn-thoughted or prophetic moods of the spirit.

It is this emblem which the writer employs to describe the pure and essential religion, which is the heritage within the power of all. This is the presence vouchsafed to every man. On the spirit of each of us is written the name which "no one knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Such is the experience of God to every human soul, something nameless, undefinable, so far above all definition, recorded experience, or dogmatic statement as to be one of the self-evident truths which nature ordains to be one of the high, unprovable things of our life. Such, for instance, is Life itself, which no one dares to define and which no one dares to deny. Nor do we, as teachers of religion, pause to parley or dally with our audiences, while we seek for proofs of the existence of a God. The further we advance into such a region, the more inextricable become the difficulties. They remind me of the minister who rose one Sunday morning to address his congregation on the words "He that cometh unto God must believe that God is,"—that is, exists. After elaborate arguments in support of his position, he dismissed his hearers, among whom one intelligent farmer was overheard saying, as he went out, "Well, in spite of all that has been said this morning, I do believe there is a God." Yes, his indeed is a presence which is felt rather than understood, as it comes to each of us under a name and through a revelation "which no one knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

The essence of religion, then, is partly to be found in this very thing: that it does come as a distinct and special experience to each one of us, differing according to our individual nature and circumstances, and changing with our changing life from day to day. To the child, he comes in the half light and in the broken dialect of childhood. To the boy and the girl, he comes veiled under the boyish and girlish experiences of life. Continually altering his name and adapting the representations of himself to our ideas and pursuits, he never

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stereotypes himself in the written forms of any gospel. How beautiful is the teaching of Christ, who so perfectly represents God! The woman of Samaria was a water-carrier, when Jesus met her; and therefore he draws out the truth for her, just as she drew up the water from that well. Peter was a fisherman, and therefore Jesus drew him to himself by a miraculous draught of fishes. The wise men of the East were astronomers, and therefore the God of the heavens drew them onward to Bethlehem by a star. Each of us can only know him according to our own separate nature, and never can know him, as he comes to another. You know that every color that lights up the flowers of the field is born from within as well as from without. One uniform light diffuses itself over the garden; but, according to the chemical properties of each bud or flower, it attracts to itself the special ray that belongs to it. One will draw in the crimson, another will borrow from the garment of light its yellow hue, another will steal a blue tint out of the same sky and paint it on her dress of silk. All of them require the common light, but each according to its qualities will choose a color of its own. Thus, the scientific man will find the name of the nameless one written out best for him in the discoveries of science, the imaginative man will read him most clearly in the intuitions of the beautiful, the merchant will trace him in vast and regular steps along the path of business, the child will come upon him in its glimpses and day-dreams of wonder.

You have heard, I dare say, how proud and justly proud are the old Welsh people of their language, which they sometimes tell us is the most ancient on the earth. From their own lips, in sequestered districts, I have heard the strange tradition that Adam and Eve spoke Welsh to each other while in Paradise, and that Jesus, too, addressed himself in Welsh to the multitudes around him. One day, I have heard, an incredulous traveller rallied an old woman of the hills on this beautiful piece of popular faith. "Do you now really believe that Jesus spoke to the multitudes in Welsh?"

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"I don't know about that," replied the poor woman; "but this I do know,—that, whenever he speaks to *me*, he speaks in *Welsh*." Ah, my friend, whenever God speaks to you (and he is doing it every hour), he speaks to you not in the tongue of men or of angels, but in your own language, in the dearest and deepest words of your own soul. "We do hear in our own tongue wherein we were born the wonderful works of God." Such was the confession of the listeners to the apostolic preaching on the day of Pentecost. Curious and suggestive, too, is the interpretation of old Erasmus, and of the still older Cyprian before him, when commenting on this passage they say that the miracle consisted not in the tongue of the speaker, but in the ear of the hearer: so that, while one language proceeded from the lips of the preacher, that language, as it descended on the throng, became Greek to the Greek, Arabic to the Arabian, Syriac to the Syrian, Latin to the Roman. So, too, comes to every one the diamond of essential truth and religious experience, engraven with a name, which "no one knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

From this source, as much as from any other, have proceeded those religious evils which have devastated Christendom and ruined the happiness of mankind. Certain men have created some petty standard, and insisted upon trying all the world by the miserable gauge of their own experience. "You must stand just where we stand, in order that you may see just as we see." Perhaps some strongly defined character has arisen, and left behind him a monumental record of saintship, in which his spiritual progress is traced and his peculiar intuitions are carefully registered. In a moment, in the shadow that he casts behind him, a peculiar type of religious life or belief develops, and becomes the current phase that circulates through the society of his fellows. A system forms about this, and into that church shall enter no one whose private experiences do not precisely conform to the cherished experiences of certain dogmatists. Hence, the persecutions, the martyr-fires, the anathemas that have consigned

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a world to irretrievable destruction, because God's handwriting on one heart has not precisely agreed with his smaller signature on the heart of another.

Again, this "name," this experience of essential religion by the human soul, is inexpressible. It belongs to that class of things which Paul describes as "the unspeakable," which "it is not granted to man to utter." Not only is this known to himself alone, but, like the unspoken name of the Deity, it cannot, it may not be expressed in mortal speech. Such are the thoughts divine, the higher moods of the soul, the mysterious visitations that come to all of us. Try to divulge them, and you at once destroy them. Unstop the vial, and the delicate fragrance escapes. It is gone forever. I honor that institution of the old Catholic Church, which, when used aright, gives an outlet to the overburdened spirit, and invites the distressed to pour into the ear of the tried and trusted man of God the secrets too heavy for the heart to carry alone. But, if there is one thing which tends more than another to violate the sanctities of individual faith, it is the substitute offered now and then by Protestantism for the Catholic confessional, that imperative demand which she sometimes has made on her members to tear open the soul's cabinet and display to the gaping curiosity of the many the jewel of its secret life and the history of its dearest hopes. I speak not here of those meetings where men and women exchange with one another the holiest lessons of Life, but rather of the specially detailed experiences of small biography, which serve to show that there may be such a thing as the indecent exposure of the mind as well as of the body; and, in so far as the mind is the more precious of the two, the first act may be regarded as one of greater profanation.

Lastly, observe the condition under which this higher religious life is enjoyed,— "to him that overcometh." The highest attainment in art, or in any branch of human skill, rests chiefly on this,— the union of spiritual and invisible forces with visible and material facts. When this point is reached, the artist or inventor has accomplished his great

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triumph. Spiritual forces are valueless till they have imprinted themselves upon material substance. The idealities of sculpture and painting would vanish like a dream, unless graven on stone or canvas. Again, all material things are so prepared and placed by God about us that, whenever the ideas or dreams of man come down upon these and clothe them, they are at once lifted into everlasting union with the ideal itself, and God's great decree of universal reconciliation is fulfilled.

This is the condition mentioned in the sentence,—"to him that overcometh," that is, to the man who has brought the material powers of his nature under the control of the spiritual, the servile under the sovereign, so that what is born to serve, serves, and what is born to rule, rules. I do not speak of any vague and far distant possibilities. The powers which I point at are under your feet, in your hands, nay, within your souls. In every one born into this world is lodged the engraven diamond of the Divine. For when the great God smote his hands together and struck out your spirit, like a spark, into the gloom; when that seed of fire dropped down through the blind abyss, and wrapped itself in clay,—believe me, his name was written there. You came forth with his autographic witness traced on the spirit within: the holy gift of God was there, and is there in your heart to-day.

Carlyle gives us an amusing and pointed anecdote, which may express my meaning. He imagines a Christian missionary, Brother Ringle-tub (as he calls him), going out to Hindustan; and in the streets of Calcutta he is confronted by a man-God, named Ram-das, who is followed by a multitude of spiritual converts. The good Brother Ringle-tub at once attacks the man-God, "How are you going to deal with sin?" "Sin!" exclaims Ram-das. "Why, I have fire enough in me to burn up all the sin in the world." So also have you. Every one of you has fire enough at his and at her command to burn away all that is unworthy. Awaken the presence within, the forces of God, which no

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one can measure or exhaust, which no one knoweth in its extent and power, saving he that receiveth such from heaven.

Such is the secret of God in the soul of man, and so far I have only conducted you to the confines of a thought which can only be explained by your own breast. After all that has been written or spoken, the best answer to every religious problem comes from one's own spirit. It is written, read, laid away in silence there. I can never forget one day of memorable mourning in our village, away in Maine, when a fresh, fair girl, the favorite of her schoolmates, was resigned by us to the tomb. As I rose before the sorrowing crowd of villagers and friends that filled the little church, I stood on the very spot where, eight months before, she had recited a poem with her own simple grace before friends and fellow graduates. And there at my feet she now lay, decked in the same white garment, dressed out for her bridegroom, the grave. I knew (and who did not know?) the last sorrow of her life. He whom she loved so well, to whose name she had clung to the last, had left our village some months before, and had passed, no one knew whither. A few letters from an unknown distance had come from him. They were to her the food on which she lived, in the silence of her sorrow. With her dying lips, she asked the trusted friend to bury safely those written words within her own dead bosom. It was done. And, as I looked toward the poor dead girl, I knew that, enshrined within her white robe, there were words there, and a name written, which no one had read saving she who still cherished it at her lifeless heart.

To you, my friends, the name of God may come, and does come, in the same way. "A new name," a special token, a separate sign or expression of himself, is addressed to you, and to you only, in your own experience. Other names and other interests are patent to the world. *This* lies among the secret treasures of the soul, among other names, which, seldom and perhaps never uttered, are therefore all the dearer to the thought. But such is it to you as it was to the Chief Priest of old. While man presented the names of men to

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God, God, in return, presented the name of God to man,—a sacred exchange of the love-pledges between the parent and the child. Within the bosom of the Infinite One lie all our names written. Every child of his lies registered in those tablets, and in the heart of each of his children there may well be received in exchange the name and the life presence of our Father. Cherish it, I beseech you, kindle it into purer and brighter fire, and you and the Unknowable One will be no strangers; but, as friend with friend, you shall live and move together. And, as the ancient host on taking leave of his guest would bestow on him a signet-ring inscribed with his own name, and receive perhaps from his guest the same, so that in years to come, when he happened to return and produce the gift, he was again welcomed, even after time had disguised the once well-known face with the tracery of years, so surely shall it be in the end. No stranger to God, and God no stranger to you, when the last hour shall come and all the hospitalities of life are withdrawn, and you wait in darkness and silence outside the half-open door, you will find, even amid a loss of all things, that all things nevertheless are yours; and yours will be the peace which passeth all understanding, yours will be that joy which, because the world never gave, it can therefore never take away.

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MR. SAVAGE having been kind enough to read me his sermon, I take pleasure in saying that it tells correctly the story of the New York *Evening Post* interview; and also is substantially correct in every particular as concerns my present attitude of thought.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

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O. B. Frothingham and his Supposed Change of Base.*

"And the city was filled with the confusion: and they rushed with one accord into the theatre.... Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was in confusion; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together."—ACTS xix., 29, 32.

THIS nineteenth chapter of the Acts gives us an admirable picture of a popular excitement. Paul, the leading radical thinker and preacher of the first century, was a restless and perpetual menace to the old Judaism, and to the orthodox Christianity of Jerusalem. But, not contented with this, he was invading Paganism in all accessible lands. Ephesus at this time was the centre of one of the most famous worships of antiquity. Here was the image of the great goddess Artemis, or Diana, that was said to have fallen down from heaven. In proclaiming a new God and a new religion, Paul was endangering the prestige and prosperity of the city. Particularly did he excite the wrath of the craftsmen who lived and prospered by the manufacture and sale of "silver shrines," or miniature copies of the famous temple. If the new opinions of Paul prevailed, there would be no longer any need of their services. It naturally followed then that, when the alarm was given, the city was filled with confusion. With one accord, they rushed into the theatre; and for the space of about two hours they cried out, "Great is Artemis

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O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

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of the Ephesians!" And, as commonly in the case of a crowd, it was not at all necessary that they should *take pains to know what it was all about;* and so the writer significantly adds, "The more part knew not wherefore they were come together." It was a general opportunity for a frantic outcry, and they all took advantage of it to the utmost.

There is a striking similarity between some features of this old commotion and the present condition of the public mind concerning our friend, Mr. O. B. Frothingham. Only, whereas, in ancient Ephesus, there was only *one* party whose interests were involved, now, in modern America, there are *two*,— one to be converted *to*, and one to be converted *from*. It follows that there are more people to scream, and the resulting possibility of a greater confusion. For twenty years, in the metropolis of the country, Mr. Frothingham stood the most conspicuous representative of radical religious free thought. Worn out at last by long-continued and unrelieved labor, he goes abroad in search of new stores of vigor for renewed activity. When he returns, we are all interested as to what he will do. But he is waylaid by a danger to which, however many things he may have suffered from, Paul was never exposed. Paul, indeed, gives us a heart-rending picture of what he had been through. Besides stripes and stonings and shipwreck, besides labor and watching, and hunger and thirst and fasting, and cold and nakedness, he itemizes all these: "In perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." All this is bad enough. But there is one thing Paul escaped: he never was "in peril" of an "interviewer." But this Mr. Frothingham does not escape. He is thus put before the country in a false light. His old friends and followers think they are about to lose him, and the shrine-makers think he is going back to the gods whose prestige he has threatened; and the natural result follows. Not "the city" only, now, but the country, is "filled with confusion." Both sides

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"rush with one accord into the theatre," the public theatre of debate and outcry; and pulpit and platform and newspaper resound with shrill and conflicting voices. And, as it was in Ephesus, so it is now: "the more part know not wherefore they are come together." The mob does not wait for so commonplace a thing as *knowledge* on the subject. There's an opportunity to scream, and they improve it. The extreme radical says: "I told you so. There always was something peculiar about Frothingham. My pet crotchet that was warranted to make a perfect world in six easy lessons, he never would have anything to do with. He's a fastidious aristocrat, and never had any real sympathy with the people." While, on the other hand, the old ecclesiasticisms echo the cry: "I told you so. We always knew he was a noble man, a bold thinker, and altogether too wise to continue walking with his eyes open, and without the guidance of our antique leading-strings. We knew he'd get tired, and lie down to sleep swathed in our traditional millinery at last."

Meantime, while he keeps silent, new changes on these sage conclusions are rung in our ears. Every Sunday, the pulpits echo all over the land. All the old religious newspapers are chanting pæans over Frothingham's "recantation," "the failure of free thought," "the death of Liberalism." Many of the so-called "free-thought" papers ring with taunts, and are besprinkled with epithets. Even the daily press helps on the "confusion worse confounded." If Mr. Frothingham cares to know what an exalted saint, what a base traitor, what a self-seeking hypocrite, what a penitent prodigal, what a broken-down imbecile, and what a religious devotee he really is, he has now an opportunity that will probably never be offered him again.

All this while I have kept silent. Some of you, I know, have wondered why I did not speak. I am now ready to tell you. It seemed to me that there was confusion enough already. I did not care to scream for the sake only of adding to the noise. When at liberty to do so,— unfortunately

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a minister does not always have that liberty,— I have always had a prejudice in favor of waiting until I had something to say; and thought at least that I knew what I was going to talk about. If all people did this, there would often be what Sydney Smith called "brilliant flashes of *silence*." But the world would be none the less wise. I proposed then to keep still until I had something to say. I felt that it was quite possible for a man of even Mr. Frothingham's brain and culture to change his mind. I knew it was far from uncommon for men to become more conservative as they grew older. This is seen in all phases of thought. But I also felt sure of another thing. I felt sure that, if Mr. Frothingham was of sound mind, he could never put forth any such manifesto as that which appeared in the New York *Evening Post*. Whatever else he may have been during the last twenty years, he has at least been a clear-cut, logical, vigorous thinker and writer. But this reported "interview" was confused, contradictory, inconclusive, and full of ignorant misstatements concerning matters of even common scholarship. It betrayed the voice of a man who did not know what he was talking about. And I said to myself and to my friends, When Mr. Frothingham does change his opinions, *he will at least be able to state that fact clearly; and he will set forth some intellectually respectable reasons for that change*. And, as neither the one nor the other of these conditions had been met, I felt sure that to whomsoever the hands might belong, the voice was *not* the voice of Frothingham. This is why I have been silent.

Why, then, do I now speak? For the very good reason that at last I have something to say. I have had several talks with Mr. Frothingham. He knows my personal interest in him, and also my interest in the truths that are involved in all this confused controversy. While therefore there are reasons why he does not wish to enter the debate with his own pen, he has given his consent that I should speak for him. This word therefore goes before the country with his sanction, and backed by his authority.

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But, before attempting to set forth his present religious attitude, let us take a brief preliminary glance over his career. He was born Nov. 26, 1822. He has therefore passed fifty-nine, and is travelling on toward his sixtieth year. His father was Dr. N. L. Frothingham, for thirty-five years the able, scholarly, and refined minister of the old First Church of Boston, now in charge of Dr. Rufus Ellis. Boston's "blue blood" is therefore in his veins, Boston's best traditions are behind him, and his cradle was rocked by Boston's finest culture. He trod the highway that New England pride and devotion have built for the favored feet of those that are destined to stand on her lofty outlooks of learning. Through the Boston Latin School, Harvard College, the Divinity School he goes, till, at the age of twenty-four, he stands on the threshold of his active life. His first settlement is over the old North Church in Salem. Traditions, training, taste, all combine to make of him here the refined, quiet, scholarly, conservative clergyman. And such he was until, like all men with a mission, he meets his fate. But new life and new light were in the air; and souls capable of inspiration could not escape the influence. This was the morning time of New England's new age,—the time of Emerson, of George Ripley, of Margaret Fuller, of the *Dial*, of Brook Farm. But the voice that spoke to him out of the overhanging cloud, and became to him the heaven-sent utterance as to the way in which he must thereafter walk, was that of Theodore Parker.

Parker was at this time, especially throughout rural New England, a name to frighten children with. I well recall the uncanny echoes of his supposed horrible doctrines that reached my childhood, in the central part of Maine. In Boston itself, to be an attendant at Music Hall was not only enough to shut one out of heaven, but — what to many was even a worse calamity — to shut them out of "good society."

I must stop here long enough to indicate one or two changes in public opinion concerning Parker, that bear on a question now under discussion, as to whether rational thought or religion has made and is making progress. May 19, 1841,

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about a month before I was born, Parker preached his famous sermon on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity." So dreadful was this regarded then that the Unitarians themselves cast him out. To-day, it is commonplace in all liberal pulpits; and, even in many an Orthodox pulpit, it might now be preached, while all the deacons should nod an acquiescing Amen. They prayed then that God would put a hook in the nose of this soul-destroying leviathan. And now concerning young Frothingham's meeting with this same supposed new incarnation of evil, a churchman prints in a Boston paper, "God had a hand in it." While, just before his death, Dean Stanley writes that Theodore Parker has rendered a greater service to theological science than any other American for a hundred years.

But, in spite of the reputation that Parker then had, young Frothingham's mind was a blade of such temper as to strike fire on this flint, and be all the sharper for the contact. But Salem still had left some of the Pharisaism that cast out the witches, and was therefore no comfortable home for the disturbing spirit of modern thought, which, the staid citizens took for granted, must be from below. September, 1855, then finds Mr. Frothingham in Jersey City. Here at least he found himself free. But the pharos-tower was not conspicuous enough for the light; and 1859 sees him in New York, in the eyes of all the land. For twenty years, he was one of the religious "features" of the metropolis. From his study, he sent out book after book, too often putting what ought to have been vacation into some literary or theological work, for which his ordinary duties left him no adequate time. He was a frequent contributor to all the leading periodicals of the day. And I well remember how, while I was still in an Orthodox pulpit, there came through the secular press on Monday mornings telegraphic echoes of what he had said the day before.

Let us now get him clearly in mind, if we can, as he stood at home some Sunday morning, in the presence of his own people in Masonic Temple; and then we will briefly esti-

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mate the place he held and that which he stood for in the religious life of his time.

As I saw him in those days, he stood, a little taller than most of his fellows, a fine figure of dignity and grace. His head was nobly moulded; his hair dark, short, curly, and a little sprinkled with gray; his eyes gray and piercing; his face mobile and expressive. He spoke without notes, as had been his custom for years; but he did not speak without thought. And you felt all the while that he grasped a clear line of purpose, and was following it to a definite end. His style was elevated, terse, and clear. Not given to rhetoric or ornament, and never playing with either for its own sake, he yet was graceful and finished, and often rose naturally to heights of poetic beauty and imaginative eloquence. But thought was always first. If emotion showed itself, it was no "display of feeling," but only earnestness fused to white heat in its rapid motion toward a practical end.

What now did he stand for? Perhaps the title of what I should call his best book, *The Religion of Humanity*, may be taken as a general answer. As a public teacher, he stood alone in New York as truly as did ever any old prophet in Jerusalem. But he bore his "burden" patiently, and bravely uttered his message. Surrounded on all hands by churches of every name and creed, he had with them no recognized religious fellowship. Ecclesiastical authority, book revelation, miracles, supernaturalism in all its forms, these he rejected. He stood for utter free thought and the supremacy of human reason. He rejected nothing of the past that could come into court, bringing what reason could accept as adequate credentials. He was not frightened from his purpose by being called a "negationist"; for he had intelligence enough to know, what is too often overlooked, that to deny is only another way to affirm. And, in reality, his teaching was one grand affirmation. He affirmed man, freedom, reason, morality, religion, as against the myths, the traditions, the ignorance, the misconceptions, the partialisms, and the dogmatic tyrannies of the past; and he affirmed these equally

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against the vested interests, the hereditary prejudices, the time-serving, the pusillanimities, and the cowardly hypocrisies of the present.

There is one feature of this brave stand that is of enough importance to call for special mention. One radical publication has been mean enough to intimate that the motive of his recent supposed change is somehow connected with a desire for the soft and comfortable repose of the established Church. Let us look and see. Here is a man with all refined and cultivated tastes; a born aristocrat, if you please; a lover of art, of music, of literature; to whom all social circles are naturally open. And all this is supplemented by an independent fortune. How many men, in such a case, would have simply "taken their ease, eaten, drunk, and been merry"? Does such a man need to go into any church for the sake of a soft sleeping-place? And yet, with all these tempting opportunities for a self-indulgent life, no man who had his bread to earn by drudgery has been a more laborious worker for thirty years than he. He has fairly worn himself out, self-impelled, for the love he bore to truth and man. He stood up in the face of a storm of obloquy in days when much of our present easy-going radicalism might not have had the courage. Whatever, then, he may now choose to do, it is not for those whose work he has helped make easy to air their questionable bravery by calling him a coward.

In 1879, he feels he can go no farther. For a time at least, he must lay down his burden and rest. In his farewell sermon, before his departure for Europe, he takes occasion to express his dissatisfaction with unorganized effort, and in some respects to criticise his own past methods. The old churches of course are happy that he is going. And, in a spirit like that they have recently shown, they catch at his expressions of modest and frank self-criticism, and cry out that he has pronounced his work a failure. Their wish is so much "the father to the thought" that they are not over-scrupulous in their efforts to set him in the light in which they would like

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to see him. If it be a failure not to leave behind him a sect of Frothinghamites,— he who all his life has fought against sectarianism,— then indeed did he fail. But, if the "leaven" is not lost which is "hid in three measures of meal," then the end of his work is not yet.

It is easy to say that he ought to have organized his New York Society so as to leave it at work and with a successor on his platform. And indeed this is now his own feeling, and perhaps his one regret. On the other hand, it is only just to say that some men are like Melchizedek: they stand alone, and have no successors. Be that as it may, his society found no one to take his place; and crumbled into individual fragments when the central attraction was gone.

He was abroad two years, seeking health, and not finding it. Last fall, he returned, and, with what strength he had, picked up here in Boston a labor of love, of friendship, and of old-time memories,— the Life of George Ripley, who had been one of his New York disciples.

And now comes the "beginning of sorrows." Very naturally, his old friends in New York are anxious to know what he purposes to do. Very naturally, people all over the country would like to know his plans; if he is to preach again; if so, where and what. And also, very naturally, the newspaper man is anxious for a piece of piquant and salable sensation. As there is much misunderstanding, and has been some contradiction concerning the matter, I will here relate the true story of the famous interview.

Mr. Frothingham had no intention of issuing to the country a manifesto; neither did he take any steps toward such an end. He is here in his retirement among his friends, when he receives a letter from a man on the editorial corps of the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Frothingham replies, saying he expects soon to be in New York on business, and will step in and see him. His correspondent writes again, telling him not to take that trouble, but only to send his address when he is there, and he will call upon him. This, then, is done. After being overtaxed some days with business, and

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perhaps the too great kindness of well-intentioned friends, the interviewer calls upon him. *He has no paper, no pencil, and takes no notes.* Mr. Frothingham indulges in a general free conversation. "I have been interviewed often enough," said he to me, "to know what it means. Had he had pencil and paper in hand, I should have known what to expect. He had written me asking *two questions only:* why I did not go on with my New York work; and what I was going to do. He asked nothing in his original letter, as to my religious opinions; and I did not suppose he was to mention that subject." He had therefore no idea that any more was to be made of it than some ordinary item as to his present condition and his future work. As the interviewer rises to go, he takes care to caution him against possible misrepresentation. For some of us, who know what a reporter of vivid imagination can make us say when he *has* his pencil, may well stand in awe of one who trusts wholly to *memory.* And indeed, in my opinion, it is not common honesty to put into *quotation-marks* a mass of stuff that is only written out from recollection after a prolonged conversation. It is *sure* to misrepresent: it *may* be well-nigh slanderous. Two or three days pass, and nothing appears in the *Post.* But Saturday night shows a marvellous success at misrepresentation. And it is afterward discovered that, as New York correspondent, the reporter had sent letters to several of the principal papers in the larger cities East and West.

Mr. Frothingham says—and I think we will all agree with him—that "a piece of work like this ought to lose a newspaper man his position." He now goes in personal protest to the proprietor. He even shows the proprietor the brief reply he had felt himself *obliged* to make. He asks him if he thinks what he has said sufficient; and, at his suggestion, adds the last sentence, in which he plainly declares, "*Certainly, I have not gone back to any position which I had abandoned.*" The proprietor then tells him he thinks he has said enough to make the matter plain. From this time on, Mr. Frothingham does not even look at the original reported

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interview. But, meantime, the mischief is done. The cry is begun; and one side is saying, "Traitor," and the other is getting ready to welcome a convert. He is disgusted at both sides,— that his former friends are so ready to believe him as idiotic as the report would make him out; and that the Evangelicals are so happy over so ignorant and inconsequent a manifesto. Of course, the *Post* is open to him to print whatever he will. But, in his present state of health and state of mind, he does not want to be dragged into a compulsory unbosoming of himself before the country. To speak at all to his own satisfaction, he must speak at greater length and more exhaustively than he has at present either strength or time to do. His pen is now a burden to him. He tells me that, when he is ready, he hopes to publish something that may deserve to stand, both as an estimate of what he has tried to do, and also as expressing his present outlook over the religious situation. He only glanced over the interviewer's work once, in New York, and sent a brief note of general denial covering two points: first, to correct the misstatements concerning personal friends; and, secondly, to say, "I have seen no reason for changing my opinions," and "I have not gone back to any position which I had abandoned." Whether rightly or not, he thinks his saying any more may only add to the confusion. He will let people cry themselves hoarse about it, trusting they will stop when they get tired, or find themselves mistaken.

Two things remain to be done: to state the principal things the interviewer makes him say; and then to state the facts as to his present religious attitude.

But first a word as to the general appearance of the report. The writer gives the impression that he is stating verbatim what Mr. Frothingham said; for he has the assurance — to give it no harsher name — to put almost a whole long column of fine print (as it appeared in the Boston *Journal*) in quotation-marks, and to represent Mr. Frothingham as speaking in the first person. When you remember, as I have already told you, that he *did not take a single note* during the

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conversation, the dishonesty of such a proceeding becomes tolerably plain.

Now for the contents of the misreport. The tone and tints and atmosphere of this piece of work — to use an artist's figure — can be properly appreciated only when you remember all the while that he who lays on the colors is an Evangelical in his sympathies and sees all things through Evangelical eyes. Indeed, he begins by saying, "Exactly what Mr. Frothingham taught" — before he went away — "I do not know"; though he thinks he taught nothing "to alarm the most radical of atheists." A total ignorance of *one* side must be an admirable preparation for an impartial setting forth of the contrasts!

For the sake of being very clear and specific, I shall number those points that are most important to be noticed: —

1. He makes Mr. Frothingham heap purely gratuitous insults on his old friends and followers. But, whatever else he may be, nobody ever suspected him of not being a courteous gentleman.

2. He makes him speak of Messrs. Chadwick and Adler as materialists. Only an ignorant man could have thought Mr. Frothingham ignorant enough to so misstate the facts.

3. He makes him misrepresent the position and work of Mr. Conway in London. Mr. Frothingham tells me that he knows perfectly well the precise contrary of what he is reported to have said.

4. He makes him express the opinion that "Evangelical religion" is "stronger" than it was "twenty years ago," and that the "opponents" of "revealed religion" during the "last twenty years" "have made no headway whatever." In the ordinary ecclesiastical meaning of those terms, Mr. Frothingham believes nothing of the kind.

5. He makes him say that "unbridled free thought leads only to a dreary negation called Materialism." No man living knows better than does Mr. Frothingham that the highest science and philosophy of the age have dealt materialism its

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death-blow. And no man living is less inclined than he to set any limit to the completest freedom of thought.

6. He represents him as being wondrously impressed by the Catholic priests in Rome. On this, many wiseacres have shaken their heads, and have lifted up their voices in prophecy to the effect that "Frothingham would bring up in Rome at last." Indeed, he has already received overtures in that direction. On referring to this, he laughs outright, and says, "To think of *my* being taken with *painted windows* at this time of day! If ever I was less inclined toward Catholicism than at any time before, it was when I was in Rome!" And I could not help thinking of his sermon on "The Cardinal's Beretta," preached on the occasion of Archbishop McClosky's receiving the cardinal's hat, in which he says that "a man may stop thinking without joining the Catholic Church."

I have already told you the substance of his little note in reply to this, and why he did not go into a more special explanation. In common with many others, I have wished he had said more. But the state of his health and a certain contempt for the whole matter have sealed his lips in a retired and dignified silence. Indeed, after having looked over the reported interview *once*, he dropped the matter. He does not read the newspaper discussions. And the zealous Churchmen, so forward with their fulsome welcome, may spare themselves the trouble of writing; for all letters on this subject, except from personal friends, find speedy oblivion in the waste-basket.

The treatment of this matter at the hands of the Orthodox press is nothing less than disgraceful. In spite of his explicit declaration that he has *recanted nothing, not gone back one step, abandoned no position once held*, they still persist in holding him up as a convert, as an example, and prophesy of the failure of free thought. The pulpits proclaim it; and individual ministers on the street look wise and smile as they fling this "interview" in the teeth of those who still hold that brains were intended for use. Time was when the Church

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was so strong that it took back a penitent heretic, if at all, only on his knees. Does it look like a sense of growing strength when they are so anxious to rush out in a body, and with shouts of welcome bring back on their shoulders the arch-heretic of the day, because they only suspect or hope that he is not quite so severe an enemy as he used to be? They must be reduced to sad straits when they thus rejoice over the hoped-for accession of an ally so incoherent and idiotic as he would be, if guilty, of the *Post* "interview." Indeed, Mr. Frothingham has been so disgusted with the use that the "Evangelicals" have made of the matter that, as he says, he is compelled to feel "less sympathy with them than ever before."

Now then let me outline as briefly as I can Mr. Frothingham's present religious attitude. Has there been any real change in his view of things? Yes, there has; and this is the little flame at the heart of all this heaven-filling cloud of smoke. That change I will speak of in its place. And here again, for clearness, and for the sake of avoiding further misunderstanding, if possible, I will number my points.

1. Mr. Frothingham does *not* regard any science that deserves the name as tending toward materialism.

2. He would *not* limit free thought on any subject or in any direction.

3. He is not in the least inclined to go back to any past church, statement, or creed. "Why, Mr. Savage, *I know too much for that*," said he the other day.

4. While he is in no sympathy with destruction for its own sake, he thinks "the work of destruction, for the sake of higher and better building, *has not yet gone half far enough*."

5. I asked him if he would now blot out anything he has already written and published. "Not one single word," was his answer. "I would only supplement here and there with additional statements." I asked especially about "*The Cradle of the Christ*," which would perhaps be called his most destructive piece of criticism. He said: "I would make no change in it. It is now impossible to get at the

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historical Jesus. We have no materials. Jesus and the Christ I regard as two distinct and separate things."

6. Now then for his change. To put it into my own phrase, I should say he has come to be *a more pronounced theist.* The point toward which his thoughts converge is the mode of communication between the divine mind and the human. To quote his own words in conversation, he said: "For many years I have been inclined to try to prove that everything comes out of the earth, from below; that religion is purely earthly in its origin, something made by man,—his 'effort to perfect himself,' to use Mr. Abbot's phrase. And I have not, as I now think, taken enough account of the working in the world of a divine mind, a power above man, working on and through him to lift and lead." And, in his own use of that term, he looks for larger "*revelations*" of God and truth in the future. "I hope," said he, "that new light will break out — not of God's word, in the sense of a book, but — of God's universe." The new light, he thinks, will come, not by studying old creeds or standards or Bibles, but by looking forward for new manifestations, through natural methods, in the human soul.

Whenever, in the past, I have felt compelled to criticise or differ from Mr. Frothingham, it has been almost always concerning these very points wherein his reported *change* has taken place. So far as I can see, the present attitude of Mr. Frothingham is not very far from my own. Not by any means that I would presume to put him in the position of fathering all my ideas; but only that his position and outlook are substantially the same as mine.

Meantime, after a life of exceptional toil, he has certainly earned the right to rest and wait. If he is not entirely satisfied with his life-work, what man of any lofty ideals is satisfied? If he questions some of his past methods, and feels that he overlooked and did not sufficiently emphasize some of the many sides of the infinite truth, let that man who *has* grasped the whole universe be the one to find fault with him. Ceasing to speak when they have delivered their message;

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and waiting for "more light," instead of plunging recklessly forward when the way is not clear; hoping in the future, and trusting that the power that has unrolled the panorama of the past has more and grander still to reveal,—is not this the attitude of all reverent, noble, believing souls? Let us leave Mr. Frothingham then on the farthest verge of his advance, not taking one step backward, but only facing the east, waiting for a new and brighter rising of the ever old and ever new "Sun of Righteousness" and of life; feeling sure that, like the fabled statue of Memnon at Thebes, when the first rays smite upon his forehead, the music of his old-time utterance will respond to the appeal.

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THE CHRISTMAS JOY.

"Tidings of great joy." — LUKE ii., 10.

I NEVER received a Christmas gift in all my boyhood; and now, when I see the wilderness of wonderful toys and think to what artistic perfection the old, commonplace "Mother Goose" has grown, I sometimes think that I was born just about one generation too soon. And yet, even then and to me, the day came with a voice of gladness. We used to vie with each other to see who first could wish the others "Merry Christmas!" In older lands, the glad voices of the children even sing their way into the people's dreams, and wake them from their sleep, carolling the tidings, "Christ is born!" Indeed, this is the happiest day in all the year. For weeks, the children have been on tiptoe of anticipation, their faces all aglow with a joy unseen as yet, as eastward-looking hills are kindled by the dawn-flush before the sun is risen. Faces of fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts and friends have all been half-crinkled into smiles, but subdued all the while by looks of mystery which proclaimed the fact that they knew secrets which they "must not tell." But all these secrets were glad ones; and each heart beat a little faster with the anticipation of the joy that some well-prepared surprise was to kindle on the face of a friend.

Christmas is pre-eminently a festival of gladness. And yet it comes when the days are shortest and the nights are longest, when the outer world's sunshine is reduced to its minimum. The spring-time is far away. Summer, with its growing life, is past. What we call "the melancholy days" of autumn, with their last flashes of brightness in forests of red and gold, even these are no longer left us. We stand ready to plunge into the depths of winter,—that which is called the death of the year, and which the poets sing of in dreary strains, through which are heard the rattle of the

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sleet and the creak of bare branches, when — strange, is it not? — right here, on the edge of desolation, like a blossom close up under the snow-line in the Alps, we find ourselves face to face with a day that blooms with a beauty and a fragrance that neither spring nor summer knows. Whence comes it? And what is the explanation?

The common answer is familiar enough. Any child on the street will tell you that all the meaning springs out of the fact that the Christ-child was born eighteen hundred and eighty-one years ago to-day. "A little babe was born in a manger, and the angels astonished the watching shepherds by bursting through the night sky with their shout of 'Glad tidings of great joy!' and ever since that day Christmas has been kept in memory of his birth." So would the children say. And so also say many who are not children, and who ought to be wiser.

But the Christmas joy has a deeper root than this. It is larger and grander than the old ecclesiastical system that claims to find room for it, and to have it in peculiar possession. Indeed, as they interpret it, I cannot think it "good tidings of great joy." That, with the exception of a not over-successful superintendence of the Jews, God let all the earth stumble and fall in darkness for four thousand years,— is that "tidings of joy"? That he came to the earth once, for a little while, many years ago, and then left it again,— is that "tidings of joy"? That only one birth in all the ages was "immaculate"; that God casts slight on his own sublime mystery of motherhood,— are these "tidings of joy"? That even this one magical coming was but a poor and partial success; and that, after all, the most of those he came to save will be lost,— are these "tidings of joy"? Yet these are what the Churches tell us Christmas is to celebrate.

But the Christmas joy is older than the Christian mythology would make it. This river of gladness that runs singing through the world, on whose banks we stand to-day,— it comes rippling in the sunlight down the ages; but its source was not in Judea. It had its springs in many lands. Its

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head-waters we cannot trace; for a mist hangs thick over the morning of the world, and out from under that mist it comes, a river even then. It is parted into more branches than was the fabled stream that overran the bounds of the fabled Eden; and these branches flowed through India and Egypt, and Persia and Greece and Rome, and all the Northern nations of Europe.

Far up the ages, on the dim borders of the primeval world, we can discern the outlines of the gathering peoples, can hear the distant strains of their festive music and the far-echoed shouts of their joy. Their sun-god is born in the darkest day of winter, and is coming to bring life and light and gladness again. The dream of Immanuel — "God with us" — has never been far from the hearts of men. Whether it took the shape of a Greek theophany, the Messianic vision of the Jew, the glad Saturnalia of the Roman, the Egyptian incarnation of Horus, the Indian myth of Vishnu, or the Christian myth of the manger child, at heart it is the wide world's one hope, one dream, one grand reality. In whatever dress the loving imagination or the crude fancy of man may clothe it, the attempt to express an eternal truth is plain. Is it the dream of Eden that man was once with God and God with man? Is it the crude sun-worshipper's fancy that the bright god is coming with warmth and food to the cold and needy earth? Is it the Jewish hope that some day God will appear for human deliverance? Is it the Indian and Egyptian secret that God and man are of kin, and one may wear the likeness of the other? Is it the Christian myth that God did once have a human mother, and stooped thus to our low estate? In all these Protean shapes, man has always struggled to utter what he has felt to be an infinite truth. And though *all* the utterances be *false in form*, and so fail adequately to express the inexpressible, yet *the truth remains*.

First, then, the Christmas joy means this,— an inexpugnable faith that an essential goodness is at the heart of the world; a belief that light always conquers darkness; that

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summer always conquers winter; that, "though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." In other words, it is a belief in God and his fatherly care of his human child. Though Proserpina be carried off to the dark regions below, and the flowers droop and die at her departure, yet she shall return again, and all the fields shall blossom beneath her coming feet. Though the sun seem to die at the winter solstice, yet he is born again, at first a little child; but, growing rapidly in stature, he comes once more to those "that sit in darkness," bringing new life and gladness in his beams.

In Tennyson's last poem, "Despair," are two lines that sum up in their own graphic phrase the saddest utterance of human hopelessness in its darkest mood: —

> "Oh, we poor orphans of nothing,— alone on" this "lonely shore,—
> Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!"

It is the human heart's age-long denial of this dreary faith that the Christmas symbolizes. We are *not* "orphans of nothing"; we are *not* "alone on this lonely shore." In all ages, under all skies, finding expression in all religions, man has asserted his faith in a divine fatherhood. In all the centuries from the first, men have told themselves stories of divine visions, appearances, voices, incarnations, revelations: they have clothed these stories in a thousand different costumes, no one of which may be literally true, but the one grand faith and joy find utterance through them all.

This, then, is the deepest meaning that lies at the heart of this Christmas joy. A child wakes up from a fearful dream in the dark night. He is alone in all the wide world, with the haunting shapes of fright that people the black void around his little crib. He cries out in his terror, and then, dim-seen above him, is the outline of a face; a hand is reached out unseen, but it clasps his own or is soothingly laid on his forehead; or a voice speaks just a word of hushing love; and straightway an unutterable joy fills all the childish heart. He may not be able to give any true or adequate account of it all, but he feels sure of the father or mother love brooding

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over him in the darkness. Thus it is with this wondrous child man, in the darkness of this great universe. He faintly hears, he dimly sees. Then he tells his strange story of an impossible birth, of an angel choir, of a divine form disappearing in clouds, and promising to come again in a like wondrous fashion. The account may not be true; but I believe *it is true* that man's child-heart means a father-heart, and that man's child weakness and need mean a father-care.

But this Christmas joy has another meaning, which demands our attention. It tells a story of charity, of brotherhood, of pleasure in the gladness of others. This is the time when we specially rejoice in making other people happy, when the poor are remembered, when those of low estate are made to feel a sense of brotherhood with the highest, when the general joy diffuses itself, and has a smile and a token of friendship for all. Why this at Christmas more than at some other season of the year? It is not by accident, as you may see. Let us trace the principle for a moment, and try if we can make it clear.

The tribes of men, however fierce and bitter they may have been toward foreigners,—who were in the old time always enemies,—still felt bound toward the members of their own tribe. This grew out of their feeling that they were descended from the same ancestor, and were thus all of one family. When this ancestor was worshipped as a god, they were brothers both in blood and worship. One divine father then made one human brotherhood. They did not feel that they were bound to strangers, because they were the children of and worshipped another god; but the human kinship extended as far as did the divine paternity. It followed then that, as the sense of human brotherhood grew and widened, charity widened with it. And, when some nations came to feel that "we have *one Father* in heaven and that *all we are brethren*," then the charity became as wide as the whole earth; and whatever deepened the sense of God's real fatherhood and nearness to man, this of course touched the springs of his charity. It follows then naturally that, at

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those times when we celebrate God's nearness to men, then we give more prominent expression to our sympathy for all forms and grades of human life. And as Christmas is our figurative and poetic way of saying "God is with us," "He comes to earth," so at Christmas there is a fresh outburst of our gladness in human brotherhood.

Take, as illustrating this, the old Roman Saturnalia. The common people believed that, in old times, the good god Saturn lived and reigned on earth. There were no wars then, nor sickness nor evil of any kind. In that good age, none were nobles and none were slaves, none were rich and none were poor. So, at the annual festival that kept alive this faith, they sought for a time to revive that "golden age." The great man laid aside his prerogatives, and the slave was free. The servant sat down at the feast, and the master waited upon him. For a few glad days, the god-king was on earth again, and the simple age of human happiness and peace returned.

Now, nobody knows at what time of year Jesus was born. And it was not until some time in the fourth century that the present date for the Christmas festival was fixed upon. Chrysostom tells us it was purposely fixed upon the date of the Roman Saturnalia. Whatever may have been the conscious purpose of the Church, it is easy to see that this was no mere accident. The Saturnalia meant "God with us"; and Christmas means the same, though the mythical forms that tell the story be ever so divergent. It was only natural then that the Roman festival, instead of being torn up by the roots, should be grafted on the Norseman's Ygdrasil or world tree, and that both should blossom out into the lights, and be heavy with the fruit of friendship's heavy gifts. The Christmas tree then means the human love-gifts that grow out of the root of human faith in the fatherhood of God. No wonder then that the festival is permanent, that it grows in favor, that it overruns the borders of all sects and creeds; for its tap-root is in the human heart, and its branches will yet hold out their bending burdens of love for all the earth to gather.

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Men mean well, in the main; but they often mistake the way that leads toward real well-being and happiness. They try to get the good things of the world for themselves alone. But no one ever tried this, who did not fail. No boy or man ever went off by himself in a corner to eat his sugar-plums alone, who did not find that they were not nearly so good and sweet as he expected them to be. And no one ever divided them with a friend without finding that he got more pleasure from conferring happiness than he could ever find in snatching it. This, then, is the lesson and meaning of the Christmas joy. Joy is like sunshine: the more mirrors there are to reflect it, the larger is the quantity of light. The joy on your own face is only doubled when it catches back a reflection that you have kindled on some other face. Learn then this Christmas secret,—that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

There remains now to be noticed one more aspect of the Christmas joy. You catch its echo in the happy laughter of the children.

I said, at the outset, that I sometimes felt as though I was born too soon; that I would like to be a child in these days when childhood is enthroned and crowned. And yet, I do not care. Perhaps, in making and seeing the children happy, I find quite as much happiness as they. Somehow their laughter gets into my voice, and I find my heart beating quicker as I note the eagerness of their anticipation. The secret of it all lies in the fact already noted, that Christmas is a *child-festival* all through. Since it celebrates our childhood toward God, how can it help softening our hearts toward the little ones who look to us as gods? Are we not their Providence, as God is ours? And so long as faith in Santa Claus remains, their world shall be as full of miracle as is that of any larger children.

But thanks be to God that we are at last getting out from under the shadow of that Moloch, burning children, who has so long, in the Orthodox temple, occupied the place of the ideal Christ. Jesus uttered the words that will resound all

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down the centuries, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." What a hideous caricature of this Jesus is the cruel judge celebrated in the doggerel verse of that representative Puritan, who damns little children, showing only the ironical mercy of assigning them to

"The easiest room in hell!"

But surely the God who fills the hearts of children with their merry gladness, who listens to their Christmas shouts and songs, must be the one who carries them in his arms, and, like the tender shepherd, bears the weaklings on his shoulders.

The nearer God comes to us then, the nearer shall we get to the children. Let ingenuity devise for them all wondrous toys. Let art lead them, along galleries lined with pictures, into glad new worlds which imagination has peopled with inhabitants of divine beauty and goodness. Make Christmas a time when the poorest shall at least have a glimpse at something brighter and better than the sordid garret or the filthy street. In enriching the minds and hearts of "these little ones," you are building that better world of which prophet has dreamed and poet sung, and that, some day, the eyes of our children's children shall really look upon.

The children are a prophecy
  Of what shall one day be,
When we a fairer land have gained
  Beyond to-day's rough sea.

We weary, tugging at the oars:
  Our hearts grow sick and faint.
Their younger arms the ship shall guide,
  Their shouts drown our complaint.

We sigh, "The land is far away,"
  And give the struggle o'er:
They'll bring the vessel into port,
  And leap upon the shore.

The Christmas hope to us is dim,
  And God seems far away:
Our children's songs shall usher in
  The endless Christmas day.

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ADVENT.

Was it only in Judea,
  Eighteen hundred years ago,
That the Lord of earth and heaven
  Came to visit men below?

True, he came then in a manhood
  That was blessed, sweet, and strong,
Teaching broader views of goodness
  And a deeper scorn of wrong.

But to say that *once* and *only*
  Came he, and in magic wise,
Is to slight *th' eternal advent*,
  Never hid from holy eyes.

Not alone in that one cradle
  In the far-off Nazareth:
God speaks straight to every mother
  Through her baby's lisping breath.

Calling *one birth only* sinless
  Casts on motherhood a scorn:
Holy are the thousand chambers
  Where the infant "Christs" are born.

Not alone in one grand era
  Does the "Blessed One" come near:
From the first day till the last one,
  He *is coming* every year.

In the "mystery of matter,"
  Through the ages long at strife,
God was in what men *call* lifeless,
  Struggling upward into life.

Up the dateless ages lifting,
  From the lowest crawling worm,
On through reptile, fish, and mammal,
  Blossomed he from form to form.

Till at length out through the brutal,
  Like a sunrise through a cloud,
Waking, wondering, gleamed the *human*,
  And a *voice* spoke up aloud.

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God came then in wondrous fashion,
When his great man-child had birth;
When, erect, he faced the heavens,
And stood conscious on the earth.

Every age since then was Advent.
Came he all the æons through,
As man learned the art of *thinking*,
And achieved the power to *do*.

Yes, he came through hidden pathways,
As the life comes in the spring,—
Underground in silent working
Till the time for blossoming.

When man tamed the stubborn iron,
And to flexible uses wrought;
And phonetic signs invented
To become the wings of thought,—

Then in truth God came, and whispered:
"Be thou free and mighty now!
Rule the earth with iron sceptre,
All its powers to thee shall bow!

"Armed with letters, go thou forward;
To all doors, thou hast the key:
Naught on earth and naught in heaven
But shall open unto thee!"

Thus, God cometh up the ages,—
Hear on battle-fields his call!
At the sound, old systems tremble,
Brain-bonds snap, and shackles fall.

Through the rising of the peoples,
By the ships whose hearts are fires,
On the trains through tunnelled mountains,
By the lightning-throbbing wires,

Through the patient toil of science,
Through the fairy grace of art,
Through the broader range of thinking,
Through new tenderness of heart,

Evermore is godhood coming,—
Godhood robed in human guise,
Hidden from the backward looking,
But revealed unto the wise.

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No more then on human nature,
No more on God's glad green earth,
Dare to cast contempt! Remember
Here God's kingdom has its birth.

Look not to the distant heavens,
Nor to east nor west; for, lo!
God is 'neath thy feet, and cometh,
Like all fair growths, from below.

In the beating of thy pulses,
In the throbbing of thy brain,
In the air and sunshine round thee,
See, he comes, and comes again!

In the grand ideal that leads thee,
In fair hopes that gleam and flee,
In the ever-sought to-morrow,
Forwàrd still he beckons thee!

When disease and want and sorrow
Are beneath thy gladsome feet,
When are broken all earth's shackles,
When as one all nations meet,

When the wide earth is a garden,
When love driveth out all hate,
When earth's once terrific forces
Like trained servants on thee wait,

Then the God who through the ages
Did thy toilsome progress lead,
He who was and is and shall be
Will have come in very deed!

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FACING THE UNKNOWN.*

"And they feared as they entered into the cloud." — JOHN ix., 34.

IT matters not that we cannot regard this legend of the transfiguration as literal history: it stands to us as a symbol representing universal human experiences that are true. The story, as you will recall it, is that Jesus, at a certain time, took with him his three most intimate disciples, Peter, James, and John, and went with them apart, for meditation and prayer, unto a mountain. And here there appeared to them Moses and Elias, and talked with them about the past and about the future. And while the disciples, hardly knowing what to say or think, were watching the strange events, suddenly a cloud appears and envelops them, and a voice is heard speaking out of the cloud; and, as this mist gathered its folds about them, "they feared." They stood, not certain as to what was coming,— not shrinking from facing whatever needed to be faced, but in that natural human attitude with which all of us, if we be serious and thoughtful, must face the unknown. They stood watching, thoughtful, waiting, wondering what should come.

It seemed to me that I could take no more fitting figure than this to symbolize the attitude in which all serious, thoughtful minds must stand, as they conscientiously face a new epoch in their lives. The mystery closes us in like a cloud; and we have all entered the edge of it, and it spreads out before us, hiding all that which is to come. Still, we must on: there is no stopping, no waiting. Whether we will or not, we must enter into the cloud. And if we be men, if we be earnest, if we be thoughtful, if we understand what are the issues of life and death, there must be something of fear in our hearts as we enter it.

*Reported by B. C. Barrows.

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I know I shall only be repeating the universal experiences of childhood, when I recall some sensations of my own. I remember when a little boy, for the first time in my life standing alone, my brother who had been with me having left me on the borders of what to me was an illimitable and pathless forest that I had never tracked. I was not afraid in the sense of expecting a calamity; but, facing that vast mystery out of which might come I knew not what, I stood with childish awe and fear, hardly daring to move, waiting for some one to come and lead me. Do we escape this, as we grow up to be men? Have you ever been at sea? Have you ever gone on board some great ship and seen it slowly swing off from the pier, to be towed down the harbor, while the shipping grew thinner and thinner on each side as you approached the sea? And have you then noted the headlands sink and grow smaller and fade away, and at last go down the horizon, till you found yourself for the first time in your life facing the unknown mystery of what to you was a limitless ocean,

> "Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea"?

For, no matter how much companionship you may have, there are times that a thoughtful person, passing through an experience like this, becomes conscious of the fact that he stands practically alone in infinity, a plank only between him and the bottomless; and the ship, however strong, only a little cup to be played with and tossed about by forces over which he has no control. If you have passed through such an experience, then you have feared as you have entered into this cloud of mystery that faced you, and surrounded you on every hand. I take it that this, and not cowardice, was the feeling that actuated Hamlet in the play, as he uttered that famous soliloquy. The future was not feared for what he knew of it: he simply hesitated with this awe with which every man must face the unknown. And I take it that it is no evidence of manhood, it is no evidence of high courage, it is only frivolity, thoughtlessness, that leads any man to

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treat matters like this with anything but befitting gravity. You remember the story of the old officer, when a young man with his first epaulettes, just entering on his first battle, and thinking he must at least put on the show of bravery, said to him who had fought through a score of battles, as he saw his face was blanched, though his lips were tightly set, "Are you afraid?" "Yes," said the old man, "I am, and were you one-half as afraid as I am you would run."

It is not courage, then, that treats these things flippantly. That is courage which weighs all the possibilities, the grave events, the happenings of life, and then stands true and takes the next step forward, though it be into a cloud.

As we stand this morning facing the new year, let us think for a moment what may happen; what must happen to somebody. Forecasting the future in the light of the past, what will the next twelve months see? Here is a newly married couple, happy as they ought to be in their fresh young love. A few months, and one or the other of them shall have faded out into the eternal mystery, and one shall walk the path of life alone. Here is a young wife shadowed with the sacred mystery and promise of motherhood; next year: the husband shall be both wifeless and childless. Here is a little child, perhaps a flock of little children, happy, bright, sunny, laughing in their home; one of them — which, nobody knows — shall be touched and shall fall asleep, and the hearts of the rest shall ache, and their eyes shall be dimmed with tears, and the skies, however bright, shall seem dark to them. Here is a man who has laid out a scheme of business operations for the coming year, who has used all his wisdom and experience, and has done it well. That business shall succeed, and he shall be a man of wealth and of large power. Or that plan shall come to disaster, and he shall be ruined, compelled to leave his luxurious home, and be counted on the street in all coming time as a break-down and a failure. Some one else is engaged in writing a book, which shall fall flat and dead. The public shall pay no attention to it, and he shall carry in his heart a life-long disappointment. All of

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us are planting flowers: will they blossom? Some of them: some will be bright, and will fill our homes and lives with fragrance. Some of them will grow for a little while and glad us with the anticipation of what is coming; and then, in spite of all our care, a worm shall gnaw their root and frost shall blight them, the leaves shall turn black and fall off, and only the withered, dead stalk remain in our hands.

Of course we perfectly well know, we thousand people here this morning, that twelve months will not find us here again, as we are to-day. As we remember those that were with us one year ago, and look over the house and see the empty places, one here and another there, we know too well that these experiences will be repeated. Some one will be missing. Who is it? You? I?

I speak of these things, not because I have any fear of the future, any fear of falling into the hands of the living God; not to fright you into moral resolutions, or into talk of better behavior for the future, but simply to recognize the great fact that life is solemn and filled with meaning, and that we, on the edge of the year, do well, if something of awe, something of thoughtfulness, comes into our souls as we enter into the cloud. For it must be a cloud. The Bible speaks sometimes of God as hiding himself, as drawing a veil over his face: "clouds and darkness are round about him." We speak of the veil of the future, and wish we could pull up a corner at least, and look beyond and see what is coming. And yet no supernatural prevision of the future is given to man, and I believe never has been given to him. There is only one way of forecasting that which is to come, and that is precisely in the way in which we forecast what is to be the future of a seed. If I take a flower in my hand with the bud unopened, I can prophesy, the conditions being what they ought, what the flower will be. If I hold a seed in my hand, knowing the nature of the seed, I can prophesy, all the conditions having been fulfilled, what it will come to in the months of the future, next spring, next summer, next fall. If I stand on a river's bank and know where

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it has come from, I can prophesy as to its general trend toward the sea. If I know your characters and what your secret hopes and plans of life are, what you are thinking about and what you are planning for, as I know something of what human life and experience have been in the past, I can prophesy into what that kind of seed will develop, when it comes to fruitage. But beyond this, which is the purely scientific prevision in the light of special laws and the regular development of particular effects from particular causes, there is no prophecy, and there cannot be. The future is dumb. It must still be to all of us a cloud into which we enter, seeing only the next step that we take.

Sometimes, we rebel at this. We wish we might understand what is coming. We wish we could see whether we shall live a certain number of years, whether the family will remain unbroken as the months go by, whether such and such a calamity is coming, whether such and such an anticipated joy shall be ours. And yet I believe that there is no wiser arrangement in this human life of ours than that which makes it an impossibility to know even to-morrow. For on what does human happiness depend? Is it not very largely a matter of anticipation, a matter of surprise; an element of freshness, of new development coming to us hour by hour and day by day? I have been watching the children and their state of mind as they have approached the Christmas time. You have been doing the same. If you had told them beforehand what they were to receive, the very heart of the Christmas hour would have been taken out. It would have been emptied of its significance. Was it not being on tiptoe with anticipation, and attempting to peep into the future to see if the anticipation should adequately represent the reality,— was not this the larger part of their joy?

I remember having a thought like this when I was sailing up the Rhine. Supposing as I started in the morning of that day that I had been endowed with a vision that would have made perfectly clear and distinct to me every object of interest from one end of the trip to the other, would I have

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cared to go? I should have disembarked, and sat down on the shore. My day would have been utterly robbed of its significance and meaning. It was only the fact that at every turn of the river some new object of interest, some height connected with a legend or historical event of the past, crowned with a ruin, picturesque with vineyards, manifesting some new shape of natural or artificial beauty,—it was only this element of new revelation at every turn which made the journey of any interest. And is it not precisely the same in our life journey? Who reads a story after somebody has been kind enough to tell him the plot?

Then there is another element of our happiness which springs from the fact that we do not know the future. How large a part of the pleasure of life is shattered and blighted by our unreasonable anticipations of coming evil? How much happiness would be lost, if you knew that you were to be sick to-morrow; that a friend was to be stricken down; that a mercantile venture was to go awry; that this or that evil was to come? You would have no heart for the smile and laughter and sunshine of to-day, glad and bright though it might be, if you were overshadowed with the cloud of a certain misfortune that was to come on the morrow.

And it is not simply the pleasure of life, though that can hardly be exaggerated, which would be destroyed. It is the usefulness, the success of life, which depend on this very mystery. It is only because we do not fathom the future that we have a heart for the toil, the struggle, the effort which perpetually lift up the world, however slowly, into the brighter sunlight of God. You will remember perhaps that, after Hawthorne had written his most famous story, he threw it away in a drawer of his desk, disgusted with it himself, tired out with that which had become familiar to him. He had looked at it in the light of his own severe personal criticism, and condemned it, as compared with the ideal he had in his soul. Only when the friendly publisher chanced to see it, and perceived the value of the hidden jewel, was he persuaded to let it come forth to the light, to be the glory

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and honor of American literature, and the delight of thousands for years to come. Supposing he had known, when he sat down and took his pen in his hand to trace the first line of that romance, that that was the way he was going to feel about it when he had written the last line: would he have had any heart for the work? Would he have cared whether it were done or not?

No matter how many noble or high or grand things we may be able to do, it is inevitable that we should have more or less of this feeling about them. Some of you can remember your childish dreams of what you would do, what you would write, what you would achieve, what you would become in the years of the future. Possibly, you have more than realized them; and yet you know perfectly well that, when you have grasped the dew-drop that was glittering in the moonlight, it does not glitter any more. Now that you have seized the prize, it does not seem very much, for the simple reason that you see another prize away ahead that you have not yet seized; for all these things are by comparison; and yet you may have done a grand work, achieved a noble success, that shall benefit the world and lift it up and make it better.

If you had had the same feeling at the start, it would have paralyzed the effort by which you have gone forward. I have thought many a time, as bearing on this subject, how much our ignorance of the future, our mistakes in prevision concerning the coming time, have done to help on and lift up the world.

As an illustration, look for a moment at the career of Columbus, who may be called the last of the crusaders; for the one dream of his life was not the discovery of a new way to India: it was the wrenching from the hands of Islam infidels the tomb of Christ. And the one thing that animated him as he sailed on his voyage to the West was the hope of gathering in his hands the means and money and power by which he should be able to realize that Eastern dream. Columbus had very little idea as to the size of this planet; for when he had sailed the short distance, to us, of

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three thousand miles, and had reached the islands of the West Indies, he supposed he was at a point that we now know to be long reaches of thousands of miles beyond that. If he had known the distance from the western edge of Spain to the eastern edge of India, he would never have dared to sail. It was only his ignorance of the future that lured and led him on to a greater success than he had ever dreamed. If he had known also that he would die poor and outcast, and that the dream of his life, the rescue of the tomb of Christ, would have been a failure, it is questionable if he would have cared to sail. These illusions led Columbus on, not to what he sought, but to something infinitely grander and better for the welfare of the world.

And so with that other grand old navigator, Magalhaens, the first whose ship sailed round the world, and demonstrated that it was a globe. Would he have dared, would he have had the heart for that voyage, if he had known that on a lone island of the Pacific he would leave his bones, while some other should return with the good news that his ship had gone round the world?

To come nearer home for an illustration of the same principle, take the case of our martyred President Garfield. Would he have cared to be President, would he have had the heart, from the day that he left the canal-boat all the way up to the White House, to have toiled and studied and labored, could he have foreseen the assassin's bullet, and the long months of suffering, and the end? Blessed indeed is this mystery of the future,— perpetually deceiving us, if you will, but deceiving us into efforts that result in grander things than we have dreamed! Yes, blessed, say I, this universal, encompassing mystery!

We sometimes fret at the limitations that are about us, that we cannot cross, that we cannot fathom; but I am more glad every day of my life for this inability of ours than for almost anything else in the universe. Fathomless mystery under my feet! Fathomless mystery over my head! Horizons beyond reach on every hand! That means infinite

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room, infinite scope, infinite possibility. We are like men at sea in the darkness of fog. At last, it lifts a little, and we can begin to see. The light breaks through and a bit of blue sky is visible; and we move on, carrying our little circle of sky, our little touch of sun, with the infinite unknown stretching around us. Just because this is so, we can feel that we have an infinite God, an infinite Father, a possible infinite destiny.

If we could, like the character in Shakespeare, open this world-oyster with our sword, there would be nothing left but empty shells. If we could squeeze this orange of a universe, there would be only the rind left, and a disappointed waiting for — nothing at all. When Alexander had conquered the world, — and the legend, whether historical or not, is true to everything we know of man, — he longed for another world to conquer. He would not have been a man, if he had not. If we could conquer the universe, there would be nothing for us to do but sit down, like Alexander, and sigh; or like the old French king, who, thinking he had exhausted life when he had only exhausted the meanest part of it, advertised for a new sensation. Blessed, then, be this all-encompassing mystery!

But the mystery is not a hopeless one. The experience of men in the past has taught us two things about this universe, and has, it seems to me, settled them beyond rational question. Every time man has intelligently appealed to the universe, it has answered him with a word of truth. It is a reliable universe, so far as its truth and soundness are concerned. Every time man has appealed to the laws of this universe rationally and intelligently to help him, they have come to his rescue, and in gentle, almighty, fatherly arms of love they have lifted this child-man tenderly, and carried him forward into better conditions, and pointed him to better hopes.

The experience of the past, then, gives us ground for rest, for peace, for trust. It is a true world, it is a good world. And we are learning more of that truth and developing

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more of that goodness year by year. And like a child who has learned that his father is strong enough to take care of him, and loves him well enough to take care of him, may we, though fearing as we enter the cloud, go forward with perfect trust, and reaching up our hand, and taking hold of the hand of the Invisible, take the next step that is clear to us, believing that it leads to something worth our attainment.

As we go forward into this cloud, let us remember what it is that we shall be able to keep, what it is that we shall probably lose. You remember the word sent home by the French king from the battle-field, "All is lost save honor." We may lose health, we may lose friends, property, during the coming year, in spite of our wisdom and prevision and care. But there is one thing we need not lose: we need not lose honor; we need not lose truth; we need not lose fidelity and manhood. I say we may lose these other things during the coming year. Pardon me if I look forward beyond the coming years, and say we must lose them all, first or last. We are on a voyage like that of Paul's, when he was journeying to Rome. You remember the vision appeared to him, and it was prophesied that everything would go down except the passengers: they would be saved. So everything we *have* sooner or later will sink. What shall we save out of the wreck? You will save only the things that you *are*. A rich man died and another man, asking the question usually asked concerning a man's estates, said, "How much did he leave?" The gentleman replied, "He left everything he had: he did not take a cent with him." So, sooner or later, we have got to leave everything we have. We shall carry with us out of the wreck, when the waves of that sea toss us up on the eternal shore,— we shall carry with us on to the sands only *what we are*. It behooves us then, as we enter into and pass through the cloud, to work over just as many as possible of the things that we own into the things that we are: then, they will be permanent possessions.

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The Earning, Owning, and Use of Money.

My theme this morning is the earning, the owning, and the use of money. Each one of these three points might very well occupy your interest for an hour. I shall be able to touch on them only superficially, running over not one, but the three, having however a distinct purpose through the whole.

The New Testament has very little to say in favor of rich men. Perhaps I might be justified in saying — for, so far as I can recollect, it is true — that it has nowhere one good word for wealth. The rich man is spoken of as an extortioner, as one who oppresses the poor and drags them before the judgment-seat. He is the one who, in this life, has his good things, and who therefore need not expect much in the life that is to come. It is declared that a camel can more easily go through a needle's eye than a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven. The rich are commanded to weep and howl in anticipation of the miseries that are to come upon them. Everywhere, the attitude is antagonistic. The voice is one of warning or rebuke.

All this is in marked contrast to the attitude of the Old Testament, for there cattle and corn and wine and oil, and all kinds of properties and possessions, are promised as the reward of righteousness and of faithfulness to Jehovah. The attitude of the New Testament would constitute a very serious difficulty to me, if I believed in the infallible inspiration of the book and in its issuing the will of God for all time. And I see not how the difficulty can be gotten over by those who accept it as containing such a revelation. For certainly it is in direct antagonism to the entire spirit of the modern world. Not that part of the modern world which is

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admitted to be evil and wrong, but it runs counter to the whole drift of what is confessed by all to be the current of civilization. Yet if we look at the book, as I claim we ought to, as the natural product of the time, just as any book which is produced to-day springs out of the conditions and circumstances which constitute our modern life, we shall find that there are, perhaps, adequate reasons for the attitude which was here maintained.

It is no part of my purpose to enter into these reasons; but I shall, in justification of those confessedly noble men, the men who started that great movement which has been called Christianity, which has swept down the ages, bearing with it all that is best in modern life,—in justification of these men I will indicate two or three reasons for the attitude they took toward the question of property and toward rich men.

In the first place, in Judea, in the time of Jesus and the early Church, there was very little of the legitimate business, commerce, and manufacture which distinguish the modern world. As a matter of simple fact, it was presumptive proof against a man, in those days, if he were rich; for the chances were that he did not come by his riches honorably. Most of the wealthy men of that day were wealthy through extortion, or through robbery, or through oppression of the poor. Take, for example, any one of the rich men of Judea that Jesus must have seen and been acquainted with, or take the few cases that are mentioned in the narratives and conversations of the Gospels. The most of them were either farming the revenue, getting rich out of the public purse, taking that which was not their own, or they were men who had kept back the hire of their laborers, and had become rich through the toil and sweat and sorrow of the poor. We know that it was customary for the favorites of Emperors in Rome to seek to obtain appointments as rulers in Judea, or in other provinces, for the express purpose of going there for a little while to retrieve the fortunes which they had wasted at home in dissipation. And they retrieved their fortunes by oppres-

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sion, by robbery of the provinces over which they pretended to rule; and, when they had accumulated wealth again, they would return to Rome to live once more in the luxury which had originally made them poor.

There is another reason. The New Testament is pre-eminently a gospel for the poor, good news for those who are sad, down-trodden, and in trouble. When the caste distinctions were so marked, that there was no such thing as liberty, equality, fraternity, in the world, it was a proclamation to humanity of the essential rights of manhood without any regard to birth or money or station. As such, that which we now condemn, from our stand-point, was a magnificent step ahead, an assertion of human rights.

Once more, it was believed universally by all those writers that the end of the world was close at hand, as I have just read to you from James, "it standeth at the door." They were waiting for a grand catastrophe which was to put an end to the present order of things, and to introduce the supernaturally wrought kingdom of God. Of course, then, it was folly to lay up *treasure*. It was folly to spend time in making money, in laying out plans which led far into the future. If we expected that within another year the whole present type of civilization would pass away, who of us would care to make plans, to build factories, to lay out schemes, extending over years, to waste our thought and time and care on that which would be thrown away?

Another thing induced this attitude. It was assiduously taught, and believed, by all those in the early Church, that, if they only gave their attention supremely to the work of the kingdom of heaven, God would miraculously take care for all their wants. They were bidden to behold the lilies of the field and to throw off care, like them, trusting that the God who clothed them more beautifully than was Solomon in his royal robes would certainly take care of those who put their trust in him.

These, then, are some of the reasons why the New Testament takes this attitude of antagonism toward the rich, and

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the accumulation of wealth in this world. I need hardly say that we cannot occupy any such position as that to-day. The experience of the world has demonstrated, beyond question, that the man who in any legitimate way earns and accumulates money is of necessity, and thereby, rendering one of the grandest services possible to the world.

Let us consider for a moment why this is so, and this consideration will constitute our treatment of the first third of our theme.

We have discovered that money, wealth, capital, the accumulated earnings and savings of the world, are the very corner-stone, yea, the entire foundation, of all that we mean by the highest civilization. Money lies at the base of all that is best in the world. Suppose that all of us in the city of Boston, that all the people of America, were able, by combined and united effort, simply to furnish ourselves with food and clothing and shelter,— nothing beyond. What would our life be? Would it not be taking the world back, at one stride, over the range of a hundred centuries, and placing it again in the condition of barbarism where mankind started? For that is barbarism, animalism pure and simple, where men merely eat and protect themselves against the weather, and sleep and wake up the next morning to eat and sleep once more.

You have in your home to-day pianos and musical instruments of many kinds; you have libraries; you have carpets on your floors; you have artistic decorations of every sort, pictures upon your walls, statuettes and busts in niches of your rooms, works of art and souvenirs of travel. As we look over the world, we find school-houses, museums, scientific institutions, art galleries, courts of justice, public halls, churches, asylums, institutions of every kind and name. What do these mean? They mean simply that the world has reached a point where, beyond the mere fact of subsistence, it is able to listen to the hundred nobler and far higher expressions of want on the part of man, and to minister to their supply. They mean that man has trodden mere

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animalism beneath his feet, that he has climbed up into the loftier ranges of human life; and he has done this, every step, on a stairway of gold. For it is only as man has been able to save something beyond that which was needed for the mere fact of existence that he has been able to create these higher things of life. Suppose, by way of illustration, that I am working at some business in which I am able to earn more food and more clothing than I want for myself, or than I can possibly use; and there is started in me the development of thought, and the taste for something better in my brain, and I say to some man who is capable of doing what I cannot, capable of writing a book or painting a picture or carving a statue, "If you engage in business, the same as I do, and simply work to get your bread and clothing, you cannot have time to write the book, paint the picture, or carve the statue. Now, I can earn bread and clothing enough for us both. You paint your picture, carve your statue, write your book, and I will see that you have food and clothing for the sake of your ministering to these higher hungerings and tastes of mine." That is what civilization means. It means the world's saving enough of wealth and money so that it can have time to develop these higher tastes, and to create those things that shall minister thereto.

There is another side to this matter of earning money that demands brief notice. The man who is engaged simply in his business is frequently spoken of as "worldly," especially if he is absorbed in it; and worldliness, though undefined, is supposed somehow to be an evil, something wrong and worthy of condemnation. But consider this: every man engaged in legitimate business (there are any number of kinds of business that do not help on the world, which I leave out of account), who is creating values, who is working over the raw material of the world and fitting it for the world's use, who is engaged in the legitimate exchange of things that are healthful and helpful to man, every man who is engaged in business like this is thereby rendering perhaps the first, most important, and one of the noblest services which

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he can render to civilization. If I buy something of you that you have and do not wish to keep, and thus supply a want of my own, even if I pay you a profit, so that you can afford to carry on business in that fashion, I am not only rendering you a service, I am doing myself service as well.

In the condition of things to which we have arrived, where contract is practically free, and where a man may buy or not as he pleases, there is no possibility of a man engaging in a legitimate business without rendering real service to his fellow-men. And if he carries on this business in such a way as not only to get a living out of it for himself, but to accumulate money so as to add to the sum total of the world's value, he is doing a grander service still. If a man, simply by cunning and by manipulation of the market, gets control of wealth already created, taking it out of some one's else hand into his own, he may or may not be rendering a service, but the chances are that he is of no benefit or value to the world. I speak of the legitimate exchange of real products that add to the sum total of the world's wealth.

Let me carry this a step further. A man may not be illustrating the finest and highest type of humanity. He may be selfish, he may be what we call mean, he may be looking simply to his own plans, caring for nothing but his own success in business, yet if he is honest, if he is engaged in legitimate manufacture or trade, even in spite of his selfishness, he cannot possibly help being of public service, for he is assisting—no matter what his motive may be—in carrying on the great world's work.

To illustrate what I mean, suppose a man should plant a tree in front of his door, by the side of the village street. He plants it simply that he may sit under the shade of it. He is so selfish and mean all his life long that he is not willing that a passing dog should share it with him. But the man will not live forever. He will die by and by, and the tree will remain after him. So, even if he had no higher motive than I have outlined, if the tree live and give shade when he is out of the way, he has actually rendered public

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service, though he did not intend it, and merits nothing on the score of it. A man who acquires wealth ever so selfishly, ever so meanly, is like one who builds a reservoir on a hill-top and fills it with water: he adds to the sum total of the world's available power, no matter under what motive he do it. By and by, when he has passed away, this reservoir, this stored-up power, shall be loosed, and set free to run on the world's errands and to accomplish results for the good of man.

I pass now to one or two remarks touching the ownership of wealth. If you have given no very serious attention or thought to this subject, you may be a little astonished when I make the bold, bare assertion that, when you analyze the matter to its last degree, you are not the ultimate owner of that which you hold in your hand, which you have accumulated and use.

That I may make myself clear, let us go back and see what were the conditions of the ownership of wealth in the beginnings of civilization. In the cruder forms of society, all property was held in community. That is, the tribe owned everything that was held by the members of the tribe. The individual had no rights as against the welfare of the tribe. He had no right to the blanket that sheltered him against the cold; he had no right to the hut in which he dwelt, no right to his time, to his strength, to his spear, or bow and arrow; he had even no right to his own life. He held all these as gifts of the tribe, and under the order of the tribe. This was the theory of the State down even to comparatively modern times, and the principle, mark you, holds to-day. It underlies our law; it underlies our equity; it underlies the conviction of the conscience of every one of you here to-day. When you submit to a public tax, what do you do? You confess that the city of Boston, the State of Massachusetts, the United States of America, have a right to control, within certain limits, your property for the public good. When you give the State the right to lay out a railway across your land, to condemn, as we say, a certain piece of property, to convert it to

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public use, it means that the right of the community is supreme over your right. When, during the war, we submitted to the draft, touching not simply property, but touching home, touching physical welfare, touching life itself, what did that mean? It meant a conviction on our part that the nation had the power to extinguish, not merely our property and our time, but our very existence, if need be. We admitted the supremacy of the State over the individual, and that the individual had no right as against the ultimate welfare of the State. I called the other day at the house of a gentleman in this city, where I was told that they were expecting the place where their home stands to be condemned in the interest of public welfare, and taken possession of by the city, to place on its foundations a public institution. Nobody questions the right of the State to do a thing like that. And that carries this principle. Ultimately, then, it is humanity that owns what you and I own. It has the right to take away a little piece as a tax, to take away the whole of it, or to take us away, if the point of supreme necessity is ever reached.

Why, then, do we speak of individual rights to personal ownership of property? For the simple reason — and I believe in it most thoroughly — that experience has proved beyond a question that the public welfare is better subserved by individual ownership than by ownership in community. It is public welfare that is dominant and supreme: only the public has uttered the judgment that it is better served, if you and I call what we can create our own to do with it what we please. Our natural interest, our experience, our practical wisdom, will lead us, while pursuing our own welfare, to further also the common weal. The principle is permanent then that you do not own ultimately that which the public permits you to control, but that it belongs to man.

Consider one more point as touching this matter. You say like Nebuchadnezzar, walking on the lofty walls of the great city of Babylon, "Is not this great Babylon that I have ilded?" You say perhaps: "I am a self-made man. I nothing to anybody. I started in life without a cent. I

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have never taken a favor that I did not pay for. I have earned my own property. I have fought my own way." Let us see if you have. Take away from you everything for which you are indebted to somebody else, and how much would you have left? You would be a naked, wild barbarian in the woods. You would not only be there, but you would be utterly incapacitated for taking the first step toward anything better; for civilization is not the work of one man or another man alone. It is the work of all. It is the creation of the community. Look at the things that have enabled you to accumulate your wealth. You used the railways, the steamships that sail over the ocean, the elevators, all the ten thousand nameless and namable instrumentalities and machineries which constitute the industrial modern world. Did you make them? Did you make any of them? Take away all except that which you did make, and how large an instrument would you have in your hands with which to carve out your fortune? All these conditions that enabled you to make yourself, as you say, a self-made man, are the result of the thought and the toil and the tears and the blood and the upward striving of countless generations of men that sleep in the dust. All that you are that is noble or high or rich, your brain, your hand, your heart, everything that makes you high and true, you owe to man.

Take a very simple illustration, that must stand for a great many; for this is so wide a subject I can only touch on its border. You buy a piece of land somewhere,— and this has occurred a great many times in the history of this country, especially in the development of the Western States,—and your sagacity foresees that it will be wise to own it in a place likely to be the centre of a growing population and increasing business. By and by, some one wants a lot of your land: then a second and a third person wants a piece, until they gather there from every side. Every single one that comes adds to the sum total of the value of the property that you hold. It is community that makes land valuable, that makes water privileges valuable, that gives value to all

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the natural sources of the world's wealth. Every man in Boston has rendered every other man in Boston a favor by simply living here. Every individual that comes to the city adds to the value of the entire city's wealth, by what he can do, by what he can consume. So there is not a poor honest laborer, though you may never have seen him, never have heard his name, to whom all of you are not, to some slight extent, under obligation. This gathering of men into communities creates all the world's value and wealth, and determines the industries to be carried on. So much, then, by way of hint as to the second point of my theme.

My last point is the use of money. How ought a man who has property to use it? What ought he to do with it? Is there any obligation in the matter?

I shall surprise you by saying that your first duty is not to give to the Church, or to give even to the poor, not to give to anything or anybody. Your first duty is, I believe, the sacred duty, religious if you like, to rightly and honestly and efficiently carry on your proper business. That is not only the first right, but the first duty of every intelligent business man. You have no right to cripple yourself in any way, so that you cannot carry on properly the business in which you are engaged, if it be a legitimate, honest business. If you do cripple your business and allow yourself to fail, somebody else indeed may step in and do the work; but, if it were possible that your share of the work should be accomplished, there is still a loss, in increased price, in a pinching and a going without on the part of somebody. It is the beginning of the process which carried on would be ruin to the world. Count it your duty, look on it as manly, sacred, noble, to carry out legitimately the work in which you are engaged, and be proud of the fact that you are one of the great army that keeps the mechanism of civilization in motion.

Your next duty, it seems to me, is not yet even to give to the Church or to the poor. It is to help other men, the young, those who are just starting in life, who are, in one way or another, crippled or hindered. Help them, not into

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positions where you must continue to support them, but help them to self-support. Help them on to their feet in such a way that they can continue to stand in their own strength and do their part side by side with you in this great work of the world. And here, I think, we Americans need to learn one lesson which has been learned by some of the peoples of the world to an extent beyond what we have attained. A prominent characteristic of the French, I am told, is that, when a man has accumulated enough so that he can live comfortably and easily, he retires from business. Having acquired enough to live on, he is wise enough to let some one else have a chance. So you should let some one else take your place and do the work and have the opportunity to acquire means to live as well as yourself. But, in order to do this properly, men must conduct themselves in a very different way from what they commonly do. One of the saddest things in the world, as I look over the lives and hopes of our younger business men, is that so few of them are learning to take an interest in anything except the accumulation of money. You know that I am ready to do full justice to this; but money is not worth anything, except for what you can do with it, what you can get out of it. It is only good when it is used as a means to an end. And that end, what is it? What end ought every intelligent and rational being to attain? Is it not a noble, manly life? The end of life is living. If you accumulate money do it for the purpose of living, and not for the sake of accumulating more. The man who goes on and concentrates all his time and thought and attention on making money, with nothing ulterior in view, does not enjoy anything but making money. I know hundreds of men who do not know what to do with the money they have except to add to it. I know men with fifty or a hundred thousand dollars in bank, waiting an investment, who are the poorest people in Boston because they are not getting the interest that they think they ought to have. They know nothing else except to add to the sum of money they have accumulated.

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If you are ever to learn to make gold a stepping-stone on which you are to climb up into the higher ranges of life, you must begin from the very first to educate yourself into a taste for something human. Think of the things to be known about this wonderful, infinite universe! Educate yourself to be interested in some department of it, so that, when you have the money, you can study and think and labor and live as a man in these higher ranges of life and put all these lower wants under your feet. If you think you will work till you are forty, fifty, sixty, and accumulate a fortune and then begin life, you might as well say concerning a peach-tree that you will keep it blossoming in May and June and July and August, and then expect it on the first of September to burst out in bloom and fruitage. This kind of repression means incapacity and death at the last. If you want to care for something besides money-making, you must begin, while a young man, to educate yourself into something outside of the routine of mere accumulation.

Learn then this grand lesson: when you have earned a sufficiency, so that you can begin to live, then *do* begin to live, and make way for some one else to have a chance to get the means of living too. That I believe to be the next duty of the man who has wealth.

The third thing called for needs only a word of mention. Whether we will or not, another duty, a sad one, is laid upon us. There is a great army of the incompetent, a great army of the vicious and criminal, a great army of the sick and the suffering that we must carry. This duty we should accept cheerfully, remembering that they are members of this one great family of man. And we should attempt to manage this part of our duty in such a way, applying to it all our wisdom, experience, care, as year by year, if possible, to lessen the number of those that make up this sad following of the onward march of man.

The last duty of the man who has money to use is so broad, so deep, so great, I can do it no sort of justice. I can only ask you to think of it and study it in all its variations

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and outreachings and ramifications, which reach toward and cover everything that is best in human life.

I have said that the first great thing is subsistence. And then we need that money should be used to set the world free and to lift it into the higher possibilities of its being. When then you have accumulated money enough, so that you are free from the perplexities of simply taking care of the lower wants of your nature, then remember that it is this accumulated capital of the world that makes civilization possible. Come up into this higher plane of life then, and do what you can to create civilization. Make a platform on which the artist can stand to do his work, on which the literary man can stand to do his work, on which the moral teacher can stand to do his work, on which the religious teacher can stand to do his work, on which the musician can stand, so that he may be free to create those finer strains that utter the aspirations of the world, and lead on its march by a charm that speaks to it out of the infinite. Do what you can then, you that have the means, to build the higher life of the world in all its departments, and count it not only a duty, but a joy, that you can help to make the world more human; that you can put under it a golden lever to pry it up out of the soil and dust. And, when you have lifted it, put a permanent foundation under it, that it may live in the fair airs and higher regions of thought. The city that John dreamed about in the Revelation, you will remember, had foundations of precious stones and its streets were pure gold. I doubt not that all this idea that I am speaking of now was very far indeed from the thought of the writer, and yet he uttered in allegory what is the eternal truth. If ever the world-wide city of human civilization is built, its foundation stones must be jewels and pearls, and its streets gold. It must be founded on the world's wealth. Having laid this foundation, then build mountain peaks, Parnassus-like, on which may be set the world's singers, singing their songs. On this foundation build observatories for science, whence it may point its tubes to the distant heavens and study the

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mechanism of the universe, the marvellous work of God. On this foundation build hospitals, where the sick may rest, be cured if possible, or find at least an easy place to die. Build courts of justice; build school-houses; build universities; build all the higher things that help the higher thoughts and hopes and aspirations of the world. Then the city of God, not coming down out of heaven, shall be founded on the precious stones of human accumulation on the solid earth; and it shall spring up toward heaven, and be lighted by the sunlight of God.

Father! let us be wise in our worldly wisdom, devoting ourselves to all noble schemes of civilization, seeking to do what we can to lift up the world to an appreciation of its higher wants and hungers, and then to satisfy them; thus doing some little part toward bringing that time that prophet first dreamed of and poet first sang, when evil shall be done away and the world shall be at peace! *Amen.*

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MYSTERY AND REVELATION.*

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."— DEUT. xxix., 29.

THERE are times when we need to look at life in its very largest relations. If we are accustomed to view it through a small window, through the narrow routine of our occupations, through a loop-hole of prejudice or disappointment, through anything which narrows and contracts it, there are also times when we are constrained to view it in its very largest aspects, in its relations to some higher standard of duty or faith, to some loftier plane of being, in its relations to God and destiny.

In the text I have chosen, we are introduced, it seems to me, to the broadest and most vital aspects of human life of which we can think. We have presented to us the great antithesis that runs through and profoundly impresses our existence. We have God placed on one side, humanity on the other. We have also the opposition of mystery and revelation, of faith and knowledge, of the trust which yields and the duty which accepts. All these are involved and suggested in the strength and simplicity of these beautiful words, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things that are revealed belong unto us."

I have called it an antithesis. I have said they stand in opposition to each other. But by opposition I do not mean antagonism. They do not antagonize: they rather comple-

* Mr. Savage being in Washington, January 7, his pulpit was occupied by Rev. S. J. Barrows, Editor of the *Christian Register*.

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ment and fulfil each other. They are but two sides of inseparable realities. God utters humanity, humanity utters God. Mystery implies revelation, revelation implies mystery. Faith involves knowledge, and knowledge involves faith, and duty is related to them all. So long as we keep the halves of this text together, there is no difficulty. It is only when we divorce them and the truths they represent that we have antagonism and difficulty. When we view God entirely apart from humanity, as though he had nothing to do with us, or when we view humanity entirely apart from God, then we have difficulty and antagonism. When we separate mystery from manifestation or manifestation from mystery, we have antagonism again. Thus, if you attempt to explain this world and the problems of human life only by the things which are revealed, you soon find yourself involved in endless trouble. Or if you refuse, on the other hand, in trying to understand the world and the meaning of existence, to take into account the things which God has clearly revealed in and about us, you bring mystery and revelation, faith and knowledge, into conflict, instead of into natural and helpful union. Reconciliation is sometimes produced by separating things; but here it is effected by keeping them together.

Now, as we look back upon our lives, we find that a vast number of the seemingly petty details which absorbed us have sunk from our sight. We cannot recall, without looking at our journals, just what took place ten months, six months, three months ago: the minute things have dropped from our view. But we cannot look back very far into the years that have gone, and not see, looming up, the great facts of this text. We meet God very soon. We come at once, in our own experience, upon the mysteries and the revelations of life. The events which shroud us in clouds of mist, so that though we have eyes we cannot see with them; the events which reveal unto us our own insufficiency and helplessness,—are the things which we do not forget. And then coming up into our minds with these there is also the joyous conscious-

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ness of some things that we see clearly and are certain of,—the consciousness of days whose memory grows brighter as they recede, of the myriad blessings of which we have partaken, of the imperishable worth of love, the sweetness of human sympathy, the gladness of our homes, the unspeakable beauty of nature, the delights of children, bringing to us new messages of love from the divine heart,—all these reveal to us the bounty and the immeasurable value of the things which belong to us. And we see that God has not been mean in dealing out his blessings. We can say then with the Psalmist, "I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me."

We see also, I think, when we study them, that these different aspects of life and destiny, this mystery and revelation, belong together; that they are but parts of the great oneness of the universe. We go up on a mountain peak to take a broader view of the landscape. The details of the scenery, the bushes, the pebbles, the flowers near by, are soon lost sight of, as the eye wanders over hill and plain. There are the sleeping lakes, the winding rivers, the spreading valleys, dotted with villages; there is the sharp configuration of the nearer hills and mountains. We feel very certain of them. Then away off in the distance there are the dim outlines which may be mountains or may be clouds, we do not know which. They stand, as it were, on the border land between knowledge and certainty. And still further on, where the sky bends its arch, the thing that is visible blends into the unseen. And we know that the dim and distant haze, the floating cloud, and the impenetrable blue of the sky above us belong together with the things which we can resolve into hard, tangible facts about us. The secret things and those which are revealed are both suggested to us in the same picture. And we need not suppose that the secret part of the revelation in the landscape is only that which is remote from us. We may take up the pebble at our feet. In all its insignificance, it has a secret which we cannot solve. The flower we pluck is saturated

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with mystery. We can see and admire its beauty, but we cannot understand it. As Tennyson says,—

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;—
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower,—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

We may see the operations of life around us, but we cannot define life itself. The background of a picture is necessary to the foreground; and beauty is never full beauty for us, unless there is some background of mystery behind it. The genius which makes the Sistine Madonna such a wondrous picture is not in the superficial outline or the superficial color, but in its depth,—in the inexpressible mystery which haunts the eyes, in the prophetic beatitude which illumines the face.

The mystery with which all human life is shrouded gives unto it a divine quality, a suggestion of something beyond a relation to the infinite which complements the revelation of God in the things which we may plainly see and understand. It shows us how near God is to us. Wherever we see *life* of any sort, be it the life of the man or the life of the beast, the life of the bird or that of the humblest insect,—wherever we see life, *we find mystery.* Indeed, we may go further, and say wherever we see *any* thing that God has created, the drop of water, the pebble, or the vast globes which circle in the sky, there is mystery for us. And it grows not out of the imperfection of the object, but out of the limitation of our faculty. There is more than we can take in with our eyes or minds. There is a revealed part which belongs to us and a secret part which belongs to God.

Paul said, "If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." In other words, we do not know a thing until we know it all around, until we see it in all its relations. Again, he says, "Now we know in part, now we see in a glass darkly." We see but the

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reflections of things, their images. There is an eternal and mysterious reality beneath them. You and I see but one side of the moon. We should need to change our position in the universe, in order to see the other side. But would it not be impossible for us to assume that there is *not* another side? It is exactly so in the events of human life. There is a side that is revealed, and that belongs unto us: there is a secret side, which is seen only by God.

Our knowledge of many events in life is like that which we have of a comet: we see the nucleus, but the tail stretches out and shades off into invisibility. It is very important for us to remember this,—*that the part we do see bears some relation to the part we do not see.*

When Columbus set sail on his first voyage, he left behind him the world which was revealed to sail toward one which was yet unrevealed,—a matter of faith, and not a matter of knowledge. To the millions that lived in Europe, the hemisphere on which they dwelt bore no relation to another which was not revealed. They could stand on the shore of the ocean and look out into the dim distance: to them there was nothing beyond. But we know to-day that they were acquainted with only one-half of the world instead of the whole, and that the part which they did see bore a definite relation to the part they did not see. One-half of the planet was necessary to balance the other half. And is it not also true in the events of life which loom up from the past, or which confront us in the present, that the unseen side is needed to balance that which is seen? Thus, in moral as well as in physical relations, we may grasp the truth of the words of Paul, "That the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead."

I hope I have brought out clearly the thought that mystery and revelation form a part of every landscape of life, that they are inextricably woven together in the very com-

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monest objects with which we have to do, and that one is needed to explain the other. Now there is another thought which is suggested in this text, and which needs to be brought out in this sermon. It is this: that our relation to the things revealed must be very different from our relation to the things which are not revealed. We cannot apprehend them in the same way. The Hebrew recognized this when he said, "The secret things belong unto the Lord," the "things revealed belong unto us." When we look at the outward universe, we know very well that it does not stop where our vision stops. We know also that we bear a different relation to the part which is seen, and which may be said to be in our possession, from what we do to the part which is invisible and which cannot be said to belong to us. The distant worlds which we do not see may be necessary to the order of the universe, and in this sense may be necessary for us; but they do not directly affect our relations to duty. The light in some distant star goes out, but it does not immediately affect your life or mine. We stand on this solid planet. Here we have a field for our activity. We are brought into relation with our fellow-men. Here the problem of life is to be met and solved. We cannot plough the sky above us, we cannot sow it with seed. It may be ours to look at, but it is not ours to control. Those distant worlds and the immeasurable depths which we do not see belong unto God. But the world upon which we stand, with all the treasures we can get from it, belongs unto us. We are made possessors, partners with God, co-workers with him in this sphere of life. And yet God never completely releases his hold upon the things that he gives us, because, unless God were in them, they would be of no value to us. There is always a part that belongs to him and a part that belongs to you. The mystery of the flower and its wondrous beauty are there together: the beauty belongs to you, the mystery belongs to God. You hold your little babe in your arms. What a marvellous revelation! What an unspeakable wonder is its life and growth! You call it yours. But there is a deeper

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mystery beneath its outward life which belongs to God. He trusts you to feed and to clothe it; but the ceaseless shuttle in its breast, from which the tissue of its life is woven, he holds within his own hand. That which is revealed belongs unto you: that which is hidden belongs unto God. And when, on some memorable day in your lives, some day which you can never forget, God comes and takes from the little one that indefinable miracle which we call life, and leaves only the clay in your hands, he tells you then that the life which was revealed belonged unto you, but that the secret life belonged unto him. He has taken only that which was his own.

Thus we see, whenever we attack the practical problems and duties of life, that they all have their *God* side and their human side, and that our relation to one must be different from our relation to the other. Our relation to that which is revealed is that of knowledge: our relation to that which is concealed must be that of faith. The proper sequence to faith is its synonyme, trust; and the proper sequence to knowledge is duty. Or, as the Deuteronomist put it in this very comprehensive text, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may *do* all the words of this law." Faith on the one side, and knowledge on the other,—faith involving trust, knowledge involving duty.

There is a school of thought to-day whose members call themselves *Agnostics*. It is becoming more or less fashionable among people who have not definite convictions. The designation is not a bad one. It merely means a man who lacks knowledge. It is what has been called the "Know-nothing position in religion." Its members venture no opinions about the great questions which have commanded the faith and hope of humanity. There may be a God, there may be immortality; but they know nothing about it. The position is not an arrogant one: it is in many respects a modest one. It is comparatively an old one, for centuries ago there was a Greek philosopher who said that we did not

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know anything, because there is nothing to know; and, if we did know anything, we could not let anybody know that we knew it. Now, it is evident to us all that our positive knowledge is limited; but there is a great difference between Christian agnosticism and atheistic agnosticism. Paul said he knew only in part, Jesus said he knew only in part. There were things that he could not reveal unto men, but only his Father in heaven. Job was conscious of the things that were hidden,— "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen"; and the writer of Deuteronomy knew that our knowledge was limited when he uttered the words of this text. But what is the difference between Jesus, Paul, Job, the Deuteronomist, and the modern Agnostic? The difference is this: with the Agnostic, where knowledge stops, everything stops; but, with the Christian, faith hegins where knowledge ends. Faith is the telescopic faculty of the soul which brings the invisble into the focus of our trust; faith is the mighty force which holds us, as if by an unseen power of gravitation, in contact with the unseen world.

Now, the double truth of this text is seen in the physical and objective life. We cannot explain the world we see without God, whom we do not see. And, sometimes, it is more difficult to say whether the power and majesty of God are more evident to us in the awful, unfathomable mystery which we cannot sound, or in the dazzling, inexpressible glory of the things revealed. We do not know what vast resources, what untold beauties, are hidden from our eyes. We do not know how many "gems of purest ray serene the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear"; but we *do* know that the beauty that is revealed belongs unto us. Wind, wave, fire, earth, all the vast forces of nature, the glory of the morning, the splendor of the sunset; everything in the world that is useful or beautiful; everything that, by the exertion of our minds, we can bring within the range of our knowledge,— belongs unto us. We are not to place any price upon ignorance. We are not to bring forward the superstitions of the

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past and claim that they are mysteries, when their darkness may be dissolved by the light of knowledge. We are not to set up the monstrous assumptions of mediæval priestcraft: that knowledge belongs only to the priesthood, and must be kept from the people. No: wherever the light of knowledge can be shed upon the glorious revelation of the divine, let it be shed. There is no secret that the world has which is too sacred to be unlocked by a reverent human mind, providing God has given unto it the key. For there is nothing which can be revealed that does not belong unto us. God has called us to share with him the world in which we are placed. Let our minds be stretched to their utmost tension, let the arrow fly as far as it may into the fields of thought, but be sure that there is a boundary over which it cannot pass. When knowledge stops, then let faith begin. We cannot know the unknowable, but we may trust it. And, from the eternal glory of the things which are revealed, we may have some basis in knowledge for the faith which goes beyond knowledge.

As we turn from the outward to the inward world, do we not find the solemn truths of this text present in our experience? We can see how that experience has been affected by this partnership of human possession and divine possession. The things that belong unto us are the long line of our opportunities. In an ever-flowing stream, they have poured into our lives. There is not a day that has come to us which has not brought an opportunity. And, as you turn over the pages of your memory, you will recall in what varied and beautiful forms or with what large measure of responsibility they came. Opportunity and responsibility,— these are the things which belong unto you.

That old writer in Deuteronomy noticed the opportunity, the possession; but he did not forget the responsibility, for he puts together the law of having and the law of doing. Yes: there is a great law of having. It is the synonyme of the divine bounty; and, as it comes to us, it brings with it invitation and behest. Opportunity and duty,— they belong unto us. And, as we think over the events of the past in the

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light of a critical and impartial self-scrutiny, let us apply the test of duty to the measure of our opportunities. We may be tempted to measure our success in the past by what *we have*, by the things that belong unto us, which we can number in our estates; but the true measure of our gains will be, What have we done with them; what have we become through them? Test the value of all you have by the great law of personal responsibility to God and to humanity.

Then, too, as we analyze our lives, we see not only this law of human possession, but also the law of the divine possession. We possess God, but God possesses us. We possess God in the gifts which come to us from him, and which are still instinct with the divinity and mystery of his own life. We possess him in the wonderful forces of the world which he has placed in our hands. God possesses us in the deepest hidden energies of our bodies and of our souls. There is a part of your life, I have said, the vital part, which God never releases unto you. You cut your finger. All that human knowledge could do for you could not heal it. It must be healed from within, and only God can do it. It is healed not by any sudden, miraculous manifestation from Heaven, but by the unseen power of God that resides within you; for every human body, however desecrated, is still a tabernacle of the Most High. When you lapse to sleep upon your pillow, the conscious powers of your mind all subdued to slumber in the hush of night, the power of God is seen not more in the spangled glory of the heavens than in the secret courses of your life. *You* may be asleep, but God is not asleep. He is still within you, sending the blood through your arteries and veins, building bone and weaving tissue, and restoring unto you the strength that you have lost. The conscious life belongs unto you: the unconscious, the hidden life, belongs unto God.

The grand truths of this text are also seen conspicuously in the deepest moral and spiritual problems of life. As you look back, do you not see looming up those wonderful experiences which teach you both the mystery and the glory of life? Take the most remarkable event in the year that is

past,— the death of the President. Is it not an unfathomable mystery that a miserable, worthless life that had never been a blessing, but only a curse to the world, should have robbed us of one whose life was so rich? What can we say? The old Hebrew would have said, "The secret things belong unto the Lord." And then we think of the whole world subdued under the sense of sorrow; we think of that sublime outpouring of human love and sympathy; we think of his fortitude, and the sweet lesson of wifely fidelity and motherly tenderness and love,— and we say again, "The things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever." The mystery of that event does not rob us of its abiding glory.

When we meet together at the table of the Lord, the same lesson is revealed to us. The same mystery surrounds the death of Jesus that is ever present when wrong wins a victory over right, when wicked men triumph over the good. Why is it? Why can it be? we ask. "The secret things belong unto the Lord!" But the treachery of Judas, the malice of the priests, the outburst of the rabble, cannot rob us of the lesson of that life nor the marvellous triumph of that death. That god-like forgiveness, that divine resignation, that spectacle of purity and love, are the things revealed which belong unto us and to our children forever, that we ourselves should *do* all the words of his beautiful law, and thus repeat the spirit of his life.

So, in every private and personal bereavement that has come to you in the days gone by, there is a part which belongs to God, and a revelation which belongs unto you. You cannot solve the mystery. You cannot tell why that sorrow should have come to you then and there, and just in that way. "The secret things belong unto the Lord." But the assurance of human sympathy that came in that trial, and all the growth and strength of character which you evoked from it, and the precious memories of your loved ones,— they belong unto you. Nothing can take them from you. And how much richer and fuller your life may be from the very experiences which seem to impoverish it!

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Finally, let us remember that this same antithesis which explains or reconciles the past is that which we need to explain the future. In the days to come, you will find mystery and revelation. I cannot lift the curtain of the morrow to show you what it will have for you,— what joy, what sadness, or what golden opportunity. But you and I know that joys and sorrows will come. The explicable and the inexplicable will both meet us. Let us meet them in the spirit of this text. The opportunity that comes from the things hidden is the opportunity of faith, and the opportunity that comes from the things revealed is the opportunity of duty. In the hour of darkness, "Endure as seeing him who is invisible"; in the hour of prosperity, remember that "unto whomsoever much is given of him shall be much required." Walk by faith, not alone by sight, remembering the words of Paul,— "The things which are seen are temporal; but those things which are not seen are eternal." Trust and duty,— let them go hand in hand. Render unto God the things which are his; and unto Cæsar — unto humanity — the things which are his. "For the secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children." Do not let this beautiful touch of humanity in the text escape us,—"*to our children.*" Our knowledge, our faith, our duties, all that we have in life, are not for ourselves alone, but for the world that is to follow us. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Our own lives reach forward into the ages to come. As you are careful that your children should have knowledge, be careful also that they shall have faith. On some day that is near or distant, the material things that belong to you you shall bequeath to them; but remember that there is nothing which you can leave them of such inestimable value as the legacy of an exalted faith and a life controlled by the inspirations of love and the authority of duty.

And now, as I have opened this sermon with a Hebrew text, let me close it with an old Hebrew benediction: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

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Its Changing Forms and its Eternal Essence.

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RELIGION:

Its Changing Forms and its Eternal Essence.*

THERE are large numbers of people, both in America and Europe, and throughout Christendom, who are quiet and at rest in their religious ideas. They seem to be unconscious of the disturbing forces that are at work unsettling the foundations of old ideas. They seem to be unconscious of the new movement of things in the air, that threatens to disintegrate the structures that have stood so long. If indeed it be so, that the rest which is mere quiescence be a blessing, then blessed are these people! But to me it appears to be true that there is a higher and nobler form of peace than that which is simply quiet and stagnation,— the peace of the eagle poised on balanced wings, sweeping through the air; the peace of the mighty steamship, in spite of lowering cloud, or threatening wind, or buffeting wave, holding straight on her resistless course; the peace of the brook running and rippling, running itself clear by its own motion, and singing ever as it goes. These seem to me to symbolize that kind of peace which is more desirable than mere quiescence. But, however large this number of people may be to whom I have referred, there is, on the other hand, a still larger and an increasing number of those who are not at peace, who feel the upheaval beneath them, who hear the whisper of change in the air. This class is constantly on the increase. Already it is in the majority, and that majority is growing.

*Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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This class, for the purposes I have in mind, may be accurately enough divided into two parts. On the one hand are those who believe that religion is something that pertains to the childhood of the race, and that, with the childish things of the past, it is to be put away when man has grown to his perfect intellectual stature. They tell us that religion is fathered by ignorance and mothered by fear; that it is twin-born with superstition, and is finally to be outgrown: it is like a belated ghost, that, when the cock crows and the sun rises, fades away, not able to stand the light of the coming morning. And this class of people rejoice in this belief. Religion to their thought means superstition, credulity, ignorance, the separation of nations, of peoples, of families, of sects. It means bitterness, heart-burnings, false conceptions of God, horrible anticipations for the future. Holding this conception of it, I do not wonder that they are glad to believe it is destined to pass away.

The other class is made up of quite a different sort of persons. They claim to believe that the religious ideas which they hold, and to which they cling with such tenacity and love, are God-originated and God-given to man; that they are divine, and that on them hinge the welfare and the prosperity of the world. And yet, strange as it seems, these very persons who profess so firmly to believe that the ideas they hold are divine, and therefore eternal, do in fact betray a deep-down infidelity that holds possession of their hearts. For they tremble and are afraid; they fight against criticism, they despise and cast contempt upon modern science and the new light of investigation; and anything that threatens to look into the foundations of things gives them tremors of the heart, and anticipations that these things which they have asserted to be divine and eternal are really in danger.

If I had a piece of jewelry that I was very anxious to believe was gold, and yet that I did not feel quite certain about, and if somebody came along with a chemical test by which he proposed to settle the question, very likely I should button that bit of gold up tight in my pocket to keep it out of

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the way, preferring my comfortable belief to what might be a very uncomfortable certainty. But, if I really believed that it was gold, would I fear subjecting it to any, even the extremest conceivable test? If, then, I really believe that my ideas are divine, that the truths, as I call them, are God-originated, God-given, and as eternal as God himself, then welcome the light of day, welcome all research, welcome the broadest, freest, deepest investigation. Let me bring them forth into the open arena of debate and conflict, confident that their divine strength cannot be overcome, but that they will come out of the severest trial, and fully vindicate their divine origin and their power to go forth making conquest over all the earth.

These two classes then, those who believe that religion is false and destined to pass away, and those who still claim to believe that it is true, but are yet afraid that somehow their divine truths are going to receive injury,— these two classes are increasing. But if they, and we all, would only take the trouble to get into our minds a clear and consistent definition of what religion means, it would show the folly of the fear on the one hand, and the folly of the hope on the other.

For what is religion? I believe that my definition is so broad, so inclusive, so far-reaching, that it is capable of consistently covering every form and manifestation of religious life that the world has ever seen. Religion then is simply man's thought — including the emotion that springs out of and accompanies the thought and the ritual expression with which man clothes this thought,— religion is man's thought of the universe and the relation in which he supposes himself to stand to the powers, or power, that controls it. So long then as the universe stands, and so long as there is an intelligent being in the universe, so long there must be religion. As well might the shipmaster think to outsail the horizon that encompasses him on every hand: as well might the lark rising into the morning air think to outfly the atmosphere in which it flutters its wings, and the movements of which con-

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stitute the liquid beauties of its song, as humanity think to outlive religion.

Religion, then, is *eternal* in its nature; and, whatever changes its external manifestations may pass through, that which is at its heart, its essence, must endure just so long as intelligence and the universe abide. But, as if to contradict this statement, all those things that to the popular mind, and to that mind that does not analyze very deeply, seem to constitute all there is of religion,— all these things, I say, are perpetually changing, and they do pass away.

Let us look for a moment at the three main elements that to the popular mind constitute all there is of religion. First, there is the dogma, the creed,— that is, the intellectual theory as to the nature of things. However creedless you may call your church, every man who has brains enough to think, and who ever does think, has his creed, and must have it now and forever. But the dogma perpetually changes. Man's thought about the universe and the relations he sustains to it is perpetually undergoing modifications. Old systems and old theories have passed away by the dozens, if not by the hundreds, in the past; and others still shall grow old and die.

The second element, that to the common thought, seems to constitute that which we call religion, is the emotional attitude in which man stands to the object of his worship. That is, if a man thinks of the power that is around him as a pitiless power, he stands in awe, he is afraid. If he thinks of it as kindly and fatherly, then a corresponding emotion of trust and love is called out. Out of the thought then, the dogma, springs of necessity the emotional attitude in which man will stand toward this power that he thinks of as holding his destiny in its hands.

The last element is the ritual manifestation of man's religious life. This is constituted by architecture, by painting, by statuary, by rites, by prayers, by processions, by sacrifices, by all that man has ever done from the beginning of history until to-day in the way of setting forth in external forms his thought and his feeling about God. That which is meant

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by ritual covers all these. Is it not a fact that these, the thought, the emotion, the ritual, constitute almost all that is commonly thought of as making up religion? And is it not true that religions in this sense do grow old and pass away? Religions are born. Religions grow old, decrepit, die, and are buried and forgotten. But,— and here is the important distinction,— though *religions* pass away, *religion* is an immortal, and never dies.

To illustrate what I mean, take a parallel truth in regard to governments. Governments are born. They grow old, become decrepit, die, are buried, and are forgotten. But government remains. Government is not necessarily the supremacy of a chief, not necessarily the dominance of the despot, not necessarily a monarchy, not necessarily a representative republic, nor a pure democracy. There are governments,— manifestations of this power of social self-control; but government survives the toppling thrones of crumbling monarchies and the decay of dynasties. These do not touch the eternal youth and the eternal progress of government. Another thing, striking in its bearing on the theme we have in hand, is suggested by this illustration: that is not the best government which makes the largest display of itself. By the common consent of all wise men and philosophers, that is the noblest type of government which governs the least, which makes the least display of itself, which has the fewest court-houses, the fewest jails, the smallest standing army, the smallest police, which makes the slightest external demonstration of its life. That is the finest, truest, noblest government where the laws are written in the intelligence and the heart of the people, where it simply governs itself. So that religion is not necessarily the best, not necessarily the most intense, where there is the largest external manifestation architecturally, the most elaborate ritual, the most costly sacrifices, processions, and external displays. That is the grandest and divinest development which the world has ever seen, where the laws of God, of truth and right, are written on the fleshly tablets of the heart; where

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there is the least display of external power, for the simple reason that it is not needed.

All these external manifestations that I have named change, grow old, and pass away. But the essence, what is that? It is time to raise that inquiry, which is central to my whole discussion. What is this thing that endures, which survives the decay of dogma, which survives the decay of the emotional attitude in which man stands toward God, which survives the decay of ritual? We shall find, as the result of this inquiry, something which, while extremely radical in its sweep, is at the same time grandly conservative and constructive, and full of encouragement and hope.

Before I point out just what this thing is, I wish to draw a few outline etchings of some of the contrasted types of religious life which find their manifestations in the history of man, that we may be the more struck and impressed by the fact, which at first you might not be ready to believe, that there is at the heart of all these, however divergent in manifestations and forms, one essential purpose, one essential and unchangeable power.

Glance then for a moment at some of these contrasted pictures. Look at the fetich worshipper standing terrified and afraid in the presence of a stone, a stick, a frog, a snake, anything to which the veriest accident may have called his attention and made him afraid of, as the residence of some mysterious power. Look at the Indian, or the lowest type of barbarian above the fetich worshipper. Look at him as he brings to the grave of his ancestor a little tobacco, a few grains of rice, a part of some animal that he has slain in hunting, bringing it as veritable food for the spirit of his ancestor, or to the dead chief of his tribe, whom he thinks of as still hungering. Standing by this grave, he chants some words of praise over the remembered chief or the departed ancestor, which is the first crude beginning of what has grown to be the Christian hymn. He asks the spirit of this dead chief to help him in the hunt or in war, or at least not to be vindictive and injurious to him; and here is the beginning of

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what has grown to be the Christian prayer. How far away such a religion seems to us, and how unlikely, at first thought, that we should find an element in it which we should recognize as having anything in common with that which we hold to-day!

Pass from this to the valley of Gehenna outside the walls of the Holy City. Here is a metallic image of the horrid god Moloch, hollow within and heated like a furnace. The parents that stand in awe of its terrific and superhuman majesty bring their little, tender children, and lay them across the red-hot arms of the monster, and beat their drums and rattle their rude musical instruments, and send their shouts to heaven to drown the feeble wail of the little life that is consecrated to the abominable worship. Pass from that to the Quaker meeting, where they simply sit in quiet awe, waiting for the movement of the divine spirit. Then from the simplicity of this Quaker meeting, which is almost utterly devoid of form, pass to Rome, and witness a grand procession on some great fête day; see the pope crowned, and carried on the shoulders of his devotees, passing through the streets thronged with those that look upon him as the very vicar of God on earth, and who bend themselves into the dust as he passes by. See them, as with song and music they enter the great cathedral, there to go through the solemn celebration of the high mass, until that crowning moment when the veritable God himself, as the worshippers believe, is lifted in the consecrated wafer in the sight of the awe-struck throng. From this turn to the severity of our common Puritan worshippers in our meeting-houses, where there is the carefully prepared essay or discussion, doctrinal or practical, of what is regarded as divine, the simple prayer, and singing of simple hymns.

But there is no room nor time to outline the one-hundredth part of the many forms of worship that have been assumed in Asia, in Africa, in ancient Egypt, among the Buddhists, among the Mohammedans, and the followers of Confucius, among the Parsees, and all the ten thousand

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devotees that have worshipped under all forms and all names. Is it possible that at the heart of these lies some common element that we can recognize as permanent and held by ourselves to-day? This seems to me to be the grand, wide, sweeping, all-inclusive truth,—*religion at heart is one.* The fetich worshipper, the follower of Moloch, the Puritan, the Papist, all are seeking one same thing, from the lowest, crudest development of superstition, up to Jesus talking with the woman of Samaria, and saying to her: "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. God is a spirit, and seeks such to worship him as are capable of worshipping him in spirit and in truth." From Jesus talking with the woman of Samaria, on to the least anthropomorphic development of modern science,— that science which dares not say God, which only says power, law, life, which stands awe-struck before the infinite mystery of the universe,— all the way, I say, through highest and lowest, there is one line running which is binding all in unity. What is it? It is the purpose, the impulse of life forever at the heart of man, the purpose to find and come into right relations with God. This is what the fetich worshipper seeks; this is what the worshipper of Moloch sought; this is what the followers of Confucius seek; it is the object of the Buddhist's search. It is what the Parsee, the Quaker, the Papist, the orthodox, the liberal, the scientist, are seeking. The scientific man says that the one end and object of human life is to bring about a complete and perfect adjustment between man and his environment. Religion says, meaning precisely the same thing, the grand end and object of human life is to become reconciled to God. This, then, is the one thing in common, the one thing that is eternal in religion. For, as I have shown you, the dogma, the emotional attitude, the ritual, change: this purpose only is eternal, and abides forever.

Now, then, it will be apparent to you, I trust, that since the essential thing is this purpose; since this purpose endures and is eternal; since man by his very nature must forever

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seek that which he regards as his highest good, must seek to come into right relations with the Power on which his very existence depends, that holds his destiny in his hands; since this abides forever,— it follows naturally, of necessity, that the form which this purpose will assume, the method by which man will seek to work out this purpose in practical life, will depend entirely on his intellectual development. It will depend upon his thought. For at the heart of all these religious developments of the world there is a theory about God which is simply man's intellectual conception of him. And he must, so long as he holds that theory, live in accordance with it, and attempt to work it out. Therefore, you find all these forms, developments, and manifestations. If man thinks of God as cruel, his worship of him will be cruel. If he thinks of his God as sensual, his worship will be sensual. If he thinks of his God as spiritual, his worship will be spiritual. If he thinks God wants a sacrifice of a bullock or a goat, he will make that sacrifice. If he thinks God demands the life of his first-born, the first-born must die. If he thinks God demands righteousness and mercy and truth, then all these cruder and rougher forms of the religious life will be sloughed off, cruelty will be left behind, and man's religion will become the doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with his God. It all turns on his thought of God.

If man started, as we believe, away down on the borders of the animal world, if he started crude, ignorant, animal, barbaric, the first form of his religion must have been crude, animal, barbaric; and so we find it. But, as he takes a step ahead in intelligence, as he rises to a higher degree of civilization, his thought about God changes, and his religion becomes more refined.

Religion, even in its lowest expression, has three or four theories which I must notice briefly. There is first the theory of the universe. Then man must have a theory of himself, some sort of idea as to what his own nature is, and his needs are. Then he will have a thought in regard to the relation in which he actually stands to God, whether God loves

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him or cares for him, whether he is a friend or an enemy, or whether he is indifferent to him. He will have some sort of thought about it. He will have another thought, and he cannot avoid it, concerning the relation in which he ought to stand to God. Think of it for a moment; grasp the idea clearly. Religion in its practical development in all ages is nothing more nor less than man attempting to bridge over the gulf between the actual and the ideal. It is an attempt to turn the *fact* into the *ought*, to change the relation in which he really does stand to God into the relation in which he ought to stand, either by changing God, if that is conceivable, or himself, or both.

Now, then, as briefly as I may, having made clear the principles that underlie these changes, and the fact that these changes are necessary, I wish to indicate in rough outline the grand essentials of the changes through which we are actually passing.

Of course, since this universe is infinite, and since man is finite, we can never conceive of the human race as having gotten through, as being done. God must forever be only a human ideal to us. He is the eternally pursued and the never completely found. For to say that we can comprehend God is simply to assert an absurdity: it is to say that the finite has suddenly developed to the size of the infinite. If, then, man makes any progress, if he takes a single step ahead, it must be by changing from the old to the new. It must be by abandoning old and accepting grander and nobler ideas.

What, then, are the essential changes through which we are passing? First, we are changing most radically our conception of this universe in which we live and of which we are a part. Do you know there has never, from the dawn of human intelligence until to-day, been so radical, so revolutionary a change going on as that in the midst of which we are and of which we are a part? When men surrendered the Ptolemaic conception of the universe and accepted the Kopernican, even this did not work so great a revolution as that which the conceptions of modern science are forcing on our accep-

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tance to-day. The universe to us now, instead of being a little, contracted thing, created by almighty fiat in six days, out of nothing, in the darkness of infinite space, the whole of it not so large as we know the orbit of the moon to be; instead of this little thing that God created outside of himself, impressed with its own stamp, and set going with its own laws and by the machinery that he constructed, made to run of its own accord, or by his coming now and then to adjust or change this way or that to suit his purposes, when it doesn't run exactly as he intended: — instead of this we think it infinite. And, as there cannot be two infinites in the universe, we conceive of God no longer as a carpenter outside of the house that he has builded. We conceive of this universe, in every part and parcel of it, from star to dust grain under foot, as alive. From blossoming constellations to blossoming roses it is alive, as I am alive from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. And God is its life, as I am the life of my body.

Where, then, is God? Everywhere,—in this flower; in the cloud floating in the sky; in the most distant sun; in my pulse-beat; in the brain that now generates the thought to which I am giving utterance,— God, the life, the light, the power of all we see. Touch the universe anywhere, and you touch divinity. Look at its mechanism and operations anywhere, and you behold the creative work of God. This changed conception of the universe, do you not see how radically it alters our conception of God?

We have also changed our conception of man. Instead of man being created a perfect being six thousand years ago, so perfect that the greatest philosophers of the world are only fragments of his broken perfection, he started,— as you know very well, I believe,— not simply on the borders of the animal world, but beyond the borders. I believe that one chain of development of life connects us with the lowest and simplest particle of living matter on the borders, and in the midst of the ooze of some primeval sea millions of ages gone. There came a time when the human burst through the brutal in the

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face; when this creature stood on its feet, and said, "I am a man"; when he looked in the face of the sky, and thought of a power not himself; when he lifted up his hands in worship, and said, "God." And, from that time to this, he has climbed, until he says of himself now, "I am a son of God, and it does not yet appear what I shall be." He looks on and on, and sees no limit to his possible progress.

This new conception of man awakens a new conception of what it means to be saved. Man is not fallen. There is not a child in the common schools of America who has not the means in his hands of knowing that the whole story of Adam and Eve, of the garden of Eden, of being cast out, and of the earth being cursed by God, is an Oriental myth, born, so far as we can trace it, in the midst of a people that inhabited the valley of the Euphrates before Babylon was built, and thousands of years before the Hebrew people had an existence or a name.

As, then, man has not fallen, he does not need to be redeemed in the theological sense of the word. He does not need to be saved, in the theological sense of the word. There is no need of an incarnation; there is no need of a suffering God; there is no need or fear of endless hell. These are all crude, barbaric conceptions, born of these myths of the night, having no foundation in the rational thought of the scientific world.

The conception of salvation that we must hold to-day is not the old one of deliverance, but of growth, education, — not in the sense of crowding the brain with facts, but in the sense of leading out and developing all the possibilities latent in the individual and in society,— growth, leaving all the old ideas, gradually sloughing off that which clings to us from our former nature, and going up into and grasping that which is divine.

I do not wonder that men are startled, that men are afraid and tremble in the midst of changes so revolutionary as this. I do not wonder that these ideas make progress as slowly as they do. I only wonder that they grow as rapidly

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as in fact they do grow. Sometimes, we liberals allow ourselves to be discouraged at the slow progress of our thought. But there never was a religious movement on the face of the earth that grew so rapidly. It took Christianity, in its old form, over three hundred years to climb to the throne of the Cæsars. In fifty years, the liberal thought of the world has made more progress than Christianity did in two centuries. Already, it has climbed to the intellectual throne not only of one people, but of all Europe and America, and of the civilized world. It is growing as rapidly as it is healthful that it should grow. I do not wonder that men shrink from these marked changes. I do not wonder that people are homesick in this wide, new universe, that, as it seems to them, is without father and without mother. No matter whether the change be good or bad, this love for the old must still abide and work in us. A new couple, husband and wife, build themselves a quiet, small home in an obscure part of the city when they are young and poor and are beginning their way in life. And here they live for years, until the whole house is redolent with perfumed memories of the experiences through which they have passed. By and by, they are prosperous, they are rich. Children have been born and grown up. The necessity of the home has widened and enlarged until the nest is too small, and there must be the building of a more comodious one. So they buy or build a grand new home on the square or on the avenue, and move out of the old into the new. Is it any wonder if the mother goes over the old house for the last time, and says, "In this room, those that I love so dearly were born. Here, night after night and week after week, I watched over the cradle of the little one that died so many years ago, and is thus the only little one that the growing years have not taken away from me; and here stood the son and daughter when they were married, and went away to build for themselves a new home"? And thus she passes through the halls and up the stairs and into each chamber, and in every nook and corner there are memories that tug at her heart and that bring tears to her eyes. And

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yet she knows perfectly well that the new home is a great deal better. It is a larger house and finer, and everything in it is an improvement on the old; but this does not touch and never will touch the fact that the old memories cling to the old home, and she will never be able to shake them off so long as she lives.

I do not wonder then that it is very hard for people to leave their religious ideas. God knows how hard it was for me to leave the thoughts of my childhood, the memories that I gained at my mother's knee, the prayers, the hymns, the thoughts of God and heaven, the dreams of the place where I believed my brothers had gone when they left me. I have no hard words to say for men who feel deeply the homesickness on leaving their old ideas, their old religious domicile, to go into the new. But yet, on the other hand,—and let me say it as forcibly and strongly as I can,— if a man is ever to make a step ahead, if he is to grow, if he is to become better, wiser, if the world is to advance, then these changes must be gone through with, and this homesickness must be borne. The chrysalis must be burst through and left behind. And I believe, in spite of these memories that tie us to the past, that we shall find in future years that to fly in the air is better than to lie quietly in the chrysalis. And I wish to record, as the result of my own experience, although it was a bitter process of years, that to-day I am unspeakably gladder and more hopeful both for myself and for the race than ever I was before.

It follows then that he who stands in the way of these changes, he who allows the sentiment and the feeling and the tenderness of his old associations to stand in the way and to block the progress of the world, is really committing a crime against God, against man, and against his own soul. Any one who clings to or attempts to create an orthodoxy,— I use this word in its most general significance,— whether it is an Orthodox orthodoxy or a Unitarian orthodoxy; whether it is a physician's orthodoxy in regard to the method of treating disease; whether it is a school-teacher's orthodoxy in regard

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to the education of children; whether it is a political or social orthodoxy,—any man who attempts to create and defend this hardening and stiffening process that shall forbid the world to grow and move and live is a traitor to man. He stands square in the way of progress, of growth, of any hope of the world's becoming larger and better in the years that are to come.

What is needed then, in order that the world may reach its noblest and its best? I believe the answer, in view of the line of thought that we have followed, and to which it is a fitting crown, is a simple one. This impulse, this desire to find that which is good, this purpose to come into right relations to the universe, this desire for human progression, is just as natural, just as ceaseless, just as eternal in its working in the human heart, as is the impulse of the heliotrope to turn to the sun from the darkness of the room where it is growing, as natural as it is for the rootlet of the flower to reach down and out after water and food. This impulse is eternal. What, then, does it need? It needs only one thing: it needs guidance, it needs light. The only thing needful to lift up and lead on the world is light. Men are ready to move: show them the way. They desire the perfect kingdom of God: where is the path that leads to it? If the time shall ever come when the world shall be agreed as to the answer to this question, men will march side by side, shoulder to shoulder, step by step, one vast army of progress, to take possession of the kingdom of God.

It needs then that religion bear in her hand the torch of knowledge; and that, with this torch to light her way, she dig down into the mines and quarries, and shape her blocks of eternal truth and bring them up, and with them lay the foundations and build the walls of the coming city of God, which is the city of man on earth. Truth for foundation, truth for material with which to construct these walls; knowledge for master-builder, justice for square and to level; knowledge for light to shine in it; love for atmosphere to breathe,—this is the perfect city of God. And this is to be built—

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where? Here on earth. The old conception was that it was to descend by miracle from the sky. The new conception is that it is to rise from the ground.

"From God down out of heaven"
John saw "the city" fair
Descend in gorgeous vision,—
A city of the air.
By human labor founded
On rock-hewn truths below,
To God, up toward the heavens,
I see the city grow.

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Lessons from the Life of Thomas Paine.*

WERE I to take as my theme the name of any man, whether he was high or low, rich or poor, noble or mean, who has been mentioned by any of the so-called sacred writers, it would be universally admitted that I was keeping within the limits of the propriety of the Sunday morning discourse. However contemptible he might have been, or however much injury he might have wrought his own or succeeding times, still this would have been admitted as proper. But, when one goes outside of the names of those who make up a part of what is called sacred history, and dares to introduce some other name, however high, however grand or noble, he lays himself open at least to the imputation of turning what ought to be a sermon into a lecture, and what ought to be regarded as sacred into something secular and profane. But you know me well enough by this time to understand that I repudiate distinctly and definitely any such line of demarcation. The God that I worship, and in whom I believe, is the ever-living God, who was and is and shall be. And I believe that his laws and principles are as much at work to-day as ever they were in the history of the Jews. Therefore, rightly looked at, all history has about it an element of sacredness; and, wherever we can find a life or deeds or events that are capable of stimulating, lifting up, thrilling the heart of man, and furnishing additional motive power for that which is good; wherever we can find that which is fit "for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness," there I hold that the preacher has a right to select his theme.

I have chosen for my subject this morning some lessons

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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from the life of Thomas Paine. I have done it because of the day. In the year 1737, on the 29th of January, one hundred and forty-five years ago, in the town of Thetford, England, Thomas Paine was born. It is a part of my purpose, in as brief and condensed a way as possible, to give you just an outline, roughly sketched, of his life. I want the man first, what he is, to stand before you. If you already understand his career, you will not question my right to make him my theme to-day. If you know nothing of it, permit me to say that it is time you did. If there is in the hearts or thoughts of any of you a prejudice against him or against his work, then all the more need that I should help,—not him, he needs no help,—but you to be delivered from the slavery of prejudice and the injustice of your thoughts against him.

He was born in a poor and humble way. His father was a Quaker and his mother a member of the Church of England. Where he picked up his education, it is perhaps now impossible to discover; but, for the work that was to make him useful and famous in after ages, he was grandly educated. He was master of a style that, for the purpose for which he wielded it, has been unsurpassed in the history of man. Where he got it, no one can tell, any more than we can tell where the bird got his song. His youth—for he left home early—was spent in teaching, in mercantile pursuits, and in the service of a small civil office in England. In 1774, having come under the influence of Benjamin Franklin in London, and through him becoming interested in the future of America, he came to this country. His first work here was the editing of a magazine; and, as he was the first paid editor in America, he may rightly be regarded, from our stand-point, as the founder of the editor's office and work, as distinct from that of publisher.

He soon became interested in the cause of the colonies, and gathered around him all those men who were noblest and greatest and best, and whose names to-day form a galaxy of brightness and glory; and Paine's name belongs in that

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galaxy, although to-day it is like that seventh star of the Pleiades, withdrawn for a little from sight, but which by and by shall shine with a lustre surpassed by none of the mighty ones of those days, which in his own words were "the times that tried men's souls." Some one has drawn a very striking picture of the little group of men, four in number, Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Rush, John Adams, and George Washington, who, one evening in the twilight, were sitting with hushed voices, conversing together under their breath on the great questions that were agitating the age. Soon there comes in the fifth, Thomas Paine; and, as he converses with them, he thrills their souls and kindles their hopes concerning the great possible future of this mighty country. And, when he has finished, so real and deep an interest has he aroused that Washington grasps him by both hands, and begs him to write these words in a book, that they may go forth to kindle the same enthusiasm that they had incited in the hearts of this little circle of intimate friends. And the result of this is that, in the beginning of the year 1776, that little pamphlet, destined to be famous for ages, *Common-Sense*, was given to the world. Its effect was unsurpassed in the history of anything that was ever written or published. As a match touching a train of powder sets a magazine in a blaze, so these fiery words of his set the whole country on fire; and the result, as stated by those who were acquainted with the facts, was that, but for the publication at this time of this pamphlet, the fourth of July of that year would never have seen the Declaration of Independence. The declaration itself was hardly more than an epitome or summing up of the principles of this pamphlet. The most conservative thinkers say that it hastened the declaration by many weeks. About this time, the disastrous battle of Long Island was fought, which left the colonists disheartened and discouraged; and it is a serious question whether the Declaration of Independence would have followed, had it not been for the publication of *Common-Sense*. At any rate, we may say that the publication of that work caused the birth *at that time* of this great

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country of which we are a part and of which we are justly so proud.

All through the war, in one capacity or another, Paine devoted himself to the interests of the people, raising money abroad or acting as aide-de-camp to General Green, or as secretary of one of the great committees of Congress, publishing now and then a new edition or a new part of some one of his fiery and inspiring works. He did perhaps more than any other one man, out of the army, to bring about the consummation that, at last, after those long and weary years, was achieved. So good an authority as John Adams has said that "Washington would have wielded his sword in vain, had not it been for the assistance of the pen of Paine."

After the success of our arms in this country, Paine, interested not only in one nation or people, but in the liberty and deliverance of humanity from tyranny of every kind, went to France, to repeat, if he could, the work he had helped to achieve here. After rendering so distinguished services to that country as to make himself universally known,—for his work and writings had preceded him,—he went to England for a time. But his interest in France was such that he could not prolong his stay. France called him back; and so great was the public expectation and desire for him that, when he landed at Calais, the guns thundered their welcome, and from the vast throngs of people gathered to greet him there went up prolonged and ringing shouts of *Vive Thomas Paine!* So popular was he all over the country that he was elected at once from four different departments a member of the National Convention of France, and here he repeated the service he had rendered to America. He was a member of the committee appointed to draft a new constitution for the nation.

But suddenly his power is lost, and why? He was charged with being a foreigner, although he had become an adopted citizen of France; but the real gravamen of the charge was that he was merciful, for he dared to defend the life of the deposed and dishonored king.

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After his life was saved in the most wonderful way, he returned to this country, old and worn out; and, after declining high office at the hands of the government, he retired to his estate in New York, and there lived quietly with the few friends that the prejudice and slanders of his enemies had left to him, and died in peace with all mankind, in simple trust in God, and in the hope of a future life.

And now, not attempting to cover so wide and grand a theme as this, I will simply give one or two of the main lessons of his life that will illustrate in part what was true of the whole.

In the first place, let me indicate to you his character as a patriot. In these days,— I do not call them degenerate, for I am not a believer in the degeneracy and decline of the world: only I do believe that it passes through seasons when there is less devotion to those principles that ought to interest the hearts and lives of all than there ought to be,— in these days, when it is so rare to find a man who serves his country simply for his country's sake; when under the dominant system of our civil service it is so difficult to find a man who does not make public business subserve his own personal ends, to reward his friends or punish his enemies; who does not seek office in order to accomplish this or that partisan object,— in days like these we ought to be inspired and lifted up in looking at a figure so grand, so devoted, so unselfish as that of Thomas Paine.

Let me give you one or two instances of the way in which he served his country. During his life there were somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred thousand copies of his works published and sold. For all of these, he accepted not one cent. Why? He refused the copyright, in order that the editions of his works might be made so cheap that they should be accessible to all whom he desired to reach and influence. Thus, he gave the fruits of his brain for his whole life long to the good, as he believed, of his fellowmen. Again, at the time when Congress was reduced to the lowest extremity, without means to carry on the war, what

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did Thomas Paine do? A poor man himself, for he kept himself poor by his generosities and public services, he started a subscription, headed by five hundred dollars from himself, every dollar he had in the world, and the result was that by the enthusiasm which he kindled he raised the sum of $300,000. The work of Congress went on once more, and the success of our arms was assured.

All through his long life, he declined ever to press the matter of his services on the country. After his return from France, both Washington and Jefferson urged him to lay his case before the American Congress, and to appeal for recompense for his generous service. He persistently declined, and from the first until the last he never asked one single cent, he never asked for office or honor; he never asked emoluments; he never sought even a place for a friend. He devoted himself to the country, and sought nothing but the welfare of those he tried to serve. It is indeed true that in his old age (and this refutes one of the slanders circulated against him) the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania made him a large present of money in consideration of his public service. Congress too, by a special act, made him another present in his old age; and the State of New York, by special act, gave him an estate in the country, so that his last years were rich, for those days, and supplied with abundance for all his needs and desires. The same characteristic, however, followed him to the last. There was a man in Paris who had been an intimate friend and co-worker in the cause of freedom; and Paine, having no relatives or friends here who had any just claims upon him, when he died, left by his will his entire fortune to this friend and his wife and children, because they had been made poor by the exigencies of the political condition of the time. Thus, from first to last, he gave heart, brain, thought, time, money, "asking for nothing again."

Not only is there a lesson of patriotism here, but there is a broader lesson,— a lesson of humanity. There is something larger than a man's country. Paine has written those

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words which ought to be engraven on the heart of every man, "The world is my country." We have not yet outgrown the narrowness of these little petty divisions of race, religion, speech, political frontier, that keep men apart and postpone the day when humanity shall be harmonized and free. The old prejudice concerning some imaginary ancestor; the prejudice that some imaginary divine power bids us love our friends and hate our enemies; the prejudice like that of ancient Athens, when Plato commended them as valiant citizens for hating everything foreign; the prejudice like that of the English officer who said he hated a Frenchman as he did the devil; the prejudice that leads Americans, Englishmen, Germans, and almost every race under heaven, to sacrifice the welfare of others to the aggrandizement of their own land, which turns selfishness into a virtue,—are not these prejudices universal even yet?

But a hundred years ago Thomas Paine thundered forth the words that will echo louder and louder down the ages, until they are the inspiring and guiding motto of the human race,—"The world is my country." And so he was as ready to help France as America, England as France. It was man he tried to serve, it was man that he sought to lift up; and this was ever the inspiring and guiding principle of his life.

Another lesson, and this one, I believe you will agree with me, is one of the most wonderful that the annals of history can boast,—a lesson of magnanimity, generosity, and love for men, although one may hate the principles that men hold. While Paine was a member of the National Convention in Paris, he had gathered with a few friends one day at a *café*. An English officer was present, not one of the party, but near enough to overhear the conversation that was going on. Paine, bold as ever in the proclamation of the principles he held, was upholding his republican views, and advocating the abolition of monarchy, even in England. The English officer became so enraged that he began wordy abuse, and did not end even there; for at last he was so transported and beside himself with anger that he struck Paine a violent blow with

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his cane. In the condition of things at that time in Paris, this blow was not only something to be resented by his friends, but, as Paine was a member of the National Convention, it was treason against the State and punishable by death. Men who prate of honor would consider that Paine had been justified, if he had challenged his offender to a duel. The friends of Paine seized the Englishman, he was thrown into prison, tried, and condemned to death. But Paine was indefatigable in attempting to rescue his enemy, and at last succeeded in delivering him from those who were ready to avenge the insult. And, as he was now poor and destitute, Paine, out of his own funds, supplied his personal needs, and gave him money to take him home to England. That was the method of his personal revenge.

Another illustration, and this constitutes one of the sublimest pictures in all history. Paine was in Paris when King Louis XVI. attempted to fly. You remember the story, how he was captured on the frontier and brought back again. Paine advocated that the National Convention should construe this as a voluntary abdication, but against his wise counsels he was reinstated on the throne. After a little while, the king's life itself was threatened; and he who had been worshipped as the representative of God on earth, a king by divine right, was to be tried by an assembly of the people for his life. You can imagine, for indeed you know from history, what a scene was then enacted. The excitable Parisian populace, thirsty as tigers of the jungle for blood, indignant at the wrongs of ages, poured out all the fury that had been gathering for centuries in the reservoirs of their national hate on the head of him who was comparatively innocent, more a victim of the system than a real enemy to the people. You can imagine the excitement, the anger, and the determination on the part of the people that monarchy, in the person of the king, should be made to suffer. But Paine, penetrating as he ever did beyond persons, beyond things, to the principles that underlie them, hated not monarchs, but monarchies. He hated the system which oppressed and kept

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men down, and at the risk of his own life, knowing what the issue would be, deliberately set himself to the Herculean task, single-handed and alone, of saving, if possible, the life of the dishonored king. Yet what was the king to him, Louis Capet as he called him? He was no friend to Paine. Had he regained his crown, he would have been ready to make Paine and all his compatriots suffer the extremity of death.

Let me in a few words picture the scene. Here is the National Assembly, the king on trial for his life. Paine alone rises and pleads for that life, asks them to destroy the monarchy, but save the king and to give him an asylum in America. The whole multitude are enraged against him for daring to speak such words, for daring to oppose the will of the assembly, and one man rushes to the tribune where he cries out, "These are not the words of Thomas Paine." But Paine, standing there in the simplicity of his Quaker garb, replies, "These are my words"; and the whole assembly is in confusion. The result was what Paine well knew it would be. He was arrested and thrown into prison, as a covert friend of the monarch. While he was in prison, there occurred one of the most marvellous escapes known to the world. Had Paine been a saint, it would have been called a miracle, it would have been declared a special providence. Just before he went to the prison of the Luxembourg to share imprisonment with hundreds of others waiting the day of their execution, he had left with a friend the first half of his book, *The Age of Reason.* If this had been an orthodox work, Paine's escape would have been considered a miracle worthy to be recited in pulpits and works of devotion from that day to this. Nearly all of his friends were guillotined. Night after night, or toward the early morning, the prisoners heard the death tumbril carrying its load toward the Place de la Revolution, food for that knife to whose red edge clung the gray hairs of old men, the tresses of beautiful women, the curling locks of young men. Paine, shut up here with his compatriots, knew that any day

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it might be his turn to follow them; and the day did come. It is evening. To-morrow, over a hundred others are to be guillotined. But, as the jailer goes his rounds with his chalk to mark the doors of those condemned, the outer door of the cell of Paine happens to be standing open. The jailer does not notice it. He makes his mark as usual, and passes on. A little later, the door is shut, and the chalk mark is *inside* and out of sight. And thus wonderfully is saved the life of Thomas Paine; for all the rest that were to die with him were guillotined with the light of the next rising sun. A few days after Robespierre fell; and it was only a question of time when Paine should be free.

These, then, as illustrations of the magnanimity, the generosity of heart of this man who has been so vilified and cursed and slandered from that day to this. He stood up at the risk of his life to save a dishonored and discrowned king who was his enemy! If you can point out to me any other scene in history to match it, save that of him who on the cross prayed for his murderers, you will have discovered what I have never been able to find.

I pass to Paine's religious opinions. He is called popularly an atheist and an infidel. He is called by all the vituperative words that can be found in the dictionary or can be coined by human spite or malice. That he really did believe in one God and in a future life, and that the essence of religion was doing good, that it was doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, is proved by his own words. His religious ideas were the very ideas of Franklin, of Jefferson, of many leading thinkers in England, France, and America at that time. I am not going to advocate those ideas. I am not going to defend nor express my opinion as to whether they were true or false. I only wish to point out the injustice of singling out his name for infamy, while men are ready to worship those who believed substantially the same as he did.

You remember, among the Spartans, children were taught that it was a virtue to steal, if they could do it wisely and

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successfully; but it was a crime, to be met with the severest punishment, if they were discovered. Some one has very wittily said that the eleventh commandment is, "Thou shalt not be found out." A great many people apparently lay more emphasis on this than on all the other ten. The crime of Paine, and the only crime, so far as I have been able to discover, is that he was found out. He was not found out in doing something of which he was ashamed. He voluntarily opened his heart and life to the inspection of the world. He believed so earnestly in the principles he held that he dared to utter and defend them, believing that it was as needful that the mind and heart of man should have their fetters broken as that the body should be free. And the long life of Paine was spent in the endeavor to break the fetters of mankind. Paine was the first man in America who deserves the name of an abolitionist. He was the first man brave enough to advocate the doctrine which he put into the words, "Man has no property in man." He was the first man to advocate universal freedom in America; and by a curious coincidence his life is connected wonderfully with that other man, whom we always think of when the proclamation of emancipation is mentioned. On the day of Paine's death, Abraham Lincoln was born. He who sowed the seed died on the year of the birth of him who gathered the perfected fruit. Paine, then, was all his life long an enemy of slavery, fighting for the rights of man.

Passing by a thousand things that are crowding in my mind and begging for utterance, I have time only to touch one other point.

I want to explain how and why it has come about that Paine's name is one to utter with an apology, if it be uttered at all. His opinions, I have told you, were those of many of the leading men of his time. Why, then, has he been so vilified? The answer will bear on the methods of religious warfare. Paine died, as I have told you, expressing in his will (written a few months before his death) his trust in God; and in calmness and peace he looked forward to

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the future. He had been dead but a little while when all over the United States stories began to be circulated representing him to have been a drunkard, a debauchee, as having recanted his religious ideas on his death-bed and having died in an agony of terror, looking forward to the future with fear, and receiving in anticipation something of the punishment that the Orthodox Church is generously ready to concede that he must have been suffering from that day to this. Even liberals are ready to repeat the slander; for only a week ago, in a sermon preached by a gentleman who has recently come out of Orthodoxy, and afterwards printed in the *Christian Register*, there is a repetition of the hundred-times refuted slander of the agony of Paine's death-bed.

Up to the last year of his life, he was the near friend of the best men in America. When he left France to return to this country, the President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, sent a national ship to convey him home; and he was received with one shout of welcome from North to South and from East to West. He was offered public position by the President, and by Congress. He was honored by resolutions passed by different States and cities, and by Congress itself. Is it possible that such a man in the last four or five years of his life should suddenly become a drunkard, a debauchee, everything horrible? Do you not know that most men's characters are fixed by thirty, that it is very rare for a man in his old age to turn back on the principles of thought and action that have guided him all through life? Undoubtedly, he drank more or less. So did everybody at that day. Ministers, deacons, all drank. Funerals and weddings were occasions for general drinking. But there is no reason to suppose that Paine drank any more than the average minister of his time did.

What, then, is the ground for all this vituperation? You find the answer in the *Age of Reason*. Paine dared to write and print that book in contravention of all the accepted principles of the Orthodoxy of the age. But is it very radical to-day? He believed substantially the same things

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which were at the heart of the creed of Theodore Parker. There are men, scholars, dignitaries of the Church, teachers and overseers in orthodox institutions, bishops, leading men in Europe and America, who to-day publicly advocate many of the essential principles of the writings of Thomas Paine, and no one hears a word against it. But he was so blackened and vilified at that day that it is almost impossible to go back and do him justice. All these slanders we can trace to their source.

There was a man by the name of Cheatham,—a name exceedingly appropriate to his character,—who had been a friend and co-worker of Thomas Paine in early life. Afterward becoming a Tory, Paine fought against his principles. Cheatham went back to England, and wishing to reinstate himself with the royal party he wrote a Life of Paine, by which at the same time he thought to revenge himself. In that Life of Paine appeared for the first time these venomous and utterly baseless slanders. This man was afterwards arrested and punished as a libeller for statements contained in this very book. Yet it is on the basis of stories so originated that Thomas Paine has been defrauded of his honor from that day to this.

Another source of these slanders was a servant-girl who used to carry little delicacies from her master to Paine during his last sickness. She was hired to lie about him, and she told a lot of things he said to her, when, as a matter of fact, it has been proved that she never saw him or exchanged a word with him. The master of this servant-girl testified that he himself had been offered large sums of money if he would consent to say that Paine had recanted his religious views before his death. These infamous falsehoods are simply evidences of the fright and fear of the Church at that time. They thought to lie him into infamy, and they have too nearly succeeded. It is time for us to scrape away this debris, and give the soul of Paine the resurrection to honor that belongs to it.

Many other services of Paine might be pointed out that

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deserve cordial recognition on the part of America. But so great an influence have these slanders acquired that in our centennial year, when his friends wished to place his bust in Independence Hall, where it ought to be as much as that of Washington himself, the request was refused, because Paine was supposed to have been such an awful infidel.

Paine stood ever for liberty of body, mind, and soul. He stood for the advance, the elevation, the education of humanity. The ideas which have created for us the grandeur of our republic were his ideas. We are living out and illustrating them; and, by and by, the other freedom, freedom for the mind, freedom to think, freedom to hope, these also will be conceded. And when the temple of human liberty and human worship shall have been reared and completed, and when all men shall walk in this temple's courts and have access to its holy of holies, and shall be free in body, in mind, and in soul, and when on the foundation stones of this temple shall be inscribed the names of its illustrious builders, in no inconspicuous place shall appear, carved imperishably, the name of Thomas Paine. Spite and ignorance and malignity may fling their vituperative mud at it, but the mud will not remain. It will fall away, and the name shall shine out still. Malicious fingers, turned by hate to claws, may seek to tear away the letters, but they shall be written there in adamant; and by and by there shall be rendered to him the full meed of praise that his services to America and mankind have earned.

EXTRACTS FROM PAINE.

(Read as a part of the service.)

"O ye that love mankind! ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the Old World is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country;

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but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph."

"A generous parent should say, 'If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.'"

"He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that, in defence of reason, rebels against tyranny, has a better title to 'Defender of the Faith' than George III."

"To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason, and whose philosophy consists in holding humanity in contempt, is like administering medicine to the dead."

"It is not every country, perhaps there is not another in the world, that can boast so fair an origin. Even the first settlement of America corresponds with the character of the Revolution. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians. Plunder and rapine made her rich, and her oppression of millions made her great. But America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the stages by which she rose to empire."

"Such is the irresistible nature of truth that all it asks and all it wants is the liberty of appearing. The sun needs no inscription to distinguish him from darkness."

"With respect to what are called denominations of religion, if every one is left to judge of his own religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is wrong; but, if they are to judge of each other's religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is right; and, therefore, all the world is right or all the world is wrong. But, with respect to religion itself, without regard to names, and as directing itself from the universal family of mankind to the divine object of all adoration, it is man bringing to his Maker the fruits of his heart; and, though these fruits may differ from each other like the fruits of the earth, the grateful tribute of every one is accepted."

"Every religion is good that teaches man to be good."

"Who art thou, vain dust and ashes! By whatever name thou art called,—whether a king, a bishop, a church, or a state, a parliament, or anything else,—that obtrudest thine insignificance between the soul of man and his Maker?"

"For my own part, I am fully satisfied that what I am now doing—with an endeavor to conciliate mankind, to render their condition happy, to unite nations that have hitherto been enemies, and to extirpate the horrid practice of war, and break the chains of slavery and oppression—is acceptable in his sight; and, being the best service I can perform, I act it cheerfully."

"When it shall be said in any country in the world, 'My poor are

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happy; neither ignorance nor distress is to be found among them; my jails are empty of prisoners, my streets of beggers; the aged are not in want, the taxes are not oppressive; the rational world is my friend, because I am the friend of its happiness,'— when these things can be said, then may that country boast of its constitution and its government."

"I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life."

"I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

"I do not mean by this declaration to condemn those who believe otherwise: they have the same right to their belief as I have to mine. But it is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself."

"I have always strenuously supported the right of every man to his opinion, however different that opinion might be to mine. He who denies to another this makes a slave of himself to his present opinion, because he precludes himself the right of changing it."

"The most formidable weapon against errors of every kind is reason. I have never used any other, and I trust I never shall."

"Nothing that is here said can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the real character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and an amiable man."

"The word of God is the creation we behold. And it is in this word, which no human invention can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man."

"Any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

"I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind. My time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator, God."

THE AMERICAN SONG.

(Words by M. J. Savage: music by Signor Cirillo. Sung by the choir at the close of the service.)

What song shall America sing,
  Young heir of the elder world,
Whose knee ne'er bent to a tyrant king,
  Whose banner defeat ne'er furled?
A song for the brave and the free,
  No echo of ancient rhyme,
But a shout of hope for the day to be,
  The light of the coming time.

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From the dark lowlands of the past,
  Swelling loud o'er the victim's cries,
The hero's shout sweeps up the blast
  Where wounded Freedom dies.
The drum's dull beat and the trumpet's blare
  From the far-off years are heard;
But the pæan of kings is man's despair,
  And the hope of the world deferred.

'Tis the song of the free we sing,
  Of a good time not yet born,
Where each man of himself is king;
  Of a day whose gladsome morn
Shall see the earth beneath our feet
  And a fair sky overhead;
When those now sad shall find life sweet,
  And none shall hunger for bread.

Sing then our American song:
  'Tis no boast of triumphs won
At the price of another's wrong,
  Or of foul deeds foully done.
We fight for the wide world's right,
  To enlarge life's scope and plan,
To flood the earth with hope and light,
  To build the Kingdom of Man.

NOTE.— I am no disciple or indiscriminate admirer of Paine. To say that he had many faults is only to say that he was a man. To say that he had more than most of his compatriots is probably not true. His treatment of the Bible was valid enough in his day, and as against the Orthodoxy of his day was unanswerable; but it is much behind the scholarly criticism of this age, and is now chiefly valuable as a part of the history of past opinion. The *soul* of his political and religious opinions is immortal, and will reincarnate itself in ever higher forms as man advances.

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IS "THE GOSPEL" GOOD NEWS?*

I HAVE one sole purpose this morning,—to raise and answer as well as I can the one question, Is "the Gospel" good news? You will understand that in the phrasing of this question I put the two words *the Gospel* in quotation-marks, meaning by that to suggest the inquiry whether that scheme of the universe and of man's destiny, which is embodied in the popular creeds, and which is proclaimed as being *par excellence the* Gospel, is really something we would like to believe. I raise this question because circumstances have lately occurred which make this a fitting time for its discussion; and for the reason that we who proclaim our right to think and investigate, and to come to such conclusions on these great themes as we are compelled to by the facts and the evidence as we see and understand them, are perpetually charged with taking away from man something of hope, something of comfort. We are charged with leading the world to what is called a dreary, dead materialism, with blotting out heaven, with clouding over by questionings the existence of a God and Father, and thus leaving humanity empty and desolate. And these charges are all the time accompanied by the assumption that they who make them, and who proclaim themselves custodians of God's word to dying men, have something which, if true, all men should joyfully recognize and embrace with glad thankfulness, as deliverance from death and the assurance of an eternal hope. I wish then to raise the question whether, between the two extremes of thought, if we were compelled to choose, we should call that which goes by the name of "the Gospel" good news rather than the other.

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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What are the circumstances that have made this a fitting theme for the day?

The Rev. George C. Miln, a little more than a year ago, left the Orthodox Congregational Church in Brooklyn to become the successor of Rev. Robert Collyer, in Chicago. At the time that he did this, it was commonly understood, over the country, that he was so conservative in his creed that he was not willing even to call himself a Unitarian. A little more than a year has passed; and now, as the result of certain studies in which he has been engaged, he has preached three sermons, the last of which culminates in the confession that he has surrendered all faith in a personal God and in personal immortality. The result of this confession very naturally is a request on the part of the church that he hand in his resignation, and cease to be its minister. As illustrating the tone of thought with which the matter is treated, I want to read to you two or three brief extracts which I have clipped from the Chicago *Alliance*, a paper which is edited by Prof. Swing. Mr. Miln, in declaring his faith, coupling that with the abolition of belief in future punishment, says that, when men believe as he does, death shall have lost its terror. The editor asks Mr. Miln, respectfully, "Who is the greatest sinner, the teacher who invented hell or the preacher who destroyed heaven?" Then, a little later on, he says: "The late reverend gentleman must excuse us: we do not want a pew in his Church of the Future. We would even prefer a seat in the gallery at Brother Talmage's, or to listen to Brother Little repairing the walls of hell. There is, at least, a light against that shadow."

"This 'glorious' church (!) of Mr. Miln's is only 'glorious' despair. 'You have looked on your dead mother's face for the last time, my son,' says this Church of the Future. Is not that 'glorious'? 'You have given your baby its last kiss, bereaved mother.' Is not that 'glorious'? 'Your eyes close never to open, your ears never again shall listen to the sound of song or the whisper of love, dying friend.' Is not that 'glorious'?"

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This I find no fault with. I cannot myself arouse any enthusiasm in my soul for a future beyond this life which is to be only nothing. I but read these illustrations as coming from that side of modern thought which stands for a creed that still holds not only to heaven, but to that other and darker side, which glooms forever in contrast with the eternal light. I want to give you two or three more illustrations of the way in which this style of thought is treated.

When Mr. Moody was in Boston, I remember on a certain occasion his teaching this, to him a perfectly natural thought. He drew a picture of a mother weeping over the dead face of her babe, and of Infidelity standing by her side and whispering to her its story of dark despair: in contrast to that the gospel, picturing heaven with its green fields, its city of golden streets, the little one growing up there under the tender care and ministry of angels, and waiting longingly to clasp in an eternal embrace of love the mother again, when she should come to find her. By infidelity he meant any creed which denied the essentials of the faith he held. Infidelity was cruel: no question as to whether it was true, but it is cruel, and it takes away human hope. This is the ever reiterated charge. To make this picture as strong as I can, I give you two verses from Oliver Wendell Holmes' "My Aviary," in the *Iron Gate*:—

"Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er:
One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

"Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphynxes,
The stony convent with its cross and beads."

And now let me give you one word from one of the most prominent scientific writers of the age. I do not know his name, but from his book I know he is a mighty thinker. I quote from *Theism*, published anonymously. He says, after having come to the conclusion that there is no proof of

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the being of a God, "I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and, although from henceforth the precept to 'work while it is day' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet, when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."

This from a prominent scientific writer. As I intimated a moment ago, I have no words of praise for *nothing*. I cannot hope for *nothing*. I cannot become enthusiastic over *nothing*. I cannot arm myself in defence of *nothing*. I would even say, quoting those words of Milton:—

> "Who would lose,
> Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
> Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
> To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
> In the wide womb of uncreated night,
> Devoid of sense and motion?"

To intensify the thought still more, let me give you one or two sentences from that great poem of Tennyson's recently published in the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Despair." A man who has lost faith in God and the future is supposed to be speaking all through this poem. He and his wife together attempted to commit suicide, because they had lost all faith. His wife was drowned. He was rescued by the minister of the chapel where he used to attend service before he had lost his faith in the popular religion. He exclaims:—

> "Oh we poor orphans of nothing, alone on that lonely shore,
> Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore,
> Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit,
> Come from the brute, poor souls,—no souls,—and to die with the brute!"

Picture just for a moment what it means. It means, as

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the editor of the *Alliance* has said, when your little child dies, the pain may tug at your heart and the old longing make you cry out with your tender sorrow, but you will never see the little one again. When your friend closes his eyes, it is good-by forever. That which once was his body may spring up again in the flower, may pass as perfume on the summer wind, may help to beautify the earth or float as a cloud once more in the sky; but, except in dreams which will fade out and grow dim with the years, you will never look upon their faces again, never clasp their hands again, never hear another whisper of love from their lips. As the ages go by, all of us will sleep; and the old earth, having lost her power of reproducing any more forms of life, shall swing a dead and wasted and worn-out planet in her cheerless course around the sun, and the system shall be lifeless as it was before the first creature moved upon its surface. This I say,—and I wish not to detract from its sadness and the blankness of it one whit,—this is the prospect which a so-called dead materialism holds out for us.

Leave that picture in your minds while now I draw another. I wish to contrast with this that which goes popularly by the name of "the Gospel"; and then ask you which of the two you would prefer. In order that I may not even seem to be unjust, I shall not construct a picture of the Gospel for myself, according to what I might choose to represent it to be. I am fortunately saved from the danger of misrepresentation, in attempting to do this, by having in my hands and placed at my disposal a famous article in the *North American Review* for the current month, written by Prof. George F. Fisher of the Yale Theological School; a man recognized all over America as one of the most scholarly representatives of the popular creed; a man broad-minded; a man who intends to be fair and unprejudiced; a man who would make as humane and glad a picture of his faith as it is possible for him to draw. And now what is this picture? He sums up what he regards as the essentials of the popular faith by saying that, if a man will be a

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Christian to-day, he must believe in the doctrine, in some form, of creation; in the original innocence and purity and in the present lost condition of the human race, however he thinks this loss has come about. He must believe in the supernatural incarnation and supernaturally provided Saviour, who suffered and who died, thus working an atonement, whatever theory of the fact he may hold. And that through this atonement, and through this atonement only, can any human being be saved. Finally, he declares it to be essential to this creed of Christendom that we should believe that those who are not saved through this scheme of atonement are to be eternally lost.

Now, I wish, friends, to take, if I can, this scheme out of the commonplace and make it vivid and full of meaning to you, so that you shall be able justly to compare it with that which I have already outlined. Can we regard any scheme of this universe, which includes eternal woe for even a small part of the race, as *good news* for man? I say nothing now, mark you, in regard to its truth. The question as to which of these schemes is true is not the question which I am discussing; but which, if true, would be the best news.

I want then, so far as I can, to mitigate, not exaggerate, this popular doctrine of eternal pain; and, in order that I may do that, I will say that for the purpose of our discussion we will leave out of account all the old literal hell-fire; though I want you to understand that that is not by any means left out of account as yet, except in the creed of the minority of Christendom. But, waiving that for the present, we will say that these eternal pains are only mental, spiritual suffering. Still, they are pains. The imaginations of the poets, the imaginations of the painters, the imaginations of the preachers of Christendom, have exhausted themselves for fifteen hundred years in picturing the horrors, the terrors, and the unimaginable woes of those that are to be counted among the lost. The words of the tender Jesus himself, if they be correctly reported, and they must be taken at least as a part of the creed of Christendom, because they at least

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assert that they are accurately reported,— I do not believe that they are,— picture the same thing. Jesus himself talks about the worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched. All through the New Testament, the picture is given of the smoke that ascendeth forever; and Jesus draws, in a parable, the portrait of one in hell in anguish for one drop of water to cool his tongue, which is forever denied him.

Let us mitigate this doctrine still further by admitting that it is possible that the majority of the race will be saved,— that is, taking the race in its totality through all time; for I suppose it is confessedly true that, according to this scheme, the majority has not been saved up to this present time. The *Congregationalist*, the leading paper of the denomination of that name, published in this city, a little while ago tried to throw some light on this dark theme by suggesting that, since all who die in infancy are saved, and since the majority of the race really die in infancy, the majority of men will, after all, find a home with God. And Mr. Talmage, in Brooklyn, the other day, went so far as to attempt to still further mitigate this doctrine by saying that even those that die in infancy in *heathen* lands will be saved; though this implies that those who live to grow up will not achieve that deliverance.

Let us grant, then, the probability that the majority of men will be saved; though I cannot pass over the matter of infant salvation without a few suggestive words. If men were all lost in Adam and inherited depravity and an inherent unfitness for heaven, then the doctrine of infant damnation which has been held is logical; and, if it is given up, it is only the result of the moral indignation of the civilized world against believing that which is so hideously barbaric. But it is believed still. I have in my hand the notice of a case cut from the *Christian Register* this very week, of a mother in Iowa who has gone insane because her little babe died unbaptized, and, as she supposed, had therefore gone to hell. These things are not so very far from you. I remember a

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case in my own experience, when I was in California. I rented a house for a short time of a man distinguished for every inhuman quality, and yet a man who loved his children as a tiger loves her cubs. One day, a beautiful little girl of his was taken suddenly ill; and, though he did not believe in the doctrine of the church to which I belonged, I was the nearest clergyman, and he came to me in frantic haste, and with passionate appeal begged me to come and baptize his child, lest she should die and go to perdition before he could get a minister of his own creed. I speak of these things to show you that this faith is not obsolete. If you do not find it here in Boston, remember that Boston is not America, nor is it all of what we call civilization.

If it be indeed true that all those dying in infancy go straight to the bliss of heaven, then, in all soberness and sincerity, I say that it is criminal for us to do anything to stay the epidemics which sweep through the slums and lower parts of our cities, and carry away the little ones by the hundreds and the thousands. They are living in the midst of circumstances where, if they grow up, they are almost sure to be lost. Letting them die, they at least are saved. If this doctrine be true, then Herod for his slaughter of the innocents should be canonized as a saint instead of being execrated as a criminal. For, according to the popular belief, if a man is willing to risk the eternal loss of his own soul for the sake of saving as many as he can, I say it is simple truth and soberness to assert that the man who spends his whole life long in the slaughter of little children is doing more to people heaven than as though he preached the gospel among them ever so vigorously.

Passing that by, however, and admitting that only a few thousands or a few millions (it must be as many as that) are to be lost, let me try to give you some conception of what that means. We say *forever*, we say *eternity*. I have been casting about in my mind this morning to try to find some illustration that should at least go a little way in an attempt to put a meaning into the word *forever;* and I have hit upon

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this. If the nebular theory of the universe be true,—and for our purpose it is no matter whether it is true or not,—some fifty millions of years ago the moon was flung off from our then rapidly revolving and molten planet, and began to revolve as a satellite in an orbit of its own. When the moon was first born, she was only a few miles away, comparatively. She made her revolution around the earth in a period of about three hours. She has been moving away from us ever since, and consequently the time of her orbit has been growing a little longer every thousand years. This event, as I have said, was fifty million years ago, more or less. It has taken the moon all that time to recede to its present distance, and to establish herself in her present orbit. But her movement is not yet completed. The moon is still receding just a little. She is pulling at our planet and lifting the tides every day, and every tide retards just a little the rapidity of the revolution of our own earth, so that the moon is actually making our day a little bit longer every thousand years. How much longer do you suppose? See the wonder of this science of astronomy and its calculations! The pull of the moon on our earth that creates the tides retards the movement of the earth around its axis a fraction of a second every thousand years. A few thousand years, and our day will be one second longer than now; a few thousand more years, and it will be another second; a few thousand more, and it will be three seconds longer; and these three will, as the countless cycles go around, become an hour, and that hour will stretch to a day, and that day to a week, until the time comes that science can accurately and definitely prophesy to-day when the day of this earth shall be about forty-five times the length of our present day, when the day and the month shall be equal. Can you estimate how long it will take for that to occur? You would exhaust all our Christian centuries, and get back to the birth of Christ; you would exhaust the history of Egypt and all that is known of the life of man on earth. Go back thousands of years, let the thousands pile up to millions, and in some millions of years from to-day the peo-

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ple who live on the earth then, and there is no reason why they should not live, will have a day that is forty-five times the length of our own day. But how much time is that, compared with eternity? That means only a fragment of the life of our solar system. This earth that we live on is only a little sand grain on the shore of an infinite sea. Exhaust the life of the earth, exhaust the life of our solar system,— for that itself is only a little handful of shining points on a background of infinity,— have you reached eternity when you are done? Run through the life history of every system that the telescope can reach with its mightiest power, exhaust the life of the known universe in its present form, and you have not used up one minute of eternity. All the computations of time mean nothing, when you lay them against the background of *forever*.

Through all this time, then, the souls of the lost are thrilling with unbearable anguish and writhing in unspeakable pain. To what end? Not for their own sake. No hope of reformation: they will only go from worse to worse forever. For the sake of their friends and neighbors? No, that cannot be. For the sake of God? It cannot be for the sake of his love. Does his justice demand it? What is such justice from our stand-point? What can we call it but infinite, inhuman, unspeakable cruelty.

Here let me read to you from this same poem of "Despair." I have shown you how Tennyson here lashes with all the power of his wonderful language the creed that believes in nothing. But he makes his man say further, speaking to the minister of his old creed (and I gladly quote Tennyson's language, for if I put it in my own you might think me raving):—

"Nay, but I am not claiming your pity: I know you of old,—
Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold,
Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves and the human heart and the age. . . .
What! I should call on that Infinite Love that hast served us so well?
Infinite wickedness, rather, that made everlasting hell!

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Made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what he will with his own.
Better our dead brute mother, who never has heard us groan! . . .
Ah, yet, I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all, after all, the great God for aught that I know.
But the god of love and of hell together, they cannot be thought.
If there be *such* a god, may the *great* God curse him and bring him to naught!
Blasphemy! True, I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk.
But the blasphemy to *my* mind lies all in the way that you walk."

Suppose we turn the matter around just a minute, and let this *Alliance* ask its questions over. "You have looked on your dead mother's face for the last time," for, saintly as she was, noble as she was, self-sacrificing as she was, she had not experienced that change or accepted that faith which alone is the condition of salvation; and you, unless you follow her down yonder, shall look over the battlements of heaven to see that piteous, woful, hopeless look of appeal in your mother's face. You must turn away and listen to her wails without being permitted even to carry her a drop of water to quench the agony that she endures. "Is not that glorious? Is not that good news?"

I might parallel the other questions, but it seems to me almost blasphemy. Recall for a moment that famous scene in George MacDonald's famous novel, where the little boy talking with his grandmother, asks her if, when he gets up to heaven, he will not be permitted to go up to the company of the great ones and utter the thoughts that are in his heart. And when she encourages him with the idea that he may, and asks what he will say (I can quote only the thought), he replies that he will rise up; and speaking to the Lord sitting at the head of the table there (having in mind the supper that they are to sit down to, that picture of the banquet in heaven, and to those around it) he will say, Any of you that has a neighbor or a friend down yonder come with me, and let us go together to the foot of the throne, and ask the Father if we may not be permitted to do as Jesus did aforetime, go down and help carry the burdens and sor-

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rows of those who have more than they can bear, to help them up and lift them out of their anguish.

But it is said many times,— oh, how many times I have heard it! — even if only a few are saved, think of the infinite mercy and love implied in Jesus, the second person of the godhead, leaving off his divine honor and glory to come down to suffer and die even for a few. If you look no further, the appeal is well grounded. But consider for a moment. Suppose a ship, ill-constructed, with a rotten hulk, were sent to sea, and in mid Atlantic, struck by a storm, were dismasted, wrecked, her passengers swept off, most of them to sink, the rest clinging to the wreck, hungry, suffering, waiting, wistfully longing for help in any form to come to them. Suppose that some one, foreseeing the probability of this wreck, had sent another ship after the first, and out of the great number picks up at least a few and saves them; is not that a grand and generous deed? Ah, no words can make it grander or more generous! But suppose it is the one who sent out the second ship *who also sent out the first*, and who knew that it was rotten-hulked and likely to wreck and poorly manned, and that she would go to the bottom: would there be words of gratitude for the grace or words of cursing for the crime? This last is the real state of affairs, if the old creed is to be accepted.

Which, then, is good news? Is it this,— that down yonder living forever and in the sight of those who sit in the sunshine of everlasting peace, sending up the smoke of its torment, there shall be a land of wailing forever and ever? Can those who believe that, and call it "the Gospel," dare taunt Mr. Miln, dare taunt the scientist, dare taunt any man who, in contrast to that, holds the glad, joyous, hopeful belief that at least we will be permitted to sleep and know nothing beyond? It seems to me that, if the contrast were held out before any man who has *not been made inhuman by an inhuman creed and the worship of an inhuman God*, he would not hesitate an instant to take sleep forever as the gladdest

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news, compared with that which they dare abuse language by calling *good news*.

Now, friends, lest my own position be misunderstood, I wish to say first that, if I knew there was no future at all, but only sleep at the end, I should still be glad that I am alive. Second, and this is the important matter, I do not for one moment admit that the alternative lies between the choice of these two extremes. I believe that this idea of an endless hell will be outgrown and left behind. By and by, as the world gets civilized, it will be looked upon with horror, as a nightmare dream of barbarism. It will be looked upon as civilized men now regard the Inquisition, only with the added horror that it is endless in its torture, and so unspeakably more cruel than that which Spanish mediævalism devised. That will be outgrown. I believe also, with my whole soul, that this lack of faith in a future is only a temporary phase of thought. The more deeply I study science, the more I try to comprehend what this wondrous thing we call matter is, the more I try to look through and through this universe, it seems to me like plodding on through a cloud. As we enter the edge of it, all is obscure; but, if we go on fearlessly, we shall gradually emerge in the sunshine on the other side.

I take up a handful of this matter from the street. I study it in the light of science. I find it leads me into the wondrous presence of the throbbing, thrilling, infinite life which we call God. I believe that I am the child of that life, and that a spark of its eternity burns in me, and that, when both these creeds are left behind, men will fearlessly look up and trustingly look on, with their eyes kindled by a deathless hope.

And now, O Father, forgive us, if anything we have said or thought is wrong. We have tried, Father, to defend thy memory and thy thought against the slanders of man's cruel imagination. Lead us into the light, love us all and guide us, and make us thine own forever!

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THE MODERN SPHINX.*

You all are familiar with the name of the sphinx, and with the picture of that stony creation, having the head and bust of a woman and the body of a lion, sitting silent, as the years go by, amid and half-buried by the sands of Egypt. But it is only within recent times that the mystery of the idea has been revealed, and people have learned to understand what it was that the creators of this strange image had in mind when it was carved from the stone. It was long held that the sphinx was an image peculiar to the thought and the history of Egypt; but it is now known that Egypt probably did not even originate the idea; for the word is an Aryan one, and belongs to that line of development that leads us through the history of Greece, and to which we ourselves belong. We find the sphinx, then, as a part of the architecture and sculpture of Greece; only the Grecian mind, being more fluent, more original, more varied in its applications of thought than the Egyptian, has given the form a wider and larger variety of expression. We find the image there always with the face and bust of the woman, but now with the body of the lion, now with that of some other animal, sometimes with the wings of the eagle, sometimes with the tail of a dragon. What does it mean? I will lead you on step by step, and try to make its significance palpable and apparent.

The first step toward an answer to the question leads us naturally to refer to the tragedy of *Œdipus*, with which you have become familiar during the last year, from the fact of its representation at Harvard, and more recently at one of our city theatres. The story, you know, is that the sphinx was this strange, supernatural creature sitting by the wayside, where men were compelled to pass, propounding her riddle. If the wayfarer could answer her question, he went on,

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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crowned with success and honor, to the achievement of his purpose. If he could not answer, he was pitilessly devoured. The story goes that King Œdipus, on his way from Corinth to Thebes, finds the sphinx sitting by the wayside on a lofty rock ; she propounds her riddle, and he, of all who have attempted, is able to answer correctly. The result is that the sphinx hurls herself down in rage and disappointment, and is herself destroyed.

The second point that I wish to show the meaning of is that her death was followed by a copious shower of rain. What is the meaning of this ? The word " sphinx " means one that binds, one that ties up, that conceals, one that holds away from others. In order to get at the meaning of this strange word and these strange phenomena, I must let you into the secret of the attitude of the child mind of the world toward the facts and phenomena of nature.

All language, as you perhaps know, was originally figurative. Every word was a metaphor, every phrase was alive. All things that were spoken of were endowed with personality, with will, with thought, with feeling. Take our most abstract terms to-day, words that seem to you perfectly colorless, as lifeless as a fossil, and dig them out of the dictionary and trace their history, and you shall find that they are indeed fossils, the remnants of something that was once living thought. When first man attempted to talk of the world, of the sun, of rivers, waters, winds, and trees, he endowed them with life, he told stories about them. We find traces of this in the Bible. Do you not remember how the Psalmist speaks of the sun rising like a strong man, "coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race." So the ancients spoke of the sun as driving a chariot, like a god, across the brilliant roadway of the sky. You will see then how natural it is after people have forgotten the meaning of the terms they have used, after the race, once united, has broken up into fragments and emigrated this way and that, that they should forget entirely the figurative meaning of those words. They forget the meaning, but the story

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remains. They go on telling their story about the strong man rising from his bed and running a race, meaning the sun; and the sun becomes Hercules, or becomes Apollo driving a chariot across the sky. People have forgotten that this was originally the pictorial way of setting forth natural phenomena, and the story is told age after age. In this way, myths arise. No man, no people, ever invented a myth. They grow and develop as naturally as flowers in a garden. This story of the sphinx is simply a part of this old cycle of myths that once reached clear round the globe, belting the whole sphere of human thought and human life.

Now, what does it mean? There is hardly a question that originally the sphinx was the storm-cloud in the heavens. About these clouds, they knew nothing; about the laws of the atmosphere, of evaporation, of sunshine, of air, so familiar to us, they knew nothing. These were living things to them, and so they talked about the clouds as great, dark dragons. And, when the earth was parched with drought, they told themselves of these dragons holding back the rain and carrying the waters of the sky away to their caves, and keeping these refreshing stores from vegetable life, from the parched and thirsty earth. And the sun was a hero that was a friend to man: he went forth in search of these storm dragons, and shot at them his arrows of bright lightnings that thrust them through, and showers came down to refresh the thirsty earth. And, when the clouds muttered in the voice of the thunder, this was the sphinx propounding her riddle in a language which men could not understand. But Œdipus was himself a sun-hero, one of the immortals, one of the inhabitants of the sky originally; and therefore he knew the language of the heavens, and could answer her riddle, and thus refresh the weary, waiting earth.

I wish to broaden this conception of the sphinx a little, and, instead of letting it represent one phase, one form of the life of the world, let it, as it may fitly, stand for nature herself,—not simply for one development of nature, but for all nature. The sphinx then becomes nature in its relation

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to man, smiling in the blue of the sky, smiling in the glints and glances of light upon the waters, smiling in vegetation, smiling in flowers, in all the thousandfold variety and beauty of the world. But underneath the smile are the hard facts and laws and conditions of human life, that must be met and solved,— the woman's face and the woman's smile, the ravening maw of the lion, the heavy paw tipped with its claws, relentless, inexorable, demanding that the riddle be answered, or else that the forfeit of disaster and destruction be paid.

Is it not in this attitude that we stand to all the facts, the forces, and phases of this wondrous human life of ours? And what does this mean? The sphinx is only the old mythical, poetical way in which men told themselves the same story precisely that the clear, calm voice of science is telling us to-day. The sphinx is only the old way of expressing that which Mr. Darwin calls the struggle for life, the survival of the fittest, the law of natural selection; and that underneath the calm face and the beautiful smile nature is going inexorably forward.

You will soon have an opportunity to look upon the green, growing grasses in our parks, by the waysides, in your yards, if you are fortunate enough to have them in the suburbs, and in the country fields. Do you know that every grass-plot is a pitiless battle-field where the tiny blades by the thousand and the million are struggling with each other and struggling with the conditions that surround them for their very life? Only a certain number can live upon any particular plot of ground, and there are hundreds, therefore, that must die. There is a battle for existence in every grass-plot on the face of the earth. Go into your garden or your hot-house, where flowers are springing or will be soon, when the winter has passed by. Do you know that, where the rose and the pinks and the different varieties of flowers are springing from the soil, this same warfare is going on,— a warfare as relentless as though the red tint of the flower were the spattering of blood? However peaceful and quiet they

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may seem to you, the flowers are fighting for life; so the fishes in the sea, the insects in the air,—one wide scene of battle everywhere. And do you not know how true this is in the sphere of your own practical business life? Is not this what we mean when we talk of competition, of struggle for success, each man striving with all the power of hand and brain for a footing, and to enlarge his standing-room, and to control more and more of his surroundings, and meeting antagonistic interests and struggles of a thousand others on every hand? Is it not precisely the same in your homes even? Are you not struggling to attain your ideal home; a battle where only those things that are fit can survive, where you must comply with certain conditions or certainly fail?

Is not the scholar engaged in a struggle like this for his success? Is not the statesman engaged in a similar warfare? And not only in the case of individuals, but is it not true of churches, of clubs, of art organizations, of literary associations? Is it not true of all aggregations up to the nations of the world? Is not this perpetual struggle and strife, whether it be peaceful through diplomacy, peaceful by debates in legislative assemblies, or whether it be peacefully carried on in the brains of students in the quiet of their studies, or whether it be on battle-fields in the midst of shock of armies, and the carnage and suffering that follow,—everywhere, this struggle going on?

Mr. Huxley has used a striking figure, to which, as enforcing and illustrating this idea, I wish to refer. He pictures every man as sitting at a chess-board and playing the game of life. His adversary is the unseen power that works through all the natural forces of the world.

But, as Mr. Huxley expresses it, the man plays with an adversary who takes advantage of every mistake. If he makes a false move, it cannot be taken back. He may possibly retrieve it, recover by after efforts; he may possibly turn an apparent defeat into victory; but no prayers can change a fact after it has occurred; no lamentations, no re-

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grets, no remorse, are of avail. This world is a chain made up of cause and effect, cause and effect, cause and effect, each effect becoming a cause, making a chain of which no link ever was or ever can be broken.

Is this hard? Is it remorseless? Is it cruel? It is sometimes said to be: yet look for a moment at the results of this struggle for life and the survival of the fittest in the inanimate world, as it is called. This struggle for life means the development of the finest grasses, the development of the most beautifully tinted and most fragrant flowers. It means the development of the finest flavored fruits, of the noblest and most beautiful trees for shade and for ornament. Go up into the animal world, and it means the development of the swiftest stag, of the strongest lion, of the swiftest winged bird, of the most beautiful singer,— the development of the highest and finest qualities everywhere,— the fastest horse, the most rapid racer for the course. If you go up into the sphere of human life, it meant at first, in the old ages, when physical power was the most important thing in the world, the development of muscle, of brute force and rude strength. As civilization went on, there came this intangible power of thought, cunning at first, afterwards a broader and more generous intelligence, that was mightier than any brute strength, that could outwit any merely physical power. This intelligence in the hands of a weak and feeble animal,— for man in the midst of the other animals of the world looked like helplessness itself,— no claws, none of the natural weapons with which to battle his way, gave him power. How was it that he fought through, and survived and came out king? That throne in the brain gave him the power of controlling the natural forces of the world, and of bringing the rude brute strength of the world to his feet.

As development went on, another change came. It is not simply thought that is master to-day. There is abroad in the atmosphere of the world, touching the individual in his home, touching nations in their dealing with nations, swaying even the sceptres of those that think themselves irresist-

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ible and irresponsible despots, a more intangible, invisible, imponderable power, mightier than the cannon, sharper than the sword. And this moral power is to-day prince and king of the world. It has survived in this struggle for life for the simple reason that it has shown itself fit and mighty.

And so these hard facts, these inexorable laws of the world, as we call them, have ultimated in the development, in all cases of life, from the lowest to the highest, in the finest, the sweetest, and the best; and they reach forward to finer, higher, sweeter outgrowths and blossoms still.

The point, however, that I wish to impress upon you especially this morning is the inexorableness of these conditions. This sphinx, with her problem to be solved, her riddle to be read, her condition to be met,— this sphinx sits by the side of every man's pathway, by the pathway of every woman, of every child. And none goes by except as he solves the riddle, finds the answer to the problem, complies with the condition. There is no excuse to be received. There are no exceptions to the universal rule. If a man is to enter into any particular business in this city of Boston and win his way to success and power, he must do it by finding out the conditions of that success and complying with them. There is no other way. If a man will reach the heights up which the feet of learning strive to climb, he must find out the conditions, how to unlock the gate and to open the door, that he may pass in to the attainment of those things that he desires. If a man wishes to attain the development in himself of some grand moral ideal, to make himself after a certain grand pattern that is his daylight thought and his night-time dream, here also are the inevitable conditions. No shilly-shallying, no thoughtlessness is allowed, no playing with those inexorable forces. Only under certain conditions and after certain inexorable laws can it be attained. If a man wishes success as an artist, if he wishes to paint a grand picture or carve a noble statue, there are certain conditions of success to be met. No man ever stumbled into such success, no one ever blundered into it. Labor, patience, strug-

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gle, are implied. The conditions must be found out and met. The riddle must be answered, or that ambition of the man's life will be devoured.

It is precisely the same when we leave the individual and take associations of men. The law holds with nations, the law holds in every department of human life; and not only of human life, but of all life, from the lowest clear up to the highest.

Men, however, talk about exceptions to such a condition as this. I have had persons consult with me within the last week or two as to the meaning of these apparent exceptions. They say there seems to be an element of luck in human life; men stumble into success who do not deserve it; men who have made no careful prolonged study of the conditions seem to make a fortunate or lucky hit, and attain the thing they desire; while, on the other hand, there are some who, with all their labor and effort, fall short and never attain.

Let me tell you what I believe to be the truth lying underneath this experience. There is a certain element in human life that is called accident, that is called luck, called so for lack of knowledge. There is no accident, there is no luck, there is no slightest infringement of the inexorable law through this whole universe. It only means this: when I have, in the case of the particular man, the particular fact, traced the causes just as far as I can go, and find that there is something beyond these that I do not understand, I simply set up a post and put a placard on it, and call it luck or accident. That is, luck is simply a name for ignorance. It is only a name to cover that which we do not know.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Take the combination lock of a great safe in a bank. It is set after a peculiar fashion, to be opened only by him who knows the combination and who has the key. There are thousands, millions, of possible kinds of locks, millions of possible kinds of keys, thousands of possible combinations, but they are limited. Now, of course it is just possible — that is, there is a chance in ten thousand perhaps, or in a million — that a blundering

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child or an ignorant burglar may have picked up just the right key and may have hit upon just the right combination, and may open the lock without the slightest idea as to how it was done, or understanding the conditions of the process. I say there is a *chance* that such a thing might occur. But here is a point, and you must mark it in the matter: even if the child does not know how he did it, if the burglar did not know how he did it, nevertheless just as truly did he do it by complying with the conditions. He may have complied with the conditions ignorantly, but he complied with them. No result ever follows, unless those conditions are complied with. This is what I mean by the inexorableness of these laws and conditions of human life.

I wish, in conclusion, to outline a few of the mental and moral states that are necessary to fit a man for finding out the answer to the riddle of the sphinx, in whatever shape it may be propounded to him.

The first thing essential to meet the conditions of a true, grand life is the possession of that virtue which has been theologically abused and mystified, until one hardly knows what it means, and would be glad to find another name for it: I mean faith. The first grand essential to any noble living, thinking, acting, is faith. I do not mean by this *credulity*, the believing a certain thing because some one says it is religious and pious to do so, belief on the strength of the dictum of the priest, the church, the synod, or council. It is not the belief in something without a reason. It is the belief in something that as yet overleaps and outruns palpable perception and demonstration.

Take, for example, the poet Milton in his early youth, when he said to himself that he would write a poem that the world would not willingly let die. He proposed, in his flight, no middle aim, but to reach the utmost acme of achievement. What was this purpose in him that braced him up and stood him in stead during his long years of waiting, and made him mighty in his blindness and in his age? It was faith in himself, the feeling as if a bird while still unhatched

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should have some dim consciousness or sensation of possible wings; the belief in himself of something unattainable as yet, but that was to come, something stirring uneasily and longing to be born. It was faith like that of Columbus, who could not demonstrate that there was another continent beyond the sea, but who had reason to believe it and who had faith in his power to find it.

Take the men that are searching forever for the open polar sea, or striving to reach the north pole. Who would send out to command any such expedition one who says: "It is of no use, it cannot be done. Thousands of people have failed, and there is no more use in trying further. There is no open polar sea, there is no north pole; and, if there is, there is no use in finding it"? It is the man who looks a thousand failures in the face, and says, "The thousand and first time shall be a success"; it is the man who believes in himself, who believes in the universe, who believes that its powers and laws will respond to his appeal, who believes that he can carve the glorious thoughts out of the shapeless block, that he can turn the bare canvas into creations of beauty,—this is the quality that a man needs to take with him into every department of human life, in order that he may succeed. There should be in such a man's heart, though I quote that trite phrase in saying it, no knowledge of any such word as fail. There should be the spirit that Goethe had in mind when he said,—I only quote his thought,—No man can ever do much in this world who does not believe in the possibility of the impossible. This is the spirit with which a man must face the facts and problems of life, whether theoretical or practical.

Another preparation is an intellectual one. If you are to find out the conditions of success, there must be thought, there must be careful study; because success in business, in building up a happy home, in political life, in the pursuit of science, of art, of learning,—success anywhere,—is simply a problem, just as much as a question in arithmetic or the extraction of the cube root, to be intellectually solved. There are certain things to be known about it, as to the *how*; and,

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because so many people do not know how, they go blundering and stumbling stupidly through life, and never succeed. This is the reason why there are young men who sit in their quiet homes or stand around street corners, while other young men get the places they desire. It is the young man who knows that in this department of business or that there is something to be thought about, something to be known, and who sets himself to do it, who succeeds in answering the riddle of the sphinx; and it is the other kind that is devoured. He who goes through life trusting that, just because one man in a million succeeds by accident, he may be that one, has a million chances to one that he will be of the other kind. What would you think of a man who, just because somebody had blundered into opening a safe without knowing the combination, should pick up the first key that he found lying around and start for his store, thinking that he might be the one who could open a lock in this way? He who begins life waiting for something to turn up, instead of setting himself to turning something up, will go through life as Micawber did, and end at last with his disaster.

First, faith; second, knowledge; third, action,—patient, persevering, relentless, tireless effort. Goethe has said again that genius is simply a capacity for hard work. That which you think is so easy when you see a skilful man performing it, you must remember is the result of laborious art. I once took a little boy with me to hear Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"; and, after he had watched him all the way through, he said: "That isn't acting, is it? That is just as easy as can be. I could do it myself." Yet that was the grandest praise that could be bestowed. The actor had labored so many years, elaborating every fine and perfect detail into such consummate finish that it was life on the stage, not acting at all. So, when you hear a man who can rise and speak with perfect ease and composure apparently, you may set it down that he is either supernaturally inspired or that there are years and years of toil and labor behind him. If you see a man painting a beautiful picture with perfect apparent

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ease, handling the brush as though he were born with it in his grasp, you may know that that means days and years of unremitting toil. And, when you see a person who fingers the piano notes till you would say the instrument plays itself, you may know that that means laborious, year-long, patient practice of what to the man as he practised it was sheer drudgery.

So, if there is any young man in this house who expects without faith, without thought, and without study, without patient, persevering labor, in the midst of and in spite of the discouragement, to attain anything in this world that is worth attaining, he will simply wake up by and by, and find that he has been playing the part of a fool.

Remember then that the sphinx is beside every pathway, and she will ask her riddle: if you can answer it, honor and success are yours; if you cannot, expect nothing but disaster and failure.

Father, it is thy law, it is thy life,— all this world that we face and with which we deal; and we ask that we may remember that, when we obey the law of brain or body, of air or earth or sky, we are simply performing the highest and grandest act of religion: finding out the commands and obeying the words of God himself. And through this obedience we believe thou wilt lead us to the highest things. Amen.

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THE CHIEF END OF MAN.*

LAST Sunday morning, I tried to picture to you the sphinx, smiling, inexorable nature, sitting beside every human pathway and propounding her riddle, the answering of which was the condition of all human advance toward whatever object it was sought to attain. I insisted upon the inexorableness of this condition. I insisted upon the fact that every man for himself or some one for him must pay the price of whatever is gained in human life. But, before we go on in any farther discussion of this question of human advance, it is needful that we should have in our minds some clear conception of that toward which we ought to advance. Before I can adequately and intelligently discuss the practical problems of human life, I must have set up a standard by which they can be measured. For business ambition, social station, artistic tastes, scientific pursuit,— these are not ends in themselves. They are not good in themselves: they are not bad in themselves. They are what they are simply as they are related to something else which is of more importance than they.

The thing we want then to fix in our minds this morning, and this is the only purpose I have in view, is the something else, the object, the legitimate, rational object, of all human endeavor. What is the chief end of man? What must a man attain before, looking at him, we can say "that life is a success"? What must he have attained, what must he have become? When we have raised this standard, when we have clearly set before ourselves this ideal, then we are ready to discuss the minor questions in the light of this, and to adjudge them their place and their true importance.

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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How shall we go to work to find out what is the chief end of human life? As preliminary to that, and as giving us a clear grasp of our guiding principle, let us ask a simple question. What is the chief end of anything? What do we mean when we are talking about the chief end of anything? What is anything for? What have we in mind as we ask that question, and by what standard shall we answer it? It seems to me that we shall not be very far wrong if we say that practically, though we may never have analyzed it to see what we were really thinking, we are accustomed to judge things according to that which they are fitted by nature to accomplish; and that we raise the further question whether by accomplishing this for which they are fitted they are or are not rendering the greatest possible service to man. No matter what good or bad may be, as related to any other creature, as related to the animals beneath us or to higher intelligences above us, we must judge everything as good or bad as related *to us*, to our welfare and to our happiness.

We say then that anything — a tree, a piece of machinery, an animal, a bird — is good or bad, according as it does that which it is fitted to do, and in so doing renders some service to man. But — and here is a point that I shall have occasion to use as soon as I rise to the level of discussing human nature — we must take note of the fact that almost everything is capable of more than one use. Yet there is some one use for which it is best fitted, some one use that it can answer in a nobler way than any other.

Take one or two very simple illustrations, and the simpler the better, to make my idea clear. Suppose a party of us were spending the summer in the Adirondacks. We are crossing some part of the land, perhaps between the lakes or the rivers, and we are carrying our canoe upon our shoulders. A storm comes up. We may turn the boat bottomside up, and by crawling under it make it serve us as a shelter,— turn it into a tent and protection against the tempest. It will serve that purpose very well, and yet we know it is not the highest purpose for which it is fitted, it is not the one thing

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it can do best. It has a higher and grander use when it does that for which its builder intended it. So we may say of a tree. Take for example a fruit tree. Some fruit trees are large enough, spread their branches wide enough, and are so abundantly supplied with foliage that they may answer very well as shade trees, and yet we know that giving shade is not the chief end of the fruit tree. There are other trees that do not bear fruit that can accomplish this subordinate purpose better. The chief end of a pear tree or an apple tree is the production of pears or apples. Shade, beauty, all these things, are purely incidental. The other is the chief end. Why? For no other reason, no other is possible, or necessary, than that by bearing fruit it fulfils the ideal of its own nature, does that for which it is best fitted and renders the best service to man.

I might give you a thousand other illustrations bearing on this same point, but one, if I have made my idea clear, is as good as a dozen.

Leaving the preparatory illustrations, come to the main theme, and let us look at a man, and see if we can find out for what he is best fitted, and by fulfilling which he can render the noblest and greatest service to the world. Stand a man up before you, and look at him. The first thing of course that strikes your thought is that he is an animal. Looked at in one way, he is the very paragon of animals, the perfection, the crown, the ultimate ideal of the animal world. Yet, if he attempts to live simply and purely an animal life, we must feel that he is making a rather poor business of it. He is no match, in a great many different directions, for some of the other animals. He cannot compete with this one in size, nor with that in agility, nor with another in swiftness, nor with others in the keenness of some instinct or faculty or power. The dog, the horse, the tiger, the elephant, will beat him at one point or another, and leave him hopelessly behind in the race.

Yet, after all, we feel that a man who is living simply an animal life is degrading himself. What do we mean by that?

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Did you ever ask yourself what it signifies to be degraded? Have you ever looked at the meaning of the term itself? It means nothing more nor less than this,—that, stepping down from the higher level or grade on which by faculty and endowment you are fitted to live and capable of living, you chose a domain which is on a lower level or grade, and thus became something less than the noble possibility of your being.

It is a grand thing for a man to be a perfect animal, because the animal, after all, is the basis and the condition of everything that is reared upon it and towers above its possibility. But for a man to be only a perfect animal wins contempt, because we say he is fitted for something better than that, that is not his highest use, his chief end. He is capable of a nobler activity; and, in fulfilling this higher function, he renders a nobler and grander service to his fellows.

Going above the animal capacity, the next thing that strikes us in human nature is the power of man as a thinker, the capacity of his brain. Yet, if a man simply thinks, simply studies, simply learns, and all this thought and study and learning be not dominated, shaped, controlled by something higher and better, we still feel that a man is less than he might be. Keenness and sagacity do not fulfil our ideal of a man. Depth of knowledge, breadth of comprehension, these do not fill out our ideal of the capacity of a man; for we know that all these faculties — imagination, comprehension, memory, insight — are only weapons, implements, that a man grasps and uses. He that uses is something more than that which is used. He may use these things for good or he may use them for bad. The greatest intellect, perverted to the service of evil, only results in a consummate devil.

Intellect alone then, knowledge alone, does not fill out our grandest ideal of man. Simply to know therefore cannot be the chief end of man. Knowledge is for something, as physical strength is for something, not an end in itself. It is subservient to something reaching beyond and above it. Why should there be a head-light to a locomotive, except that

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the locomotive is intended to go somewhere along the track for which the head-light shall only serve as illumination. Why does a man kindle a torch except that he may see with it, or light some of his fellows on a darkened pathway? Why then should a man think, why should he know, why should he study, except that this thought and knowledge and study may minister to something beyond themselves?

Precisely the same result will be reached, if we look at man in any other of the different capacities and possibilities that make up the sum of those things that we call his functions. Men may possess a marvellous ability for carrying on business and accumulating money; but, if a man devotes his whole energy, all his thought, all his time, simply to that, was there ever a case in the history of the world, when, looking upon such a one, we could pronounce with dispassionate judgment that he had at last realized the ideal of man? A machine for money-making, however perfect, however powerful, however it may outstrip all the other competitors in the world, is not a man, if that is all. A man may make money; but the money, if it be rightly regarded, is for something. His ability to make money is serviceable to him and his fellows only as it is used for something beyond itself. I care not in what direction you look at man, you may see how true this is, clear around the whole circle of human faculty and endeavor. A man has a sense of beauty, he has training, natural endowment, genius, or what you choose to call it, that enables him to give external and material expression to this sense of beauty, and that is what constitutes him an artist. But let a man live in the world of art; let him range through the galleries of imagination, hung with pictures, lined with statues and constructed according to the noblest ideals of architecture that the world has ever seen; let a man live in this world of ideal beauty,— is that all, is that his highest, is that his best?

Why should a man paint a picture, why should a man embody in any external form the consummate and perfect vision of his artistic imagination? Surely not for the sake of

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itself. A picture, a statue, a fine piece of architecture,—these are not in themselves the ends of human endeavor. If they be worth anything, it is because they are for something that reaches beyond themselves. So with the writer of a drama, a novel, a book of any kind, precisely the same thing is true.

Thus, we may look at man; and as we get a clear conception of his faculties and functions, and see the results that he is able to work in the appearance of the world, in the structure and progress of human life, we see everywhere that none of these things are the end. Man is not for them: they are for him.

The end of human life then, what is it? What is it for which man is best fitted, and through the performance of which he can render the best service to the world?

We go up one step higher, and we get a glimpse at last of the ideal, and, so far as our search is concerned, the ultimate truth. We find that the highest and best thing, according to the instinctive judgment of all men, as they look at others,—whether they use it as a measure of themselves or not,—is the possession of a loving spirit and the standing in some helpful relation to their fellow-men. The grandest thing in a man is the feeling of love, and the grandest thing he can do is to live out this feeling of love. To this, all the other lower and grosser things of the world are only steps of ascent, only ministers and servants, standing in its divine presence, ready to run at its bidding.

To put it in another way, a little thought will show you that the chief end of life is living. The chief end of man is manhood. Consider for a moment, while I give you what I regard as an ideal man, and then let me ask if you know of anything finer conceivable in this world or any other: a man perfect in body, sound in health, sane in mind, and with his intelligence trained, joyous in soul, responding to all the ten thousand appeals of the world's beauty and music, glad and happy because his whole nature is in tune,—such a man, living with the constant endeavor to make other men like himself; that is, devoting himself to the welfare of the

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world. Look at him: a man healthy in body, intelligent in mind, joyous in spirit, and helpful toward all the world,— is there anything finer, is there anything higher than that? The longer you look at this, the profounder it will appear that the chief end of man is nothing else, can be nothing else, than manhood.

Why is it that the world has been cleared of its primeval forests, and so large a part of it turned into a garden, except to make room on the old planet for a man to live and move? Why is it that ships have been invented and built, and that their sails whiten or the smoke of the steamers darkens every sea? Why do they touch at every port and bring the products of every soil and clime, except that these things may be laid at the feet of a man? Why is it that plays have been written, poems created, novels and books of ten thousand kinds composed,— why, but that thus man's intelligence may be elevated, delighted, and satisfied? Why is it that the old masters have felt the music of this great universe singing in their souls, and have given outward expression to music through musical instruments of so many kinds, except that those sons of song may minister to the joy and uplift the aspirations and give inarticulate utterance to the inexpressible emotions of a man?

Why is it that the artistic genius of the world has created so many external forms of beauty, except that this sense of beauty in a man may be satisfied? Why is it that wealth is accumulated and all the elements and foundations of civilization are laid, except to give standing ground for a man and to give him opportunity to climb.

Conceive of all the world as a pyramid, broad based as the planet, its walls built up by human achievement, by human thought, by human aspiration, and, when you arrive at the summit, with what will you crown the apex except with a man? Is it not for his sake that all is done, everything discovered, created, builded?

And when we dream, in our hours of hope, of that future perfect condition of the human race, is it not only to people

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the world with men such as I have tried to picture? What does the millennium dream amount to, or of what is composed the good time coming? What do we mean when we speak of the perfect civilization? Is it not simply that the whole world shall be filled with men, free, healthy, intelligent, joyous, linked in earnest and delighted service with their fellows? And if you project your dream beyond the limits of this life, and let it take the form of the apocalyptic vision of the eternal city, what is that? Streets of gold, walls and gates of jewels and pearls, river of life, trees that are for the healing of the nations,— all that the fancy of man can conceive is nothing more than a poetic and figurative attempt to set forth the perfect condition of man. Heaven itself then means no more, and can mean no more, than that which I am trying to outline and to impress upon your thought.

The chief end of man is just this perfect condition of the race. Money is of value only as it serves man. Art, science, literature, everything that men can do or think, is only to minister to man; and, when the perfect world has come, man will stand at the summit, using all these things to build up his own ideal nature and to help him perpetually to advance.

But some one may be saying, "You have not said a word about morality, about religion, about God, about any of those things that we had supposed would be fundamental in any treatment concerning the chief end of man." But consider a moment if I have not said precisely the same things, only in another way. What can religion do for man more or better than to make him a perfect man? What could God do for man more or better than to make him a perfect man? What could churches, Bibles, rituals, do for man more than this? What could morality do more than this? Are not all these things then subserved under the ideal of the perfect man that I have been attempting to portray?

Religion is not something above a man. It is of worth only as it helps make a man. So with morality, so with Bibles, so with churches, forms, and rituals, so with everything from the highest to the lowest; man is above them all;

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and they are worth nothing except as they give him standing room, hold him up, and fit him *to be himself.*

I say, then, that the chief end of man, when it is fulfilled and realized, will not lead a man to be moral, it will be morality. It will not lead a man to be what he ought to be, it will realize what a man ought to be. It will not lead a man toward the serving of his fellows, it will be the highest possible service of his fellows. It will not lead him to glorify God, it will be glorifying God.

Suppose we go back to the question as they used to give it in the old catechism, and its answer: "What is the chief end of man?" "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." Is it possible to glorify God in any other way than that which I have outlined? How can a chronometer better glorify its maker than by the keeping of perfect time? How can a steam engine better glorify Watt or Stephenson than by being the magnificent, wonderful creation that it is? If we use the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," what do we mean? Can the stars glorify him in any better way than by keeping tirelessly on their wondrous round, delighting and uplifting and awing every intelligence that looks up to them by the glory of their shining? The earth and the heavens, then, glorify God by *being;* and man can glorify God only by *being himself.*

He who has attained this has attained manhood: he has won. Everything else, like a whipped spaniel, crawls at his feet. He has made everything else his servant. He has achieved the end of man. But if any one has allowed business or literature, or art, or anything which was made to serve him, take the place of master, then he is one of two things: if he has done it under compulsion, he is a slave; if he has done it voluntarily, he is the — opposite of a wise man. The chief end of man then is simply manhood: and he who is a true man stands at the summit of the world and all things else are at his feet.

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O God our Father, by thus coming to thee, worshipping thine image till we are changed from glory to glory, and have taken on this likeness, we shall be serving thee, and we shall be reaching the grandest end possible to ourselves. May we then hold this up ever as the goal of our effort, and seek nothing less, nothing this side of that. And thus we will praise and honor thee now and always. Amen.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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THE MODERN SPHINX

AND SOME OF HER RIDDLES.

IV.—WHAT ARE BRAINS FOR?

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BELIEFS ABOUT MAN.

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WHAT ARE BRAINS FOR?

"Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"—LUKE xii., 57.

WHAT are brains for? If we are to accept the answer of those who are the self-constituted representatives of God on earth, under whatever name, in whatever country, then we must accept the answer, Brains are for use,—for the broadest, the freest, the sincerest use everywhere, in every department of human life, except religion. There, brains are a disadvantage, a positive misfortune at times. If a man dare use them in relation to religion, he is told that he is digging away at the foundations of morality, at the very stability of society; that he is an enemy of his fellow-men; that he is rousing the anger of God which, if he do not repent, will flame after him even to the bottomless pit itself. And yet is it not strange that claims like this are made even on behalf of him who uttered those words that I have taken as my starting-point: "And why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"

These words appear in a very significant connection. They were questioning him concerning his mission, his purpose. He says: "You use your common-sense about everything else. You use your practical wisdom and experience about other matters. If you see a cloud rising in the west, toward the Mediterranean, from over the sea, you infer that there is going to be a shower. If the wind begins to blow from the south, in the direction of the tropics, you rightly infer there is going to be hot weather. Why then, concerning these great, practical questions of religion and life, do

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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you not use the same experience, the same common-sense? Why of yourselves judge ye not that which is right? Can ye not discern the signs of this time?" And yet the man who in his day was the grandest of free thinkers; the man who dared question even the authority of Moses; the man who said, It has been said by them of old time so and so, but *I* say unto you something else; the man who dared utter new thoughts concerning God, concerning practical questions of morality; the man who dared even criticise the very heart of the nation, the temple and its worship; who dared touch the people in the most sensitive and tender part of their religious life,—he has been erected into a despot and set up as an enemy of that which he himself practised; held up as a reason for our not doing that which he set us an example of doing in the grandest possible way.

Before we come to treat this question more broadly and practically, I want to ask and answer a preliminary one: What is the object of thought and study? Why are we born with brains? Why do we have the power of thought? What is it all for? All thinking, all study of every kind and in every department of human life, is for the sake of forming opinions. In business, concerning political questions, in matters of science and art, if we think, if we study, if we read, it is for the sake, as we say, of making up our minds, for the sake of forming opinions for ourselves. And what is the use of having opinions? They are not simply for their own sake. The reason why we care to have opinions is that they lead to action. Opinions are for the sake of the practical phases and developments of human life. We think for the sake of opinions: we have opinions for the sake of action. Ultimately, a man is what he thinks. That which he really believes will manifest itself as the shaping power of his life; and, according as his own life is shaped, he will become a power to produce good or evil effects upon all those with whom he comes in contact.

But we not only want opinions because they are to ultimate in action, but we want right opinions, true opinions. If a

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man's opinion in any direction be false, then the resultant activity will either be futile and useless, or else it will be mischievous. You are perfectly aware of that in all practical matters; and, when I hear men say that opinions are of no practical importance in religion, I know that they mean one of two things,—either that those opinions are concerning things which are all in the air; or else that they do not believe that the opinions which they hold really influence or control any practical and important department of human life. You know how important it is that you have correct opinions in your business. If, for example, you buy stocks under a misapprehension, it may be a matter of a good deal of importance to you. If you go into some large business transaction, and have studied up the production of cotton, of corn, or of wheat, or whatever it is that you are dealing in, and if you think that you have a correct opinion as to the amount produced during the last year, and as to the amount that is already in existence, and therefore as to the probable conditions of the markets three or six months from to-day, you consider it is a matter of immense practical importance. And if you have made a mistake anywhere, if your opinion is not correct, it may mean financial wreck and life-long disaster. You know, then, that the truth of your opinion in any practical department of human life is of the utmost possible consequence. And if religion means anything practical, if it touches human life anywhere for better or worse, then it is just as important that you have true opinions in regard to that as it is concerning any other matter in the world. But, if your religion is of that kind that does not touch your practical life, then it does not make any difference whether you have any religion at all or not. You had better not have any of that kind. A true opinion, then, in religious matters is of the utmost importance.

What do we mean by a true opinion? How can we tell whether an opinion is true or not? It seems to me that the condition of the popular mind in regard to this matter is such that people are at least half-persuaded that nobody can

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find out much in this direction; that it is all pure speculation and wordy, windy dispute, with no possibility of coming to a settlement concerning any of the great themes about which we are interested.

How do you know when an opinion is true? It is easy enough to settle that question in regard to practical life. An opinion is true when it corresponds substantially with the external reality concerning which the opinion is held. If, for example, I look at this rosebud and pronounce upon its color, make up my mind what its color is, my opinion concerning that is true, provided it corresponds with the external reality. So concerning the hardness, the softness, the liquid or the gaseous condition of any substance; so concerning the heavens or the earth, an opinion is said to be true when it corresponds substantially and for all practical purposes with the reality of the thing concerning which the opinion is held.

How can we find out? We can find out by observation, by putting the matter to experiment. We can find out by putting the matter to the test. We can find out for all practical purposes concerning any matter that really touches us anywhere, so that we can bring it within the scope of human experience.

How do astronomers settle a question concerning such a matter as, for instance, the transit of Venus? Perhaps you will remember two or three years ago the universal interest concerning this, how expeditions, equipped in every possible way, were sent to every part of the earth to take observations from different stand-points, so that one man could check any possible mistake or faulty observation on the part of another. Test, observe, experiment, record the probable truth; and then, when there comes another transit, observe again, check, question once more. That is, put the matter to the test in every possible way, freely, broadly thinking on all sides of it, experimenting all around it in every way, and then at the last holding that as true which bears the result of this persistent experimenting, testing, and trial, and flinging aside as

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either not true, or at least not proved to be true, that which does not stand the test of this kind of experiment.

The result of all thinking then is to discover the truth; because we are persuaded that it is of practical importance to us to know the truth concerning all the things in the heavens above and the earth beneath that touch us anywhere or come within the range of our human experience.

We are now ready for the great question as to how we shall use our brains, our thoughts, our intellects, in this matter of the discovery of truth. Shall we use them freely? Shall we use them broadly? Shall we examine everything, however secular, however sacred, by the test of experiment, and only decide that that is true which will bear the test? Or shall we use this method everywhere else except in religion, and, when we come to that, abdicate reason, and lay our brains upon the altar of authority? Shall we cease to think, blindfold our eyes, and walk in the pathway that is pointed out to us as that which is the only true and the only right one to follow, because resting its claim on supernatural authority?

This is the question which, in the limits of the hour assigned me, I propose this morning to discuss. I said we are expected to use our brains freely and fearlessly concerning everything except religion. The man who makes a discovery in any department of science is hailed as having added to the domains of human knowledge, he is honored and rewarded. The man who makes a discovery in theology is looked upon with suspicion. He is treated as an enemy to his kind. The wrath of God is threatened against him. The man who, by a free and grand use of his brain, forms some new great business combination, covering half the interests of the continent, is openly heralded as a genius, and honors and rewards are poured out lavishly at his feet. The man who makes some grand discovery in regard to this human frame of ours, concerning some great question of health or disease, is regarded as a friend and servant of humanity. He is elevated on a pedestal of fame, and his name

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becomes one of that short list that we can rightly call immortal. But the man who makes some new diagnosis of the moral and spiritual nature, the man who discovers some new truth concerning religious health or disease, who suggests some new improvement in spiritual treatment, he is outcast, branded. If he be in the pulpit, the pews forsake and desert him. If he be in the pews, he either keeps quiet about it for the sake of his social or business interests, or announces it at his peril.

In a general way then, it is true that this restriction of the use of brains is confined to religion; and yet I would not have you think it was always so. It is only because man, as the result of a long battle, has won his freedom in every other department of human life, but has not completely won it here as yet. It was an old idea of the philosophers and thinkers preceding the French Revolution, an idea that found its fullest expression in that famous work, *The Social Contract*, of Rousseau, that men were originally independent and free; that individualism was the starting-point of the race, and that society was formed by mutual concessions of individuals; that men gave up this right, and that for the sake of the supposed advantages of living together. Yet, as we study the early development of the race, we find the precise opposite of this was the truth. There was no such thing as an individual in early society. The individual had no rights of property, no rights of family, no rights of opinion, no political rights, no religious rights. He was simply a little unit that contributed its small part toward making up the tribe. The individual was nothing. And the time was, even as late as the civilization, so called, of Greece and Rome, when the man who dared to have a scientific opinion was branded and outcast. You remember how Anaxagoras was condemned to death, afterward having his sentence commuted to perpetual banishment, because he dared to express an opinion as to the nature and composition of the sun, which was contrary to the commonly received belief. And in after ages, when men dared to look at the earth, and came to

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the conclusion that it was probably a sphere, the first daring utterances on the subject were regarded as making a man a social and religious outlaw. When Galileo and Kepler first dared propound those ideas, which are now the admitted opinions of every one, as to the constitution of the heavens, they were not simply men extravagant in their opinions, but, according to the popular idea, they were religion's enemies, they were daring invaders whom the gods were ready to destroy; and the people considered not only that the gods were angry with these daring speculators, but that they themselves would share their ruin, if they did not cast them out and abjure any part in their heretical opinions. And precisely similar ideas to these were held concerning almost all subjects of human thought. It is only within a few years that there has been any freedom of study concerning this body of ours. Looking into the nature of health and disease was considered sacrilegious, a prying into the mysteries of life. It was considered sacrilegious for a man to dare to intimate that a disease might have a natural origin or cause. Disease was a whip of the Almighty, the pestilence was a scourge of God; and to dare to trace its nature was impious. This was the common opinion.

So in regard to another great department of human life, concerning which I can only hint, that of politics and government. Men dared not think concerning questions of human rights. Men dared not raise any question concerning the authority of the king. The king in ancient times, in almost every nation under heaven, was the lineal descendant of the gods. He was their representative on earth. His sceptre was only a human symbol here below for the lightnings which the god himself wielded above; and to question him was to fling insult in the face of heaven itself, for he was the representative of heaven among men.

I say then it is nothing peculiar that these ideas should be held in religion only so far as this,—that man has wrought out his liberty in these other departments of human thought, but has not completely freed himself yet in religion.

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We are this morning here so free and peaceful, it may come into your minds to question why there is any necessity for treating of themes like this on this platform; and yet do you know that we are in an almost hopeless minority,—a minority that would be hopeless, did we not believe that the forces of the future were with us, did we not believe that the stars in their courses were fighting for this larger enfranchisement of the human mind? We need not go back far to find that everything concerning religion — the ritual, the attitude of the priest, the gesture, the inflection of the voice, the time, the place, everything — was prescribed, everything was fixed. There was nothing fluent or flexible or changeable anywhere. They dared not change a verbal phrase, they dared not change the movement of a finger, lest the authority that had prescribed these should be offended. And, even to-day, the last remnants of it are to be found in the thoughts and minds of those that are freest. Only within a week or two, Phillips Brooks has been severely criticised by the papers of his own denomination, because he dared to make a prayer before the Harvard students in another way than after the prescribed form of the Prayer-Book of his Church. There are those even in the most liberal church — I come across examples of them every little while — who feel as though, somehow or other, religion was not properly administered, unless there was a particular form of words used in the benediction or in some other part of the service; thus wanting to keep a remnant of this idea somewhere.

Let us now consider this question as between authority and freedom in the use of human thought concerning the great subject of religion. That which we desire to find of course is the truth. Those who claim that free thought is dangerous, that it is an injury to man, an evil to religion, must claim it, of course, and they do claim it, on the ground that free thought endangers the discovery of the truth; that a man that is free is not as likely to find the truth as one hoodwinked and guided and hampered by authority. This, then, is the claim. Let us investigate it as briefly as we can.

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What are the reasons which they offer for making this claim? First,— and these are reasons which you will recognize as underlying the whole discussion,— they tell us that men do not really desire the truth, that man's moral nature has been so perverted that, if you leave him free, he will choose error by preference. You must drive him into the right way, or he will not go there at all.

Consider for a moment what that means. If right and wrong are real distinctions; if right means obedience to the laws of life, and wrong means breaking those laws; if right means health and peace and prosperity, and wrong means the opposite; if right means all goodness and all joy and God himself here and hereafter and forever, and wrong means the opposite; if right and wrong are thus vital distinctions answering to substantial realities,— why, then, if a man is intelligent and is the most selfish man in the world, he cannot choose but accept, when he sees it, and finds out that which is right. Does he not want the best, health, happiness, peace, joy, all good? Prove to the selfish man, if you can, that right means these, and he will be unselfish for a selfish reason, if there were no other motive. If, however, right and wrong do not represent realities, then it is not of much significance what we do or think about the matter, one way or the other.

There is just one other consideration. In spite of this assertion that men, if you leave them free, will choose the evil, look abroad over the land, and see what answer comes from the actual facts of human life. By common consent of intelligent and educated men, that part of the world where free thought in all directions is the most common, that is the place where there is the best government, it is the place where there is the most business prosperity, where the people are best educated. It is the place where there is the greatest social order. It is the place where there is the largest opportunity, where there are the greatest results of manhood.

By practical test and experiment then, it has been demon-

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strated that, if you leave men free and give them intelligence, they will choose that which they find to be the best; and they have done so. The demonstration is in the fact that those peoples that are the leaders in civilization to-day are the ones that are the freest in every department of life.

Lack of thought means ignorance; and ignorance the world over is a synonyme for degradation and crime. The practical demonstration of experience refutes this old slander against this human nature of ours.

But they tell us once more that the human mind is incompetent to discover truth; that, on account of some catastrophe in the past, a fall, or something of the sort, that has happened to us, the human intellect is crippled, disabled, incompetent to discover the truth. But just see what a curious contradiction is here. The very men who tell us that the human mind is incompetent to discover the truth, and that, therefore, we common people must not try, tell us that we must put ourselves under *their* guidance. Let us accept the supposition that the human mind is incapable of discovering the truth. These supposed infallible guides are *men*. If the human mind is incapable of discovering the truth, how about their minds, they being human? It is quite possible that they, also, in making that very statement about us, may have proved their own incompetency. They may have made a blunder concerning this human mind of ours; and the alleged incompetency may be true, so far as they are concerned, but not be universal by any manner of means. When they bring wholesale charges against the competency of the human intellect, they disprove *their own* competency to be our guides. They tell us that, on account of this incompetency, we must accept, in lieu of our reason, the guidance of a supernatural book or a supernatural church. But, if there is a supernatural book or a supernatural church that can take the place of our reason, then there is a reason for believing that they are infallible in their authority, or there is no reason. If there is any reason for the claim they make of infallible authority, then give us the reason, and our reasons

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will bow before it. If there be no reason, then the claim itself is an absurdity, and appeals not to the rational man, but to crude superstitions and degrading fears.

There is just one other thought. They say these great questions of religion, these great themes of the religious and moral life, are beyond the reach of human experience, that they transcend all human faculties. Grant for a moment that they do, and what is the result? The result is that it does not make one particle of difference whether we ever know anything about them or not. What difference does it make to you or to me whether we can map the back of the moon? What difference does it make concerning any question that is so far beyond us, and so far out of our reach that we cannot touch it, and that it does not touch us? It does not make a particle of difference whether we have any opinion about such questions or not. They are of no practical importance. On the other hand, if the great questions of morals and religion do touch us, if we are better or worse on account of them, if they are a part of the factor of our practical life, if they make up the issue of the good and evil as the years go by, then they come within the range of human experience, they are a part of our practical life; and we can deal with them with our practical faculties, and find out what is true and what is false concerning them so far as they touch us; and they are of no significance to us except as they do. Prove to me then that the questions of God, immortality, the questions of right and wrong living, and the great questions of religion and morals, transcend all human faculty, and you will prove to me that I am a very unwise man to bother my head about them in any way. If they transcend our faculties, so that we cannot rationally discover and verify the truth concerning them, it is no matter whether we know anything about them or not.

What, then, is the issue of our discussion? It is, simply stated, this: free thought has won its right to honor and to the guidance of men in every department of life where it has had free play. In the departments of science, of art, of

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government, of medicine, everywhere, free thought has brought out all the grand results that have ever been attained. Authority has done nothing for man in the way of the discovery of truth. No wonder, then, that authority is afraid of free thought; for they are mortal enemies everywhere. They are engaged in an age-long duel that will never cease until one of them be dead. Authority fears free thought for the simple reason that its claims will not bear investigation. Why, for example, does the Czar of Russia tremble on his throne, and send out his officials in every direction to trample out the very first attempt at the free expression of opinion? Because he knows that free opinion in Russia means the overthrow of his throne. Why does the papacy in every land and in all ages oppose education and light and free thought and free investigation? Because the Pope knows that the deadliest enemy he has on the face of this earth is the spelling-book; and that, if it be allowed free play in the world, his pretensions will go down before it. Why do men tell us that it is wicked to investigate their claims on behalf of the Bible? Because they know that, every time a free and honest man examines those claims, he comes to other conclusions than theirs. If men were persuaded that the widest and freest thought of the world would only establish their conclusions, do you think they would put any bar in the way of human advance toward that end? The scientific man is not afraid to have one of his demonstrations tested. He says: "Come from all over the world, test them every way you please. If they are not true, I do not want them to stand. If they are true, then all your testing will only glorify and establish them the more firmly." But the authoritative churches of the past have been in this condition. They have laid their foundations, they have reared the lofty fabric of their faith, and they say to men, "Come: here is the only place of worship." And if a man says, "May I examine the foundations of this structure?" he is told, "No: it is impious to ask such a question." "May I test these walls, and find out if they are firmly built

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and of enduring materials?" "No. The anger of the God we worship will be hurled upon your head, if you dare to do it."

In other words, this structure of supernatural authority is like those palaces and temples that we read of in fairy tales, built in a night, all in the air, magic structures, and constructed on such principles that, if you dare to stand underneath their dome and to whisper a questionable word, they will vanish into air. But the real temple of God is founded on the solid earth. It is built of rock-hewn truths of human experience. It is peopled by men and women, common men and women, who come to offer their own worship from their own lips to the real Father of us all; and this, which is the real temple of God, will bear all the investigation which all the brave and daring minds of the world can apply to it in all ages. It will only stand the more firmly, and its walls will rise with a nobler grace, and its domes and arches will echo with the sincere worship of free intelligence forever.

O Father, we ask thy guidance, thy help, that we may be led into all truth. And, as we ask this, we dare not say we will not use the eyes that thou hast given us; for thou hast given us these as light and guidance. Through these, thou wilt lead us now and always into truth and peace. Amen.

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THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.*

I TAKE for my text words which in the first case were used as a prophecy, and which certainly in some sense, whether it be the original sense of the words or not, have been marvellously fulfilled: *A peculiar people.*

Perhaps I ought not to assume that any word of apology or explanation is required for introducing a subject like this. The relation in which the Jews have stood for some thousands of years to the religious history and development of the world; the fact that we cannot study either the history or the doctrine of the religions of civilization to-day without taking them into account at every step; this itself should be enough to make it appropriate at any time to deal with such a theme as this. But there is another reason. We stand as Americans in peculiar relations to this people. We must deal with them after one fashion or another; and the popular mind, even here, as you know, is full of what I shall take the liberty to call prejudice and misconception. And it is reason enough for choosing this subject, if I may be able to do even a little toward creating a proper understanding of the facts and of the character of this people, and of what ought to be the relation in which we should stand to them.

But there is another reason yet, and this is the immediate occasion of my speaking on this topic to-day. You are familiar, in a general way, with the facts, almost too horrible to relate, that have made it necessary for an appeal to be issued to the people to do something to assist these poor houseless, homeless fugitives. We ourselves have been

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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at least on the verge of wrong in this matter, enough so that it should make us glad to aid in righting affairs. Only two or three years ago, you remember, there was a ripple — not universal, I am glad to say — of prejudice and misconception and injustice toward this people, that ran all over the surface of American society. A little while after, it was felt in England, then in Germany; and now at last are these horrible tales from Russia. And it is these poor Russian Jews,— driven from their own homes and finding no place of rest short of our shores, that we have always boasted were ready with their glad welcome to the poor and oppressed of every people,— it is these that now come and ask simply that we aid them to get on their feet and look about them, that they may know where to go and how to adjust themselves to their conditions, so that they can do what their people have always done when they have had a tenth of a chance,— *take care of themselves.*

The facts in the main and in outline are these. At least, a hundred thousand families — think what that means! — have been driven away from their homes; and not simply this, but have been robbed, murdered, fiendishly maltreated, — their little children have had their brains dashed out in the streets, the women and the maidens have been outraged; and every indignity that brutes in the shape of men could heap upon a people has been heaped upon them.

Who are these that have worked the wrong? They are those who claim to be, *par excellence*, the children of God, to have the only true and divine religion, and to be devout and humble worshippers of that Jew, who once was the dwelling-place of the eternal God himself. In the name of Jesus, who rebuked bitterly and with severity his disciples who proposed to have nothing to do with those who were helping men, because they did not follow their particular fashion of service,— in his name, they have plundered and murdered his brethren. In the name of him who pardoned, who pitied, who redeemed, and lifted up the Magdalens of his time, they have outraged shamelessly motherhood and maid-

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enhood. In the name of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," they have seized the wailing little ones, and dashed their brains out against the stones.

Is it any wonder, in sight of a picture like this, that one of the foremost poets of the time, Mr. Swinburne, should put his burning and withering indignation into lines like these?

"O Son of Man, by lying tongues adored,
By murderous hands of slaves with feet red-shod
In carnage deep as ever Christian trod;
Profaned with prayer and sacrifice abhorred
And incense from the trembling tyrant's horde,
Brute worshippers or wielders of the rod,
Most murderous even of all that call thee God,
Most treacherous even that ever called thee Lord;
Face loved of little children long ago,
Head hated of the priests and rulers then,
If thou see this, or hear these hounds of thine
Run ravening as the Gadarean swine,
Say, was not this thy Passion, to foreknow
In thy death's hour the works of Christian men?"

If, indeed, Jesus be alive to-day, whether he be God or man, if he be able to overlook the affairs and on-goings of this world, would he not, even in heaven, weep bitterer tears than those he shed over the anticipated fate of Jerusalem, as he sees his followers, after eighteen hundred years, murder and rob and outrage his own people in his dear name?

Who, then, are these people and what does it all mean?

In as brief a way as possible, to be comprehensible, I wish to outline the part that the Jews have played in human history.

More than two thousand years before Christ, they emerge from the dimness of the far East, migrate westward and then southward, coming at last to be held as slaves in Egypt. When we reach this point, we are, so far as this one fact is concerned, on plain historic ground. Who were these people at the outset? They are close of kin to the Aramæans, from whom the civilized world obtained its alphabet. They are

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close of kin to the Phœnicians, one of the most remarkable of all ancient peoples, and among the very first navigators of the sea. They are close of kin to that wonderful people that colonized Northern Africa, built up the great city of Carthage, and disputed with Rome herself the empire of the world. Escaped from Egypt, they wander for years, until at last we find them settling in Palestine. Here, for ages, they are not one united people, but only tribal bands, bound together in times of emergency, and separated in times of peace.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of the eleventh century before Christ, we find them compacted as one people under Saul. They are, however, united for less than a hundred years. Under David and Solomon, they reach the highest point of their ancient glory. Then rebellion follows, and division of the kingdom into two parts, the north and the south,—Israel and Judah. Soon the kingdom of Israel disappeared from history, and no trace of it has ever since been discovered. But Judah, the smaller of the two, remains, but is fated to die. Jerusalem falls, her people are carried into captivity to Babylon; and here begins that long series of persecutions of a people robbed of their nationality, yet clinging with a deathless tenacity to their national life. They return for a time to Jerusalem under a Persian protectorate, repair their city, rebuild their temple, and for a while, under rulers of their own blood and choosing, they are an independent kingdom again. But they fall before the victorious sweep of the invading armies of Alexander as he conquers the world. At his death, they are apportioned to one of his successors, as his kingdom is divided up into four different parts.

From there we trace them for years, sometimes independent for a little while, and then dependent again on some foreign and mightier power.

At the time when Jesus is born, they are a feeble Roman province, still separate however, still a peculiar people, still clinging to their religion, still clinging to their faith in God,

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still believing in the magnificent destiny that awaits them in some, however far distant, future.

About the year 70,— you know the dreadful story,— they are besieged, and fall before the Roman armies. A siege so horrible, a siege so bravely borne, so madly resisted against overwhelming odds, perhaps the history of the world can hardly show. The inevitable doom overtakes them. Their city falls, their temple is burned to the ground and lies in ruins, and they are driven forth; they are scattered among the nations; they are wanderers over the face of the earth, having no longer a city of their own, having no longer rulers of their own, bound together only by their deathless faith in God, their deathless hopes for the future.

I can only in a few words outline the condition of the Jews in Europe during the Middle Ages; but it is necessary that I do so, that you may understand what is to follow. About the time of the Emperor Hadrian, the Jews who so clung to their city, went back to wander amid its ruins and wail over its decay, until at last the Romans became fearful of conspiracies hatching once more, and determined to wipe Jerusalem off the face of the earth. This they literally did, not leaving one stone upon another, but levelling the whole and running a ploughshare over its ruins. They built a new city on its site and a new temple for the worship of the Pagan deities of Rome.

The Jews had one place and one period of sunshine and prosperity during the Middle Ages. When the Saracens swept over Europe, and for hundreds of years held Spain in their grasp, the Jews found under Saracenic rule peace, honor, and continued prosperity. But, from the time that Constantinople became Christian, the Christian name and the Christian power were supreme over most of Europe; and from that day almost until this the Christian power has been laid crushingly upon the life, the hopes, the peace of the Jewish people. All through the Middle Ages, they were denied the rights of citizenship. They were denied the right to hold property in land or houses or in any form of real

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estate. They were denied all social equality. They were denied any honorable place either in the army or the civil service of the country where they resided. They were treated perpetually as aliens and outcasts. They were not admitted into Christian schools. They lived in any country where they did live simply on sufferance, not as having a right there. In England, in France, in Spain, in almost every Christian State of Europe, they have been permitted to abide only at the pleasure of the populace or the pleasure of the king. Time and time again, they have been expelled from their homes. For example, during the reign of Edward I., every Jew in the kingdom was ordered within a very short time to leave; and some of the incidents of that leaving are simply appalling and heart-rending. As an illustration of the temper of the people, a large company of the Jews, fathers, mothers, and children, were gathered by the seashore, and driven to a little point which for the time was above the tide, but it was cut off from the shore when the water was high. Here they stood waiting for the vessel on board which their goods and property were already placed, waiting simply to see it sail away and leave them standing there to meet a slow and certain and horrible death.

The Jews were treated merely as property. You will find that the kings of England speak of them as "my Jews," as though they were a part of their personal chattels and possessions. Instance after instance is found in which the Jews were actually sold by one sovereign to another or by a sovereign to his subject or the subject to his sovereign. It was permitted to treat them as though they were merely a gold mine; mercilessly and in any way, at the expense of life or health or death, to dig out of them what treasure they possessed, and leave the wreck and ruin to whatever fate might befall it.

As another illustration of the way they were treated, take an instance from the reign of Frederick the Great, who was specially merciful to the Jews, and was markedly liberal in comparison to all the other European sovereigns. He per-

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mitted — what? He divided the Jews into two classes, and permitted them to remain on certain conditions. The poor Jews were treated in such a way that it was impossible for them to marry or have families of their own. They could not afford the taxes that were demanded of those that married and had a household. The wealthy Jews were permitted to have one child while resident in the kingdom under Frederick; and they were graciously permitted to add one other and keep it on condition of paying a tax of seventy thousand thalers, in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars. That for the privilege of having a second child in the home. This was liberality a hundred years ago.

The change between the Middle Ages and to-day is such that this murdering and pillaging and rendering homeless a hundred thousand families is as nothing compared to the treatment which they have suffered for a thousand years. Let it be said, to the praise of our civilization in this nineteenth century, that we have become nearly enough civilized to feel the outrage and to thrill with indignation at these deeds which, in the Middle Ages, would not have caused a ripple in the adjoining country. They were the natural victims of any ruffian who chose to treat them shamefully.

You remember that picture which Shakspere gives us in the "Merchant of Venice," putting it into the mouth of Shylock,— a picture not overdrawn,—

> "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
> In the Rialto, you have rated me
> About my moneys and my usances:
> Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
> For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
> You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
> And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
> And all for use of that which is mine own."

The pathway of what is called Christianity — though I believe it to be an outrage on the name of Him from whom it has taken its title — all down the ages, from Constantine to this year, has been marked with fire and rapine and blood,

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whenever Christianity has come across the habitation of a Jew. Why is this? Why have these Jews been signalled out? Why have they occupied the place of a "peculiar people" in all ages, standing in this special relation, being made specially distinct? Members of other nationalities and other religions have lived in the midst of Christendom, and have not been treated in this fashion. Wherein lies the distinction? I shall not be able to make the matter absolutely clear to you, but I hope to give some satisfactory and substantial reasons.

In the first place, we must take account of the fact that the Jews have stood apart by themselves, occupying a special place. They have never assimilated themselves to the people in the midst of whom they have dwelt, as have other nations. They have occupied the place of pariahs, outcasts, on whom it was safe for any brute in human form to vent his brutality. You are aware of the fact that what we call civilization is, in regard to many thousands of people, only a thin, external veneer. If we are not descended from the animals beneath us, at any rate we are very near of kin to them sometimes, in the worst traits which they possess and manifest. There is an element of cruelty and brutality in men, and you see it anywhere when the restraints of social life are broken, and there comes up from beneath that horrible million-headed monster that we call "the mob." There is no so cruel display of power and passion on the face of this earth as shows itself through this outburst of that which is worst in human nature. Something must be credited to this. The worst and most degrading passions of men have been displayed toward this people. There has been envy toward them because they were rich; for, curiously enough, the Jews, of all people in the world, have shown their ability to thrive almost anywhere, and to make themselves independent under almost any circumstances, if they were only given their lives and a little time of peace and comparative safety. But when we have exhausted all reasons, selfishness, the brutality of our human character, envy, desire to plunder, etc., you come at

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last to that which is the real underlying reason and cause of all; and we find it — let us say it with heads bowed and with shame — in religion.

The Jews have been hated because they did not worship God after the Christian fashion, and the Christians have considered it only a sort of righteous retribution that all who bore the hated name of Jew should suffer for what was supposed to be the horrible crime of putting a God to death eighteen hundred years ago. Men have not reasoned very carefully or very logically about this. Even though that charge were true, is it justice to visit vengeance upon them and their descendants in all after time? It seems to me that this reason, while it really lies at the root and heart of it all, is only a most pitiful excuse, having in it a tinge of the ludicrous in its extremest displays.

As illustrating one phase of this mob development, do you remember that story, which has truth enough about it to make it fitting that I should repeat it here, in spite of its absurdity, of the drunken sailor who set upon a Jew and abused him most cruelly. And, as the Jew asked for what reason he was so beaten, the sailor cried out, "What, aren't you one of those people that killed Christ?" And, when the Jew responded that that event occurred at least eighteen hundred years ago, the sailor replied, "What if it did! I didn't hear of it till last week." This illustrates how the brutal in men will turn even the very sacred name of religion into an excuse for that which in them is lowest and worst.

The Jews, by clinging to their religion, have stood apart and alone; and Christendom has taught until within very recent times that God was angry with all those who were outside the limits of their own supposed-to-be infallible ideas. And they have held it to be righteous service of God to "compel them to come in" by any means at their disposal. This, then, is the root and heart of the persecution which the Jews have been compelled to submit to through all these dreary, burning, bleeding, hopeless centuries.

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But it is now time to turn to a point that seems of very great importance. There is an underlying feeling, a popular opinion, both in England and America, of prejudice against the Jews as such. I want you to face this, if you will, and see how much of this prejudice is just, and if the Jews have the vices that we attribute to them. I want to raise the question how largely the responsibility is theirs, and how largely it is ours. I am going to take up two or three common charges against the Jews; and, however plain and simple they may seem, I shall speak of them in the plainest terms.

I have heard it said that they are clannish; that they run in droves and herds; that they do not associate with people on the same terms as others do; that, if you find one Jew at a hotel, you will find a hundred; that it is impossible to associate with them, because they themselves do not care to have you. There is a truth in this. For eighteen hundred years, the Jews have stood thus apart; and there are two reasons for it. In the first place, they felt that they had a mission to conserve the truth which was for the benefit of the world. They remembered and carried in their hearts the echo of that old promise to Abraham, "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed"; and they felt that, if all the families of the earth were to be blessed through them, they must conserve this sacred religious truth. And they could not do it except by holding themselves together and observing their old-time customs. Any influence which should change these tended to destruction and disintegration.

But, granting all power to that, there is another reason. Let me put it to you as to what the effect of such treatment as they have endured would be upon you. We believe today, nay, it is demonstrated, that there is a grand truth in the law of heredity, and that people transmit to their children the results of any course of conduct which they follow, or even the conditions which they are forced to endure. Suppose a thousand families from Boston were transported suddenly into the midst of Germany. Suppose that all civil and social advantages and privileges were taken away from

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us there and we were denied intercourse with people on equal terms; suppose we were put under ban; suppose we knew that we were in danger of the descent upon us of a mob or the legal robbery of the king, at almost any moment: what should we do? What could we do but cling together, stand back to back, shoulder to shoulder, for mutual defence? What more natural after a thousand, nay, fifteen hundred, years of such treatment than that we should learn to be clannish, to cling together? What result do you expect from a course of treatment like that, prolonged through the ages? And shall we now have the meanness to taunt them with characteristics which our forefathers and co-religionists have compelled them to acquire?

Again, it is said, it has been said to me within two days, by a delicate and refined lady, that the Jews are filthy; that they are not neat and clean, and that one shrinks from contact with them. Some of them are, and some of them are not; and, so far as my observation goes, the same remark can be made with justice of any other people on the face of the earth. Cities that have North Ends and Five Points in them must be careful how they accuse other people of universal lack of neatness. Then, again, suppose it were true of even the majority, which it is not, let me ask, Who is responsible? Go back and study the way that the children of Israel have had to live for a thousand years in Europe,—forced to live in the lowest, meanest part of the city, compelled to live there or nowhere, not permitted to hold any except movable property. If you are living in a house of which you wish to become the owner, but of which the title is not clear, you know perfectly well you do not expend much money in repairs. You do not put a great deal of property into a house until you know that you are sure of the title. Consider that the Jews for a thousand years have never been sure of a title for three months at a time anywhere. Can you wonder that they should live in squalid houses, and not spend a great deal of the very money on which their lives depended in looking after the neatness of their homes and

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personal appearance? Can you wonder that under such circumstances they should have inherited some of the results of that kind of training? But again, remember, in justice to the Jews, that they are the only people in the world who have made sanitary regulations a sacred part of their religion. All the first part of the Old Testament is taken up with sanitary regulations, which are regarded as uttered by the very mouth of God himself, and as equally binding upon them as any moral law.

It is said again that the Jews are vulgar, given to vulgar display of their wealth. There is some truth in that, and there are good reasons for it. In the first place, however, I do not believe that it is so generally true as to justify us in using it as a common charge. I know people, even in Boston, who are guilty of vulgar display; and they are not Jews, either. I know some people who, for the sake of living on the finest avenue in the city, for the sake of keeping up a certain style and appearance, will even mortgage their house to the last cent it is worth; who will suffer and do wrong to their families, and do injustice to their creditors, for the sake of vulgar display. But there is one thing that we must say on behalf of the Jews, which is generally true: they do not display anything that does not belong to them.

But now for my reasons. The Jews are an Oriental people, and they are not to be judged by the standards of English and American taste. The Oriental people of all ages and climates have had a taste for this kind of picturesque display on their persons. It is a race characteristic, and it is something that we ourselves have not discarded so very long. Jews make no more display of finery than did the courtiers of England and France a hundred or two years ago.

Then, again, we must remember another thing. The Jews have never been permitted to display, until recent times, their wealth in picture galleries, in works of art, in homes, in gardens, in the ten thousand ways open to all other people. They have had no way of displaying anything except that which they could carry about on their persons. They

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have had no way to manifest their love of beauty except in this way.

The last and worst charge of all is that the Jews are grasping, unscrupulous, dishonest; that they will cheat you every time they have a chance, and that they will take your property away from you by any possible means. Again let me say that this is true, and that it is not true. It is not true of them all. And is it so certain that we are all free from charges like that, that we can afford to throw stones at them? There is one root for this kind of prejudice which is to the credit of the Jews. In almost every country where they have been permitted to dwell for any time, if put down with the common people and peasants of that country, they have beaten them on their own ground almost every time. They have been willing to work and to save as others have not; they have been willing to study and care, until the others have turned on them as robbers, and stolen away from them that which they had earned. The virtuous indignation that common people show to the Jews on this charge seems to me to bear a striking resemblance to the indignation of the poker player in Bret Harte's famous ballad. Outwitted by the Chinaman at his own gambling game, he raises the howl against Chinese cheap labor. Outwitted by the Jew at his own game, then comes the cry of cheat, of thief, of dishonest, from the others; and they are ready to take away from the Jew that which they themselves were not willing patiently to earn.

But, though this charge were universally true, I dare assert, without fear of contradiction from any quarter, that it is Christendom and not the Jew that is responsible for it. Again let me ask you to glance back over the last two thousand years, and see how the Jews have been treated. They have been compelled to be traders. They have not been permitted to be or do anything else. They have not been permitted to hold property or to engage in the ordinary avocations and occupations of the time; they have not been permitted to belong to the trade guilds; they have not been

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permitted to be apprentices for the trades; they have not been permitted to hold any civil office; they have not been permitted to enter the army. What should they do? Lie down and starve, or do the one thing left for them? They have been compelled by Christendom itself to become traders. And there have been times when, in certain cities of Europe, they were compelled to only trade in old clothes. Shall we fling it at them that they are dealers in old clothes, when we have made them so? They have been compelled to deal in wealth that they could conceal at a moment's notice. Thus, they have become the masters of the diamond and jewelry trade of the world; and it is Christendom that has made them so. Their wealth had to be such as they could carry in their pockets and conceal about their persons, so that, when they were driven forth by the king, they could flee at half an hour's notice. And, after Christendom has compelled them for two thousand years to be just what they are, shall we be contemptibly mean enough to fling it at them as a taunt?

On the other hand, what can we say for Jewish virtues? I have left myself only a moment for this point, but I need only a moment,— not because there is little to be said, but because it can be said in a few words. No people on the face of the earth have been more loyal to the government where they may have lived, none more patient under injury, none more forgiving. I know that Shakspere pictures Shylock as the very incarnation of revenge; but, however true the portrayal may have been in other particulars, it is utterly false in that. Revenge has never been a characteristic of the Jews. They have forgiven ages of injury; and, whenever they have had the opportunity, they have lived a life of peace, of kindness, and of helpfulness toward the people who have injured them for centuries.

No people has been truer to the domestic virtues than the Jews. There is no class of people in Europe or America to-day that contributes so small a percentage to the criminals of the country where they live. Who ever knew of a

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Jewish pauper supported by any but his own friends and people? How many times did you ever see a Jew brought into court? The Jews are distinguished preëminently all over the world for humane virtues of every kind. Loyalty, purity, peacefulness, forgiveness, patience, all those things that tend to humanize and lift up society, are characteristics of the Jews.

I want to bring the Jewish people to just one more test, that we may find out of what material they are made. If you speak of the greatness of a people, it is natural to ask what they have done, what they have produced, what names pierce the night of earth like stars, to lead us forever by their radiance. It goes without saying that no people have ever produced men grander in ethics and religion than have the Jews. Abraham, Moses, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul,—what people can match one-half the number of a list like that.

What have they done in poetry? If the book of Job could be taken out of the Bible, translated properly as a poem, and published by itself, it would stand as one of the few masterpieces of the world. It would rank alongside of Goethe and Dante and Virgil and Homer. And there are no lyrics finer than some of the Psalms. No grander strains have ever been sung than have fallen from the lips of some of the prophets. If we turn to philosophy, there are very few names in the past greater than that of Moses Maimonides, the philosopher of the Middle Ages, and Benedict Spinoza, the philosopher of the modern world. Then, in general literature, we have Heine, one of the finest poets, and Auerbach, just dead, one of the leading novelists of the world; in theatrical art, Rachel, the highest name that the world has ever written in her own peculiar line. In music, few names stand higher than that of Mendelssohn. In finance, they lead the world by common consent. In statesmanship and oratory, there are Gambetta, the greatest man in modern France; Disraeli, so long the leader of modern England. There is hardly a department of human thought, of human life, where you do not find at least one Jew in the very front rank of achievement and fame.

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And, when we turn to what we owe to them as religious thinkers and leaders, let us remember, for it is true, that while we pray, in our penitence and our thanksgiving and our hopes, we use the phrases that have been wrought out in the experience of the Jews. When we christen our children, it is with Jewish words that we dedicate them to God. When we weep over our dead, we read Jewish pathos to express our sorrow. We read Jewish prophecy to express our hope. When we picture the future perfect condition of the world, it is in the light of the Jewish dream that we talk of the millennial days to come. When we dare project our hopes of heaven into the unexperienced and unknown future, it is a Jewish city which we build; we look upon Jewish trees, we listen to the murmurs of Jewish rivulets, and we picture it all by the help of Jewish imagination.

We specially ought to remember to be tender and just toward a people like this. For we are growing beyond the hard interpretation of Christianity; and now our main conceptions of God and the religious life stand side by side with the second Isaiah and with the Man of Nazareth. It is a Jewish dream of human brotherhood that kindles our aspirations, touches our hearts, and fills us with enthusiastic hopes for the future. Can we afford then to be unjust to a people the most injured in the world, and the one to whom the world owes as much as to any other that has ever lived?

Our Father, we thank thee that we have been taught to use these words that express not only trust in thee, but a universal brotherhood of man as well. We ask that we may prove the sincerity of our worship toward thee, by living out sincerely our charity, our tenderness, our helpfulness toward thy children, our fellows. And we will thank thee, now and forever. Amen.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE.

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The Religion of Longfellow's Poems.

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."

BOSTON:
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The Religion of Longfellow's Poems.

SINGULARLY fortunate in his life and singularly fortunate in his death was our poet. He won an early renown, and kept it untarnished and undimmed to the end. He came like an expected guest, for whom was prepared a place and a welcome. His was no struggle to gain the ear of an unready world. But as the robin comes in spring, takes his place under our window and sings his longed-for song, while the children clap their hands in gladness and bring their tribute of crumbs, as to one who has a right in the home, so came Longfellow. Men, women, and children listened, and straightway voted him the freedom of every home in Christendom.

How strangely, sadly unlike this has been the fate of many of the great singers of the world. Now, some Marlow, after giving promise of work only second to the greatest of all ages, dies of early dissipation in a broil. Now, it is a Chatterton, who, while hardly more than a boy, but yet a prodigy of genius, starves to death in a garret. Now, it is Keats, who sings a prelude so sweet that all after-time must mourn the music that should have followed; but the voice dies down, while, with longing, white face turned toward the love and life he was leaving, the grave swallows him up. Then, it is Milton,— old, neglected, blind,— singing a song in the darkness that he knows the after-time must hear, but to whom come few glad and grateful responses from the heedless people of his own age. So many have been the bird-like singers who fell with bleeding breasts and torn plumage, when just spreading their wings for grander flight! But Longfellow, with free wing, flew through sunny skies, while

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all the world listened with delight to his song. He lived to sing it out, and only ceased when he was weary and the night shadows beckoned him to rest.

Singularly fortunate was he in all things. How splendid a specimen was he of a physically perfect and beautiful manhood! How remarkably sane was he in intellect, and with what fresh and healthy eyes he looked out over the world! Never embittered by poverty, never spoiled by success, he was a very prince of friends and companions. I think I have never known a great man more genial and companionable. A household name in two continents, he was still as simple-hearted and unaffected as a child. No assumption, no patronage: he stood at once on your footing, and with level eye looked into yours, as that of a fellow-man and a friend. He could not help thus to make friends of all he met. And it is no wonder that in later years his home became a shrine, to which flocked pilgrims from every land.

In spite of the shadows that passed over his home, in spite of the fact that

> "Into each life some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary,"

his home-life was happy and blessed.

Thus he went through the world, loving and loved on every hand. He moved through his orbit like a star in a cloudless sky, not growing suddenly dark nor suffering even temporary eclipse. He shone on till his light faded out in the sunrise of another life.

> "And that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"—

these he had to the last, and these all will wait on his cherished memory in the future.

And what now shall we say of him as a poet? We are too near his grave to assume the cold attitude of the critic, even were the occasion a fitting one. The passing years are the critics that set up one and overthrow another. But, whatever the comparative rank that may be assigned him in the

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future, this much at least may be safely said: he has made himself *the best-loved poet of the nineteenth century.* "The common people heard him gladly." He is almost as near to the popular heart of Christendom as Burns to that of Scotland. Probably more homes in England and America are familiar with the verse of Longfellow than with that of any other poet, living or dead; and this partly at least because he made himself level to the common apprehension. He has hardly written a line that any ordinarily intelligent man or woman cannot understand. Nor does this mean that he has no depth. One may count the pebbles on the bottom of Lake Tahoe, deep as it is, because the water is so clear; while the bottom of many a shallow puddle is out of sight.

Browning is perhaps the greatest poet of the century. But he is the poet of scholars and philosophers, except as they interpret him to the people. Tennyson is not so far from popular apprehension as Browning; and yet much of his best work is a sinewy grappling with great problems, to be understood only by those who are familiar with the intellectual struggles of the age. But Longfellow has chosen most of his themes from the midst of the common life of the world. "The Village Blacksmith," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Children's Hour," "Rain in Summer," "The Building of the Ship," "The Psalm of Life," "God's Acre," "The Open Window," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Resignation," with its flock where one is always missed,—such songs as these appeal to the common and eternal sympathies of the world. And it will not be strange if such as these make up the enduring part of his fame. A simple plank will ride out a storm wherein the mightiest ocean steamer would founder. And, while many ambitious poems with their heavy freight go down, the world's heart-songs still float far over the stream of time.

Another peculiarity of Longfellow is that he dealt but little with themes of only transient interest. Grand words, called out by an occasion, may easily be forgotten when the occasion itself has passed by. A work of art, to hold the

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enduring interest of the world, must deal with themes that can never go out of date. Love, home, childhood, death, hope,— these are eternal. Human interest in them can never tire. To illustrate what I mean, consider Gray's Elegy. It is not its fine workmanship alone that makes it of perennial power. So long as men and women die, so long as little graves hide the heart-treasures of our homes, so long will the churchyard be the centre of pathetic interest. Gray's Elegy will last, then, so long as tears fall. Much of the finest work of Lowell and Whittier sprang like soldiers armed to fight in battles that have passed away. Grand and noble work it was, and not soon to be forgotten. But reforms achieved become history; and most people have time only to deal with the cares of the passing day. It is then the song that keeps time with the daily care or daily gladness that all men treasure in their hearts.

We must now touch a little on the relation which Longfellow sustains to home life and childhood before we pass to the special topic of the morning; and yet the two are so blended in his heart and life that home, childhood, and religion, with him, are but separate patterns woven in one web. We think of Whittier as our Poet of Reform. Lowell, while touching many another theme with a master's hand, has yet made himself most widely heard by dropping the lyre and putting the trumpet to his lips, in the great crisis-hours of our nation's life. But Longfellow came quietly into every home, and made himself a familiar guest by every hearthstone. In those beautiful verses of "Dedication" to his volume on *The Seaside and the Fireside*, he says,—

"Therefore, I hope to join your seaside walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion;
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

"Therefore, I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

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And what poet of the world has ever had his wish more sweetly gratified! We follow with him "The Building of the Ship," and thrill with him as

> "With one exulting, joyous shout
> She leaps into the ocean's arms!"

With him, we sit on the beach, and watch the far-off sails and muse,

> "Like unto ships far-off at sea,
> Outward or homeward bound, are we";

and wonder what shall be our final haven. We listen while he tells us "The Secret of the Sea." Through his eyes, we watch "The Light-house," a guiding "pillar of fire by night." Or, as the twilight deepens, we note with him how

> "Lonely and lovely, a single star
> Lights the air with a dusky glimmer."

Then with how many tender and sacred memories has he peopled our firesides! How has he hallowed and sweetened all the common domestic affections and sorrows! The beautiful home of Bethany, reproduced in "Christus"; the sweet image of Elsie in "The Golden Legend"; the Puritan home in "Miles Standish," with its love-flower in the midst of the religious ice, like the white edelweiss in the Alps, by the edge of a glacier; the wild-wood beauty of Minnehaha's love in an Indian's wigwam; the love stronger than death in "Evangeline"; besides a whole wreath of minor poems that celebrate our "Haunted Houses,"— haunted with precious memories of lost faces and departed years:— all these show how the affections and the griefs of home were the centre of his life and his verse.

Perhaps the most striking tribute ever paid to a poet was the spontaneous celebration of his birthday by the children all over the land. You remember the incident of their presenting him a chair made of "The Spreading Chestnut Tree," under which the "Village Blacksmith" worked; and

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of the Longfellow day in the public schools. And why should they not accept his loving invitation: —

"Come to me, O ye children,
For I hear you at your play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

"Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere."

Blessed are they who can find a solution of life's riddles in the trust and gladness of childhood! How like an echo all this sounds of those other words,— "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"! And who else has paid the children so golden a tribute as this? —

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For *ye* are *living* poems,
And all the rest are dead."

How could they help loving him who has made himself so truly *the children's poet?* What home can ever forget "The Children's Hour"? The picture is in all our hearts. We see the poet sitting in the twilight, while he listens to "the patter of little feet" in the chamber above him. Then we see their descent, the "sudden rush from the stairway," the climbing up over the back and sides of his chair, the attack of the "blue-eyed banditti"; and then we hear the mock threat, as if he were a rough old baron of the Middle Ages: —

"I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

"And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!"

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Can you not almost feel the throb of his heart, and note the tremulous eyelids, as he thinks how much of care and tragedy life means, that is only a frolic to the little ones?

I know you will pardon me, if I tell you one little personal incident that shows how genuine was this side of Mr. Longfellow's character. A little more than a year ago, he was at my house. He was hardly seated before he had turned himself into a playmate for my little four-year-old. When the call was finished, he said the usual good-day, and was quite at the bottom of the stairs. My little boy had not seen enough of him. So he rushed into the hall, and called out, "Mr. Longfellow, come back; I want to kiss you again!" Before we could interfere to save him the trouble, he was upstairs again, had caught him in his arms, and was playing with him once more. And then Max watched him from the window till he was out of sight. Why should children not love one who did not know how to grow old?

In dwelling thus on the man and the poet, do not think I have forgotten that I was to speak of his religion. For a man's religion is seen only in seeing him. When you have tasted the fruit, then you can judge the quality of the tree. Who cares about the religion of any man, unless it is able to sweeten his own life? With these glimpses of his character in mind, I think we would now like to know what such a man *thought* and *believed* concerning the great questions of God and destiny. For no tree of thought can be vicious that produces such healthy fruit.

As we look through his verse, we shall find no articulated creed. He was no formal theologian. His religion is rather an atmosphere. But it is as visible and palpable as the golden haze that illuminates and enriches the landscape of an Indian Summer afternoon. Let us hear him, while he gives us his own ideal of his work. In a beautiful sonnet addressed to Tennyson, he says,—

> "Not of the howling dervishes of song,
> Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
> Art thou, *O sweet historian of the heart!*"

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And in his poem on "The Singers," he writes,—

> "God sent his singers upon earth
> With songs of sadness and of mirth,
> That they might touch the hearts of men,
> And bring them back to heaven again."

"Historian of the heart"; to "touch the hearts of men, and bring them back to heaven,"—here is his ideal. And it is enough to say that he has not printed one line that is out of harmony with this gracious purpose. To cheer, to strengthen, to sweeten life, to lift it up and bring it into the heaven of love and truth and duty,—this is the mission of his song.

It is worth while, right here, to note the yawning depth and dismal breadth of the gulf that separates the religious attitude of Longfellow from one of the earliest verse-makers —it would be profanation to call him poet—of our history. It is a hint of how far we have travelled from barbarism toward humanity.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, in our old colonial days, a raven-song was heard from Malden. One Michael Wigglesworth, a Puritan clergyman, tried the impossible,—to set to music the wrath and thunders of "The Day of Doom." It was an attempt to teach the horrors of "the last day," as held in the theology of that age. Its god is a fiend; and his livid face lowers through the clouds that overhang the agony of the bottomless pit. One class after another appears before the incarnate anger, and is doomed. At last come the little children, who, not of the elect, are to suffer for the sin of Adam. They plead their cause, but all without avail. Pardon me for giving you one specimen. It is *Jesus*, remember, addressing *doomed infants*:—

> "You sinners are, and such a share
> As sinners may expect
> Such ye shall have; for I do save
> None but my own elect.

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"Yet to compare your sin with their
Who lived a longer time,
I do confess it is much less,
Though every sin's a crime.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
You may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest room in hell."

Then hear Longfellow sing,—

"Come to me, O ye children,
For I hear you at your play."

Surely, it is another world, another religion, another God, though the two are separated by less than two hundred years. In Longfellow, the "gospel" is indeed "*good* news"; what it could not claim to be in the older faith.

Longfellow's grave is hardly closed; and already, as I hear, he is beginning to be claimed as an "evangelical." If it be indeed so, it is only because evangelicalism has been converted. You may study his complete works, from one end to the other, and find no single trace of belief in any one of the distinctive and peculiar doctrines of the so-called evangelical churches. It is no wonder they would like to claim him; for, if flowers like him can grow out of doors, in the common air and sunshine of the world, then it is conclusively proved that their walled hot-houses have no monopoly of the sweet blossoms of the religious life. As matter of fact, his Christ ideal is only the traditional one of Unitarianism. And if sweet and loving words about him of Nazareth make one evangelical, then, behold, the Church has suddenly become wide enough to enfold Theodore Parker and John Stuart Mill. Mr. Longfellow's own brother, who spoke the last loving words at his house, hardly clings to the name of Christian even, but loves the wider fellowship of all true souls of whatever name.

And, indeed, Longfellow's God is not the God of any one theology or of any one religion. He sees and worships him in all the life and beauty of nature; he traces his footsteps in the history of all peoples; he listens, like a Quaker, for

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his "still, small voice" in the soul. He is the universal father, guide, friend, and saviour. The exclusive theologies have no place in their heavens for the heathen. But listen while Longfellow sings his grand, world-wide hope in *Hiawatha*:—

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human;
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened,
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha."

His verse is full of this tender trust, of this broad humanity. No true man is shut out of Longfellow's heaven for lack of the peculiar "shibboleth" of any faith.

His religious fellowship, as becomes one who believes in a God who is humanity's father, is no narrower than the world. Jew, Indian, Negro, all are folded in the arms of his sympathy and in the arms of his God. And not only that: his sympathy is *sub*-human, and embraces all that breathe and feel. His heart throbbed in response to whatever could feel the touch of joy or the keenness of sorrow. His "Bell of Atri" is a sermon on humanity to the animal world. The horses all would love him, could they but know how well he pleaded their cause. You remember the tale. An old horse, after a life of faithful service, turned out to die. Let us hear the king's decree; and, if we need the lesson, let us remember it:—

"He who serves well and speaks not merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore, the law decrees that, as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

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What, now, is his doctrine of human salvation? It is no religion of a borrowed righteousness, of the imputed merits of another, of magical reversals, of sacraments or blood. It is rather simple character-building. Let us hear a fragment of his lesson: —

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

"For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

"Build to-day then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

"*Thus alone* can we attain
To those summits where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky."

All may work at this character-building; for he tells us in "The Ladder of St. Augustine": —

"St. Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

But in this ascent there are no magical, miraculous leaps. For, in the same poem, he says: —

"The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic *flights of stairs*.

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"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

In this character-building, we can help each other. For, in the "Psalm of Life," he sings:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,—

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

And, in the work of this character-building, he reads a lesson of calmness and patient endurance in the firm, onward course of the stars:—

"And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

"Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

This, then, is his salvation,— self-mastery and noble adjustment to the conditions and duties of life. He was grandly free from the whining disease of pessimism. Instead of asking the craven question as to whether "life is worth living," he proposed rather that we should go to work and ***make it worth living.***

And the way to make it worth living, to build God's kingdom, is the plain way of goodness,— finding God's laws and obeying them. Note with what grand simplicity he closes his "Christus." Using the early church tradition that John, "the beloved disciple," should not die, but continue on earth till the "second advent," our poet represents him waiting as

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the ages go by. And into his lips he puts these closing words of his poem:—

"Bewildered with its search,
Bewildered with the cry,—
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"

When thus the dogmatic John is made to teach simple *character as the way of salvation*, and that in the poem of "Christus" itself, this alone would be enough to put the great poet on our own platform, which declares that *knowledge* and *deeds* are the twin gateways of entrance to the kingdom of God.

One more point only is there time to touch upon, and that is his teaching on the subject of the immortal life. Neither he nor we may be able as yet to prove his doctrine true; but we cannot help wishing it may be. He tells us that, though the old superstitious horror of it lives no longer, still our homes all are "Haunted Houses":—

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors,
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Life and death with him are but God's "Two Angels":—

"Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave, they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?"

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The churchyard is "God's Acre," where is sown a harvest for the eternal life to reap. In the twilight, he listens and hears the "Footsteps of Angels,"—the angels that once were human friends:—

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

To how many a broken-hearted mother has "The Reaper and the Flowers" brought a whisper of tearful comfort! The flowers; yes, the very buds and blossoms of human life, whose roots go down to the centre of the soul. But, if

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,"

the mother may give them "in tears and pain," and still in spite of all may trust

"'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

How many have been stronger to bear because he wrote his "Resignation"! Our sad forebodings may be the mistakes of our limited vision after all:—

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What *seem to us* but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

"*There is no death!* What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose *portal we call* death."

Can it be that a man like this is dead? I cannot believe it. Like a lark that sings and soars, and, still singing, fades out of sight in the blue heaven, we cannot believe that the voice is hushed just because the singer is beyond the range

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of *our* sight and hearing. Yes. he is gone beyond our sight. And he went at the right time, before his "eye was dim or his natural force abated." A rounded life was his, and he slept when his work was done. How much sweeter this than to linger while one sense after another decays, and the brain itself forgets its mastery. A timely death is as blessed a boon as is a timely birth and a full measure of years.

Where is he gone? We may not know as yet. So far as we are concerned, he has gone, to quote his own words once more,

> "Into the Silent Land!
> To you, ye boundless regions
> Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
> Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
> Who in life's battle firm doth stand
> Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
> Into the Silent Land."

With "Hope's tender blossoms," he certainly has gone. And though he has gone into a land that, to our ears, is silent, we will rejoice that he has left behind him "winged words" that will fly and sing their songs of trust and hope through many a year to come.

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SERMON AND POEM.

SERMON

(*Preached in the morning*)

The Moral Effect of Belief in a Future Life.

POEM

(*Read at Vesper Service*)

THE EASTER OF THE HEART.

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23. GOODNESS AND SORROW.
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The Moral Effect of Belief in a Future Life.

"Though I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, of what advantage is it to me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." — PAUL: I. COR. xv., 32.

"One day a woman was passing along the street, having in one hand a torch and in the other a bucket of water. Some one asked her what she was going to do. She replied: 'With the torch I am going to burn up heaven, and with the water I am going to put out the fires of hell. Then men will be free to do good for its own sake, not driven by threats nor bribed by promises.'" — ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." — PAUL: GAL. vi., 7.

"IF I didn't believe in hell, *I'd have my fling!*" — that is, I'd give loose rein to passion, and have what is called "a good time." So said an Evangelical clergyman. "If there wasn't any devil, there would not be a great many Christians!" — that is, what is called "coming to Christ" is only running away from the devil. So said an Evangelical church member to me.

Such sayings as these mean that hell is the corner-stone of religion and morality, and that God could not successfully administer his government without the help of the devil. To persons in this state of mind, the man who expresses a doubt on the subject of a future life straightway becomes a public enemy. He is not simply threatening a precious hope, but he is taking away all valid reason for morals, and so endangering the public welfare.

On the other hand, the philosopher who wrote our "Oriental Apologue" was of the opinion that men ought to be good without any thought whatever as to consequences.

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And Mr. Frederic Harrison, the ablest living follower of the great Frenchman, Comte, the founder of what he called "The Religion of Humanity," declares that the belief in a future life is selfish and immoral. What he means by this is that the light of heaven and the shadows of hell blind men to the real reasons for conduct, and that he who behaves for the sake of promised sugar-plums or a threatened whipping is not truly moral at all; for he would really prefer *not* to behave. And I cannot help having a good deal of sympathy with his opinion.

But the third part of my text gives expression to still another view. It recognizes what has come to be demonstrated as a law of the nature of things,—that every feeling, thought, word, and deed is the planting of a seed that will come up and produce its appropriate fruit of good or evil, for ourselves or others to eat. These fruits are not "rewards" or "punishments," in the sense of arbitrarily inflicted or apportioned good or ill: they are natural results, that no sane man will disregard in his own case, and that no humane man will disregard in the case of others. The nature of these results is learned by human experience,—just as farmers learn the results of planting and reaping in their fields,—and thus is wrought out a code of conduct that we call moral.

Put now sharply before your minds these three positions:

1st. A belief in a future life is the only adequate foundation for morals.

2d. A belief in a future life is selfish, and stands in the way of morals.

3d. The law of cause and effect is the foundation of morals, in this life or any other life.

When you find people of ordinary intelligence thus flatly contradicting each other concerning some matter about which they all have an equal chance of knowing, you may safely conclude that they are laboring under some serious misunderstanding. Either they do not understand each other or else they do not understand the problem up for

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discussion. No morals without belief in a future life: belief in a future life itself immoral: — no two positions could be much wider apart than these.

Atheism and agnosticism — denial and doubt concerning a personal God — both rouse the hatred and the fear of ecclesiastics, for both are supposed to be inconsistent with all belief in immortality. But I must confess that I could never quite see why. For, if nature without God has been able to produce man and confer upon him the life he now has, it seems to me at least an open question as to whether nature may not also be able to continue personal existence through the change called death.

My only reason, however, for touching on the subject of atheism now is that it is generally taken as being equivalent to a denial of a future existence. No morals without God and immortality,— this has been the common cry. It will be worth our while just here to listen to the opinion of so profound a thinker and widely read a scholar as Lord Bacon; and his opinion takes an added weight from the fact that he was himself a pronounced theist; for he says, "I had rather believe in all the fables in . . . the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind." And yet, after looking over the world, and noting the effects of doubt on the one hand and superstition on the other, he declares of atheism: "It leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward, moral virtue, though religion were not. But superstition dismounts all these. . . . Therefore, atheism did never perturb States, for it makes men wary of themselves as looking no further; and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the times of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times, but superstition hath been the confusion of many States."

No morals without God and immortality: the belief in God and immortality itself immoral: — no contradiction can appear more hopeless than this. Before attempting, however, to unravel the difficulty, let us see if any light is thrown upon the problem by the history of the past. We will

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glance over a few historic examples, with two questions in our minds: —

1st. Is it true that those ages in which a belief in another life has been most firmly held have been more moral than others?

2d. If they have or have not, is it clear that the moral differences can be certainly traced to either the presence or the absence of this belief?

For our first illustration from history, let us turn to ancient Egypt. So far as we can now recover her creeds and her social condition, we are led to believe that faith in a future life was very general, very vivid, and that it exercised a very strong control over the daily life of the people. So very real was it all that one of the first and most precious cares of a newly married couple, after arranging for their home, was to arrange for that other home,— the tomb. And this because they believed that proper rites of sepulture stood in the most vital relation to their future condition. Tombs were their most elaborate and costly monuments, and within these the mummified bodies waited for the day when the souls would return and claim them again. Their most sacred scripture was called "The Book of the Dead," and in this the future career of the soul was as graphically delineated as were the earthly processions and triumphs of their kings portrayed on their historic tablets.

It is no doubt true that the destiny of the soul was made to depend very largely on matters of ritual and ceremony. And yet their sacred writings lay a strong emphasis on character. The Judge of the Dead is represented as saying of one who successfully meets the ordeal of judgment: "He has given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked. His lips are pure, and his hands are pure. His heart weighs right in the balance."

Egypt, then, believed most thoroughly in a future life. What, now, was its moral condition? Its grand history, its high grade of civilization, the fact that it endured for so many centuries,— these things indicate that, for that age in the

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world's history, its moral condition must have been exceptionally high. For morals in a nation are what health is in an individual. Nations, like individuals, either keep the laws of life, or they die. The case of Egypt, then, appears to be one where firm moral fibre and a strong faith in a future life were found at least together.

Let us now turn and see what light the Old Testament history of Israel is able to cast on our problem. We are told that Moses was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," so of course he must have been familiar with their doctrine of a future life. It is clear also that the one grand aim of his life-work was to lead his people up into a higher, purer, and nobler religious life. It is just this and its after results that make the history of Israel of importance to the modern world.

But right here we come face to face with one of the most startling and striking facts in the religious history of any people. We say that belief in a future life is essential to morality. But, concerning Moses' opinion on this subject, one of two things is clear,— either he did not believe in any future life at all, or else he did not regard it as of any practical importance. It is at least certain that he taught nothing of the kind. And it is also certain that Israel had no belief in any general immortality until they came in contact with the Persians, and borrowed it from them. And yet — in spite of this, shall I say? — at any rate the fact is clear — the moral life of the Hebrew people was greatly above the level of the average of the nations about them. And the heights of those far-off times have echoed down the ages some of the grandest moral teachings of the world.

Egypt believes in a future life, and develops a high morality for that age. Israel has no such faith, and also develops a high morality.

Let us now turn for a moment to India.

About six hundred years before Christ, Brahmanism had developed a doctrine of immortality as elaborate and vivid as that of Egypt. The thought of it and the fear of it domi-

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nated and oppressed the whole popular life. It reduced this life to nothingness. It became so oppressive that there arose a wide-spread revolt, and Buddhism was born. Gautama ignored the gods and the future life both, and concentrated all his effort on what was essentially a moral reform. He taught men that they must be their own saviors, and that the path of salvation was the plain way of moral goodness. Without persecution or the shedding one drop of blood, by the mere force of persuasion, he conquered a larger following than has ever gone by the name of any other religious leader of the world. He taught moral precepts that have never been surpassed.

Here, then, is the curious case of a great leader whose very first step in moral reform was a denial of the popular doctrine of a future life. And when in after times his followers began to worship him as divine, and to go back and pick up their old beliefs concerning the future, it cannot be denied that this movement was accompanied by a marked deterioration of their moral life.

One more historic illustration must suffice. When compared with its general state of civilization, it is incontestably true that Europe never reached a lower level of moral degradation than during the so-called "Ages of Faith," when the Catholic Church was supreme. Nobody doubted the reality and nearness of the other world then. Dante's great poem had made "the Inferno" as tangible a country as the streets of Florence. The tortures were horribly real, and no one dared doubt that they were endless. And yet this belief had apparently almost no moral effect. Bishops, cardinals, the Pope himself, often lived in shameless violation of all moral laws. Intrigues and poisonings were matters of every day. Speaking of the moral condition of the Court of France during the girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Swinburne has recently said that it was impossible to speak of its vices, but that its "*virtues* were *murder* and *adultery*." The State meant tyranny, robbery, oppression; the Church meant venality, license, unscrupulous ambitions, and the Inquisition;

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the monastery was only another name for corruption; and wandering friars were more dangerous than modern tramps. But there was no doubt on the subject of immortality.

Now, all this does not conflict at all with the undoubted fact that, at first in the Roman Empire, the Church wrought a grand moral reform. It only shows that belief in a future life alone is not necessarily a moral force. Why it is not I will try to show before long.

It is clear, then, that we can find historic examples that *seem* to prove *either* side of our question. The only trouble is that, when you find two things together, it does not always follow that *one* of them is the *cause* of the other. So, if people believe in a future life or do not believe in one, it may not be true that this belief or disbelief *is the cause of their living as they do.* A hundred *other* motives may come in to determine their course of action.

If you analyze carefully the motives of your life, the influences that lead you to do as you do, I think you will find that the most of them come from this world. It is the opinions of your fellow-men, the desire to please those you love, your own welfare and the welfare of those for whom you care,—it is these things and such as these that lead you to do one thing and refrain from another. He who does not care for these rarely cares for any future and far-off contingencies. Shakspere hits it finely in Macbeth. When meditating the murder of Duncan, he makes him say that, if he could only be sure of success here, he'd

"Jump the world to come."

And, as a matter of fact, the criminal who will risk the police is very rarely deterred by any fear of the future.

Let us now see if, in brief space, we cannot find the principle that will help us to a solution of our problem as to what is the real effect on human life of a belief in immortality. For the sake of clearness and simplicity, let us note and number a few points, and thus go on straight to our answer.

1. People are governed by motives. And these motives

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must be made up of the supposed consequences of their actions; whether they regard those consequences as the *natural results* of those actions or results arbitrarily appointed by some superior power. And, further, if men are left free,—from external control or that equally compulsive power of overmastering internal passions,—they will naturally choose what they regard as best.

2. One of the principal characteristics of *civilized* man is that he does not live merely for to-day, but takes the future into consideration. The sensible man, who expects to live forty years, cannot possibly help taking those forty years into account. He will not live just as he would if he knew he would die in six months. And specially will this be true, if he knows that his present daily course of conduct is to determine the happiness or sorrow of those forty years.

3. But, if a man is to live only six months, that fact does not abolish right and wrong. However brief his life, still it will remain true that certain courses of conduct lead to happiness and well-being, and certain others to the opposite. The law of cause and effect, that links good and evil results with all action, does not depend upon any question of duration. Whether for fifteen minutes or fifteen millions of years, good and evil are *facts;* and, being facts, they must be *motives.*

4. The expectation of a prolonged life *on* earth or of another life *beyond* earth cannot then *create* morality, nor can its absence *destroy* it. But these conceptions might have power most seriously to *modify* our ideal as to the "chief end" of life, and so they might seriously *change* or greatly *intensify* our controlling motives. A man will patiently bear a great deal of trial or hardship this year for the sake of some good result to come next year, whether that result is to benefit *him* or *somebody else* for whom he cares. But, if he thinks it is to do *nobody any good,* you can hardly expect him to be so patient.

5. If, then,—and this leads us to our decisive point,—a man looks forward to a long future here, or to an eternal

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future somewhere else, and if he thinks himself able to determine the good or evil of that future, both for himself and for others, then he were insane indeed not to let these facts have a profound influence over his life.

We are now ready to face the cause of all the confusion of thought on this great subject. It is simply a failure to understand *the law of cause and effect* as controlling human destiny.

If a man believes in a future and an immortal life, and if at the same time he believes that his character and conduct here are to determine the good or evil of that life; if he really believes that "*whatsoever* a man soweth, *that* shall he also *reap;*" then this belief in a future cannot help being the grandest inspiration conceivable, and the mightiest of all moral motives. But he may believe ever so strongly in the future and immortal life; and if, at the same time, he believes he can *escape the natural results of his actions*, or that he can attain the highest future welfare in some other way than by behaving himself here, then the belief may have even an immoral effect on his life.

How, then, has this matter stood in the past? In *most* cases, the great religions of the world have taught the common people that future salvation *chiefly* depended on *rites* and *ceremonies* that did not necessarily have anything to do with moral conduct. In many cases, the gods themselves, on whose caprice salvation depended, have not been moral; and of course such beliefs could be of no moral advantage. The Catholic Church, during her supremacy, has made salvation depend chiefly on sacraments, not character. The noblest characters, if heretical in opinion, have been consigned to hell. Pardon for sins could be bought. The Church's forgiveness and extreme unction at the death hour could wipe out a life of crime. *Such* a belief in a future life is of necessity immoral. And even the Protestant Church has always put *something else* than goodness in the *highest* place; and "eleventh hour" repentance has held out a possible escape for the life-long sinner.

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We may sum up then in a word. The man who recognizes and cares for the happiness and welfare of man will lead a noble moral life, whether he thinks about the future or not. The firmest possible belief in a future life, coupled with a belief that heaven may be gained by "faith" or a "sacrament" or by anything other than character,— this may not make a man any better, and it *may* make him worse. A belief in a future life, in a grand and endless destiny for all, coupled with the belief that it is to be gained by a noble life for one's self and an unselfish helping of others,— this, it seems to us, must be the grandest of all possible inspirations and the mightiest of all possible motives.

And this I hold up before you as *my Easter hope.*

"The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

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THE EASTER OF THE HEART.

The earth lay shrouded white in snow;
With low, sad voice, the winds wailed by;
While, as in hopeless prayer, the trees
Their gaunt arms lifted to the sky.

Winter was king; and icy Death,
His favorite, stretched his sceptre forth,
And held all fair things, leaf and flower,
Prisoned in dungeons of the north.

All nature was in chains: the brooks
Crept ice-bound on their sluggish way;
The sun shone feebly, and the night
Soon blotted out the cheerless day.

— — —

Then from the south the glad spring came,
And breathed through all the chilly air,
And wheresoe'er her warm feet trod
Sprang life and beauty everywhere.

The earth flung off her shroud: the winds
Their wailing ceased, and stooped to tell
The grasses and the flowers 'twas time
For roots to start and buds to swell.

The trees' long prayer was answered now:
The heavens once again were kind;
And, thrilled through every bough, they flung
Their leafy banners to the wind.

The fields and meadows all put on
Their spangled dress of grass and flowers;
Brooks babbled, and ecstatic birds
Made shake with joy their leafy towers.

— — —

Such is young *Nature's Easter Day!*
But tell me, then, Has *man* no part
In life's long triumph over death?
Is there no Easter of the heart?

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Our loved ones, shrouded white, have lain
  Beneath the snow these many years:
The sad-voiced winds above them go,
  And on their graves drip rainy tears.

Their shadowy memories visit us —
  For dreams at least can leave that shore: —
Mother's gray hairs and gentle eyes,
  As light she steps across the floor;

Or comes the brother of our youth,
  Making the far-off years draw nigh;
The wife, long lost, our fadeless dream,
  The same old love-look in her eye;

The laughing child, whose sunny hair
  Was so entangled in our heart,
It bleeds afresh when we recall
  The hour that tore our lives apart.

'Tis winter in our lives! Snows fall,
  Chill, dreary skies are overhead;
The fresh leaves of our youth are gone,
  The flowers of our hope are dead.

Is there no Easter of the heart?
  Will our lives bud again no more?
Will they no more return,—the birds
  Whose music made us glad before?

Nay, listen! in my heart, I hear
  The whisper of another spring:
The winds blow warm from sunny lands,
  Leaves burst and buds are blossoming.

I catch the fragrance of a clime
  Where summer blooms the whole round year,
Where every sound melts into song
  And comes as music to my ear.

The lost ones hidden by the snow,
  With faces white and still and cold,
Beneath those soft skies wake again
  To live and love us as of old.

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Mother and brother, wife and child,—
They keep the same remembered faces:
Only tear-stains and lines of care
With deathless youth can find no places.

And, best of all, it looks like home,
No strange land trod by alien feet,—
Familiar as our childhood haunts,
Clothed all in mellow sunlight sweet.

— ——

The heart's long prayer is answered thus:
The dead through no far countries roam
As babes born into waiting arms,
They die into some higher home.

And 'neath the sunshine of this hope
My life, where joy had ceased to sing,
Where dead flowers mocked the withered leaves,
Now buds and blossoms like the spring.

M. J. S.

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SERIES ON

THE MODERN SPHINX

AND SOME OF HER RIDDLES.

V.—WHAT IS EDUCATION FOR?

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WHAT IS EDUCATION FOR?*

My subject this morning is, What is education for? I take for a Scriptural starting-point — I will hardly call them texts, because it is not my purpose to enlarge on and unfold the words selected — the sixth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and, when he is old, he will not depart from it." And again a part of the seventh verse of the fourth chapter,— "Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom." And just a word of comment on that passage. I take it that by wisdom the writer does not mean what we call learning or instruction, but the practical ability to apply or to use what we know in such a way as to attain the highest welfare of ourselves and of others.

Man is born into this world the most helpless of all living creatures. The young of animals and of birds need nothing for the ordinary course of their life that we are accustomed to call education. The young beaver, in a little while, is able to build its house and its dam as well as its ancestors have builded theirs for a hundred years. It is able with its natural faculties and endowments to find out the places where its food grows, and to obtain that food, and thus all its wants are supplied. It is adequately adapted to its surroundings, and able to live out a complete and full life. The young bird, only a little while out of the egg, just beginning to peep over the edge of its nest, is soon capable of flying off to its home and its natural element in the air. And, without anything that we call training, it uses its claws, its beak, its wings, and sings its unlearned song.

Man alone, then, among all the creatures of the earth, is

* Phonographically reported by Belle C. Barrows.

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born into this utter helplessness of infancy, and is dependent for his future career on his surroundings, on that which is done for him,—dependent on what he is made. A young child has to learn everything. He has to learn to balance himself on his little feet and to walk. The little boy has to learn to use his hands, to use his eye, his ear, and his tongue. He has to learn how to develop and unfold every faculty of his complex nature. And the whole failure or success of his life depends upon the kind and amount of education that he receives. You may take a little child from the lap of ideal culture itself, and give that child into the nursing of a barbarian mother, and he will grow up practically a barbarian. No matter how many ages of endowment may have transmitted to him his natural faculties and powers, the kind of training he receives will determine the use to which those faculties and powers will be put. Born out of the highest culture, he may come to delight in the gaudy, feathered head-dress of the savage, and to take pride in the war-paint of a chief. Or, a little child taken from the midst of a loving, moral, tender, religious home, cast into circumstances tending to melt all these characteristics into the image of evil and selfishness and wrong,—this child, with an ancestry of a thousand years of noble manhood and womanhood behind him, may become a blot upon society, a scourge to all that is noble and pure and good.

Since, then, so much of what a man or woman becomes depends on this question of the amount and kind of training that the child receives, is there any question as to whether this theme has a right to this hour and this place? Is it not a very essential part of morals and religion that we should consider the principles that underlie an ideal education; that we should ask, and attempt to answer, as far as we can in an hour, the question, *What is education for?*

For I take it that, notwithstanding the wide-spread interest there is in this subject, notwithstanding the fact that our land is dotted all over with school-houses and institutions of learn-

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ing of every grade from the primary school up to the university, notwithstanding the fact that all of us feel that education is somehow a great, essential thing, still it is true that the number of persons is few who ask and intelligently answer the question, What does education mean, what is it for, toward what lines should it be directed? How many of you fathers have ever asked it concerning your children? How many of you teachers, if there be those here to-day, have ever asked anything beyond the gaining a successful result at examination time or putting a child through the prescribed curriculum of study, as to what it is all for?

When is a man educated? When is a woman educated? When are they not? If the question were put to you whether such a person were educated, would you not straightway begin to think to what school he had been, how many things he knew, what he could tell about geography or geology or astronomy, or what problems in mathematics he might be able to solve? And if you were asked concerning some other person whether he were educated, and you knew that he had never been to school at all or but very little in his life, that he had never been to college, that he had never pursued the ordinary routine of studies, would you not, with the common definitions of education in your mind, find yourself inclined to say that, however much he knew, however successful he had become, however great and grand things he was able to accomplish, still he was an uneducated man? Is it not clear, then, that we need something more definite in our minds as to what we mean by this word "education," some standard by which we may measure ourselves, some standard by which we may measure our schools, our universities, some standard by which we may judge whether our own children are gradually approximating the ideal that we have in mind?

What shall this standard be? What is a man in this world for? If to-day some one of your acquaintance were standing on the further verge of life, knowing that in a week or a month he must pass on into the mystery that enfolds this

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wondrous existence of ours, if he were ready to turn back and bid good-by to the world where he had spent his fifty or sixty years, by what test would you decide whether he had been prepared to live, and had lived in the real sense of that word? Would you decide it by the number of schools he had attended, or the college course he had passed through, by the social position he occupied or the money he possessed? You know — for a moment's reflection teaches you — that you would decide by none of these things. They would only be elements,— parts of the problem as to how he has succeeded.

The man who has shown himself capable of standing on his own feet and earning his own living; the man who, as he went through life, was trained in intellect so that he could discern the true from the false, and take his side with the right in the great discussions and conflicts of the world; the man who has been able to take out of life the sweetest and best things that it had to give him and still keep himself noble and true; the man who has learned how to put into life something worthy the career of a man, so that at the last he can say, as he bids adieu to the world, It is richer because I have passed through it,— would you not say of a man like that that he had succeeded? Would you not say that he had found out what life meant and had grasped it at its very heart, that he had been a man, that he had lived and attained all that you could expect of or demand from a man? No matter what else a man may have done, if he has failed in these grand essentials, his life at the best has been only a partial success. And, if he have failed in them all, I care not how rich, how brilliant, how socially high he may have stood, how flattered, how sought after he may have been, his life has been, judged in the light of any worthy standard, a disastrous and miserable and pitiful failure.

You remember that story, to which I may have referred before, of the man travelling somewhere in Europe, who wished to pass from one headland to another over an expanse of water, an arm of the sea several miles in breadth.

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He secured the services of a skilful boatman to take him over. The weather was pleasant as they started out; but before they had gone far there were threats of a storm, and yet at first neither the boatman nor the passenger had any thought of danger. As they sailed along, they entered into conversation. The passenger was a scholar, widely read, and interested in all the departments of human thought. He asked the boatman if he had ever studied geology, and the boatman answered no. Then the passenger dilated on the wonders and glories of that science, and said, "If you have not studied geology, then a quarter of your life at least is lost." Next, he asked if he had studied political economy, and the boatman was obliged to confess that he had not; and the other went on to speak of the importance of this study to the welfare of the nations of the world, and he told the boatman that, if he had not studied that, another quarter of his life was lost. Then, in regard to some other department of human investigation, he put the same question with the same reply, and the boatman was told that still another quarter of his life was lost. Just at that point, the storm that had been gathering culminated and broke upon their little vessel. It was upset; and, as they clung to the wreck, the boatman asked the wise man if he had ever learned to swim, and he said he had not. "Then," said the boatman, "the whole of your life is lost." So it seems to me, and for this purpose I have referred to this illustration, that it is simply justice and truth to say that he who has not learned these four essentials to which I have referred,—to stand on his own feet and earn his own living; to distinguish truth from falsehood in the great battles of the world, so as to cast his influence on the side of truth; who has not learned to get out of life its best things as he goes through it; and who has not learned to put into life the best things of which he is capable in the way of serving his fellow-men,—whatever else he may have learned, if he has not learned these, all the better part of his life at least is lost. That which constitutes life, which gives it its dignity, its meaning, and which makes

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it worth while to live at all, has been left one side and forgotten. There are young men who have gone through a long course of study, graduated at the high schools, perhaps graduated at the university, who, if you simply throw them into the midst of the conflict of the world, are utterly incapable with their own strength and their own brains of keeping themselves afloat, much less of rendering any service to their fellow-men. Such young men, I care not how much they know, are not educated.

Education is not putting things into a man's memory. Education is not using a boy as though he were a pint pot which you can fill up and then put on the cover. He may be ever so full, and be utterly worthless. A boy may know the names of all the carpenter's tools in the world; he may be able to explain the origin of the ores out of which they are made, and the process of smelting; he may be able to describe their manufacture in its minutest details: you may fill his arms full of all these things that he knows so much about, and yet he may not be a carpenter. He may not know how to use these tools so as to make anything that it is worth while to make. So you may fill a man's brain with all the technical knowledge of the world, of science, of art, of history, and yet he may simply be loaded down with implements, the proper use of which he knows nothing about.

So, too, of a girl. Those things that we call accomplishments, beautiful and fitting as they are in their place, are not education. Very few of the girls whom I have known in my life should I ever speak of as educated girls in the true sense of the word. I will explain what I mean in a moment. Accomplishments, those graceful accessories of life, are not education any more than the cornices and the frescoing and the carving are a house. They are beautiful as decorations after there is something to decorate. But is it not true that, nine times out of ten, we begin with the decoration and leave the house out of account? A young lady may be able, for example, to *say* bread in two or three languages, and yet be neither able to make nor to digest bread after she has said it.

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There is no more common, no more wide-spread delusion than lies in the idea that simply the knowledge of things, the knowledge of music, the knowledge of the lists of the kings that have made up the histories of the world, the knowledge of certain things of this sort, are education. They are simply some of the materials that an educated person may use, but they are no more education than the possession of a pile of clay makes a man a sculptor. They are simply the material for an artist to use after he has been trained.

After so much by way of introduction to my theme, I wish to justify what I have said by taking up and discussing clearly and briefly the three or four points I have mentioned as essential to a true education. I shall not be able to do more in so immense a subject as this than to accomplish what a man in the West would call "blazing" one's way through the woods. You know that when a man for the first time goes through a forest where he wishes some one to follow him, or where he may wish safely to retrace his own steps, he chips off the bark of the trees with his axe as he goes along,—"blazing his way," as he calls it; and so he knows again the path that he has followed. I shall not be able to do more than that to-day. I trust, however, that you will follow me, and study for yourself this subject, learning how much it means, how deep, how broad, how high it really is.

The first thing, then, that seems to me essential to an education either for man or woman, although it is very largely overlooked in the case of man, and almost entirely overlooked in the case of woman at present,—the very first essential is that he or she shall be trained, at the very threshold of life, to stand independently on his or her own feet, and to control the forces of life that are about him or her, so that he or she may at the very least earn his or her own honest living. What does it mean else? The idea is widely prevalent that there is something disgraceful about working. Men even have hardly outgrown the ignoble superstition, and women have hardly yet begun to outgrow it.

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Yet, if you will look back the pathway of human history, you will find that it is simply an inheritance from those days when the only noble thing for a man to do was to fight and butcher and subdue and enslave his fellow-men. I do not say that this was not a necessary step in human progress, for I believe it was; but it is something the world has outgrown and left behind. Instead of work being disgraceful, it is the only patent of nobility; and the only nobleman of the world is he who is able to create something for use or beauty,—who is able to take the raw material of this universe, and with artist's skill and power turn it into something beautiful or something useful for his fellow-man. All art, that of the painter and of the sculptor, is simply a handicraft. When the time comes that brains are mixed with labor, when honest purpose is mixed with labor, when man is able to put his own thought and skill and character into his work, all work, from the lowest to the highest, will have about all the essential elements of art, and will be recognized as that which is inherently noble.

Who is the man that does not work? I care not if he have inherited from his ancestors the ability to make himself useless, who is he that does not work? He is the one who takes out of this world, and puts nothing in. Are you aware of the fact that the accumulated resources of the world, all put together, are not enough in themselves for the world to live on more than two or three years at the utmost? What would you think of a man out on a raft with twenty others, escaped from a shipwreck, who, because he was strong enough to take double his share of the provisions and to make those that he could control wait upon him and serve him, should compel them to get out of the water some addition to their supplies every day, and should compel them to do this while he simply consumed from the common store, leaving the rest on the verge of starvation? That is simply a parallel thing to what every man does and every woman does who takes out of the common stock of this world's goods and puts nothing in from birth until the death hour.

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This, in its essence at least, is what is called by a very strong name,—taking things without paying.

The first thing, then, that every boy ought to be taught is to earn an honest living. He ought to be taught some trade, some successful use of his hands. He ought to be taught something more than merely to get a position as a clerk or to depend upon the guidance or help of a friend. Every boy ought to be taught in such a way that, if you were to throw him down anywhere in this world, he would be able to leap to his feet and control the circumstances about him and make them his servants; and no boy is educated in the truest and broadest sense of the word until he has come as near as possible to this position.

And what of the girls? I, for one, would say concerning them essentially the same thing. There is nothing ignoble in a girl's being so trained that she is capable of standing independently on her own feet and looking the world in the face, with nothing to fear from it and nothing to ask of it. And in this country at least, whatever is true anywhere else, there is no man, I care not what his wealth or position may be, who is absolutely sure that his daughter, his wife even, may not some day be compelled so to stand. And even if she be not, how much of dignity, how much of self-poise, how much of self-respect, how much of strength, how much of self-control would it add to womanly character, if, after her young girlhood, when she comes to the time when she thinks of pledging her heart and life to some man whom she has learned to love, she can feel that she gives something as well as takes all, that she is his match, his equal. And if the time comes, as it comes so frequently and so sadly, when the young wife and mother, with her little brood about her, stands weeping over the death-bed of him on whom she has depended,—how many a time, I say, does it come to pass that there is added to all the sense of bereavement and loss and natural sorrow the unspeakable horror of looking at a wilderness world, full of gigantic forces, in the midst of which she is helpless as a child, unable to take care of herself or the

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little ones that are dependent on her. How many a woman's life, self-respect, and honor would be saved, if it were part of the very first principles of education to teach girls this kind of self-respect and self-control! I have in mind one woman, as I speak, married, a happy wife and happy mother, who, if her husband were taken away from her to-day, in either one of three or four different departments of human life could take her position with the best of men and ask no odds. And yet she is as womanly, as tender, as delicate, as refined as the best of the ladies of Boston; one fitted to go into any society in Boston, and by her refinement and womanly culture to meet and match those who are only, as they suppose, refined ladies, but who would scorn to do the work that she is capable of doing, and who would be utterly incompetent to do it, if they did not scorn it. This, then, is the first grand essential in any education of boy or girl.

What next? As you look out over this world into the sphere of society and politics, of morality, of religion, of business everywhere, you are brought face to face with great problems to be decided. In politics, for example, here are protection and free trade. Which is true? Both are not. Which is really for the interest of the world? Both cannot be. Take it in the matter of social science. There are equally antagonistic questions here. Go into the spheres of morality and of religion. Here are men clamoring on one hand and men clamoring on the other. Here is a great church saying, We have deposited with us the divine and everlasting truth, and nobody else has it: if you do not take it from us, you are under the ban of God and in danger of everlasting perdition. On the other hand, other great bodies are saying the same thing of themselves. Others are laughing at them all. Where is the truth? It is somewhere. The claims of those great churches can be asserted and proved, or they cannot. The claim of those outside, that neither of them has the truth, can be proved or it cannot. Whether there is any truth anywhere, or whether there is not, is a question capable of being settled. How? By

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reason; by the brains of man in the light of human experience. If a man does not settle these questions for himself in reference to society, to politics, to morality, to religion, he simply drifts, and is of no worth anywhere: perhaps worse than that, because he is in the way of other people who cannot do the things they would, while he obstructs the path. If a man, guided by his passions, dislikes, inherited prejudices, casts the weight of his influence all his life in the scale of falsehood, then he is doing a life work that will be cast aside by and by as drift and stubble and as of no real value to the world. A man must be capable of deciding these great questions, or run the peril of making his whole life one long contribution to error.

The first great duty after a man has won the right to stand in the world and take a part in its affairs is to train himself as a competent truth-seeker. I am not exaggerating one whit, when I make the assertion that, if I were to take all the arguments for free trade and for protection, all the arguments for the Church of Rome on the one hand and for the Lutheran revolt on the other, all the arguments for superstition on the one side and for the rational position which we occupy on the other, and were to put them in the hands of the inhabitants of the city of Boston, and ask them to analyze all these arguments and tell me which made out their case, I dare assert that there is not one man or one woman in five thousand who would be competent to answer the question, for the simple reason that they have never been trained as truth-seekers. Most of us have not been trained in this matter. We have simply drifted, inheriting certain opinions, prejudices, and ideas. We have been taught from our childhood up that it was a divine and sacred thing to fight for our particular prejudices, no matter what they might be; that it was right to be loyal to our father's faith, our mother's ideas, to the opinions that have come down to us.

There is only one thing that an honorable man or woman now has any right to be loyal to, and that is *the truth*. The

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truth can be found out. It can be discovered. If in any particular department it is said that it cannot be found, then it is not worth while to fret or worry about that any more. But if in some department it can be found, then it ought to be; and we ought to enlist as soldiers of the truth, and of the truth only, and of the truth always.

We ought then to have it settled in every child's mind before he goes forth alone into this world that it is his first duty to find the truth, and that, in order to find it, he must put away prejudice and passion, and that he must accept as true only those things that are proved to be true; that he must put in a pile by themselves, as doubtful, those opinions that cannot be demonstrated; and that in estimating evidence his brain ought to be a passionless pair of scales; and that when one side goes down by the weight of evidence on that side, then it is the voice of God and duty that he firmly abide by that decision.

I must be very brief in running over the next two points, simply indicating in boldest outline my idea. After a man has learned to be independent, to stand upon his own feet, to earn his own honest living, after he has learned to be a truth-seeker, and how to decide what is true and what is false, then he ought to be able to go through this life and take out of it all its sweetest and finest and noblest things for his use; and to be able to do this as a honey-bee passes from flower to flower in a garden, extracting the honey without destroying any single flower, either its beauty or its fragrance. A man ought to be able to go through life taking the best things out of it for himself, and not only not injure the world, but make it better as he goes.

In order to do this, the very first thing necessary is so simple and commonplace a thing as health. Whatever your boy or your girl may possess, however cultivated and refined a brain and successful fingers they may have, however keen a scent for truth and however loyal a devotion to it they may have, they are worthless in this world, where strength is needed for the battles of life, unless they be dowered with

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health. They must be taught concerning the wondrous mechanism of this body, and how to take care of it.

And, as essential to any complete education, they should also be taught the laws of ethics or morals, the relation in which they ought to stand to their fellow-man, the duties that they owe, the rights they may demand. For, as the music of the organ depends on its being rightly constructed in the first place and then kept perfectly in tune, so the music of human happiness depends on society being rightly constructed in the first place and then being kept perfectly in tune. That is, a man's happiness in the long run depends on his fidelity and the fidelity of those around him to the laws of righteousness and truth, as demonstrated in the course of human experience.

Then, a man ought to be trained as to the wonder of this human history that has preceded us and of which we are the outcome, the wonders of the stars above him and of the earth beneath him, the wonders of art, the wonders of literature. Why, all about us, though we go like deaf people through a concert room or like blind people through an art gallery,—all about us are untold stores of mystery and marvel that would fill this life full of adventure, full of thrilling interest, if we were only able to comprehend the things that seem so commonplace.

I remember reading years ago about a magician who had the power of anointing his eyes so that he could see all the stores of gems and gold that were hidden in the ribs of the hills, and of anointing his ears so that he could understand the language of the bird-songs about him. My friends, this world is more wonderful, more magical in that sense, than any story book or *Arabian Nights* has ever dreamed, if we would only teach ourselves to see and hear. If we would only find the keys to unlock the doors, there are rooms on every hand that are more wonderful than any that child ever dreamed of in a fairy tale.

One thing more. I have spoken of getting out of life its good things. The crowning, the culminating thing toward

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which all the others lead up as their outcome and result, is that we be so educated and trained as to be able to put into life as we go through it something of the results of our own culture, our own thought, our own labor, so that the world when we leave it shall be richer and nobler and better than it was when we found it. Yet so wonderfully are we all woven together, so wonderfully does the welfare of neighbor turn on neighbor, that you cannot separate your welfare from his. I have said that love and morality are the grand essential conditions of getting the best things out of life. There are two grand essential conditions of your putting anything noble into life as well. When you have made yourself the noblest and best, you have made yourself a fitting servant of your fellow-man, and are thus capable of doing something to make the world better. Seek, then, to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, to make the light of science reach a little farther over the edge of the present experience. Seek to lift off the burden of superstition from men's souls, and let them stand up in God's sunlight, free, his children. Seek to solve some one of the problems of human suffering, to aid in delivering men from the crushing burdens of poverty and crime. Do some little thing by which you shall make the world better.

And if you have been educated well concerning these four things, so that in some slight degree you are achieving success in regard to it; if you are leading your children according to the best of your ability along toward these four things, —you have achieved for yourself and you are helping them to achieve the grandest possible education. But however you train them, however you teach them, however much they know, however many accomplishments they are master of, if they stand helpless in the presence of these four things, then their life is largely in vain.

O Father, let thy light and thy truth shine into our hearts. Let us be led by right ways along the paths of human life, so that we may reach the grand end of becoming servants of God and servants of our fellow-men. Amen.

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THEOLOGICAL FICTION,

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"And no man putteth a piece of undressed cloth upon an old garment; for that which should fill it up taketh from the garment, and a worse rent is made. Neither do men put new wine into old wine-skins: else the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins perish: but they put new wine into fresh wine-skins, and both are preserved." — MATTHEW ix., 16, 17.

YOU will remember that in the old version the word here translated skins is bottles, bottle being a modern term representing the ancient one. We must go back to the original thought before we can appreciate the significance of the words of Jesus. Bottles made of skins of course grow old and lose their strength and elasticity; and the ferment of the new wine going on within them is liable at any time to burst and destroy them, and so to spill and lose the wine. And, if the process of patching and mending is resorted to, still the difference in strength and resisting power on the part of the new and the old makes it constantly liable to rend and tear at the point of junction. There is no safety, therefore, except in putting the new fermenting wine of truth into new receptacles that shall have power to hold, and to stand the strain that is put upon them.

The history of human thought is one long illustration of the wisdom of these words of Jesus. There is hardly a religion on the face of the earth that has not, time and time again, gone through this process of mingling the new and the old, of attempting to put new meanings into old terms,

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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new thoughts into old formulas; and the result in almost all cases has been that, either the old formulas were rent and torn and destroyed and finally flung away, or else that the new truth was degraded and lost its power by contact with the old ideas. And yet men are perpetually deluding themselves with the hope that they may somehow find out a way to accomplish that which has been proved over and over again to be impossible. And it is a serious question whether the rent and strain of human conscience or the rent and strain of old formulas has been the most serious. Men will go on patching old creeds, putting in a new piece here and a new piece there, a new interpretation on this word, a new interpretation on that, until the whole thing is made over from beginning to end, inside and out; and still they delude themselves with the thought that they are really keeping the form of "sound words" that they received from the fathers. They either do this intelligently, understanding what they are doing, or they do not. If they do understand it, and still claim that no change has been brought about, do you not see the danger to their consciences? And, if they do not comprehend the change that is being wrought, they simply show a lack of insight and ordinary intelligence in the matter.

I have taken as my subject Theological Fiction. I wish to illustrate what I mean in another department of human life. Sir Henry Maine, in his famous book on Ancient Law, outlines the progress of human thought concerning customs and legal statutes; and he shows that no small part of this progress has been made by what he terms legal fiction. It comes about in this way. If you go back to the first beginnings of human society, you will find that the most difficult problem presented to the law-maker or ruler of that age was how to fuse people together, to get them to surrender their own individuality, so that they could be compacted into social relations, and to come under some form of stable government and be organized, so as to constitute a social and governmental unit. To reach such a condition of things as

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this, there had to be the pressure of some outside force to hold them together. Springing out of those early conditions, there grew the necessity of regarding the laws and customs imposed on them, as divine and inspired formulas received from the gods; which gods, in their thought, were generally the still living spirits of their dead ancestors and departed chieftains, who from the supernatural and unseen world still reached down their sceptre and ruled, the dead over the living. They were then held in this social organization by the power of these customs and laws, which they regarded as inspired, and therefore, of course, unchangeable and eternal in their wisdom and their truth. So that it became in their thought not only impolitic to make any change in a custom or a law, but it became sacrilegious and insulting to the wisdom of the gods, and rebellion against their unseen despots. These laws, formulas, customs, after once taking shape, were to remain fixed and unchangeable. But life does not altogether stand still, even in the most unprogressive communities. Constant changes, more or less important, are taking place from year to year. And so it comes to pass that every little while some new legal occasion will come up that the law-maker has not originally foreseen, and to which the law does not apply. What shall be done about it? Of course, they cannot admit that these divinely inspired and infallible laws are at fault anywhere. That would be impious: it would be rebellion against their unseen rulers. So, although the old law does not seem at all to apply to the new case, they must go back and see if by some process or other they cannot make it apply.

Out of this necessity to adapt old rules and old statutes to new conditions of human affairs has sprung that process of thought which Maine calls "legal fiction." That is, it is a finding in the old formula a new meaning that really is not there. It is reinterpreting the old law in such a way as to get out of it what it does not contain. In this way, respect for the authority is maintained, and the difficulty for the time is gotten over. After a little while, another new

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case comes up that the founders never dreamed of, something nobody ever thought of finding in the law before; and so a new interpretation has to be made; and the operation goes on age after age, until a hundred or a thousand cases or conditions of society and government are provided for by the new interpretations of the old statutes which remain in the old form. And perhaps in every one of these cases it is true that a meaning is put upon the old formula that the founders never dreamed of in the whole course of their lives. This is what is called legal fiction.

In the early stages of human progress, laws and customs, social, political, and religious, were inextricably mingled together. There was no hard and fast line of division and separation between religious and social or legal customs. Go back, for example, to the Mosaic law in the Old Testament, and you will find that sanitary legislation, customs in regard to days, festivals, all sorts of things, are placed upon the same level of authority and importance as any moral or religious question whatsoever. These things were not differentiated from each other at that stage of the world's progress. We also naturally find that this, which was perpetually going on in the old times in regard to law, has also been going on from the beginning, and is going on still, in theological matters. And, if we look into that department of human thought and life, we shall find not only quite as much, but perhaps a little more theological fiction than we have discovered of legal fiction. And the reason is not far to seek. At the first, when all these moral ideas became formulated and written down in books and rituals and manuals of devotion, they came to be looked upon as strictly inspired from heaven; as really and literally from God, as though in deed and in truth the old legend were true that God, with his own finger inscribing them on tablets of imperishable stone, had given them into the literal, physical hands of a man and prophet.

But, as in the case of law, new questions come up, new views of the universe are entertained, new facts about man

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are discovered, new ideas of God force themselves upon the knowledge and growing thought of the world. And so the natural thing takes place: the priest begins to read over his Scripture, his infallible Bible, his revelation, to see if he cannot make it mean what it must mean, in order to be in any accord with the best and most intelligent thought of the age. And thus there comes about the process of reinterpreting the Bible. This is not peculiar to our religion. I speak of ours, because I cannot cover the whole world at once. Precisely the same thing has gone on in every nation that has made any intellectual or moral progress. The priest begins to reinterpret his divine revelation, and finds — for he must find — that which he seeks.

Let us give an illustration or two from what has taken place concerning the Bible. The old doctrine of revelation, of inspiration, taught by the famous men of Puritanism in the early part of the Reformation, was that the Bible is verbally inspired; that every word and even every punctuation point, every minutest particle of the book, as it comes to us, is the infallible revelation of the Eternal Wisdom. This was the first doctrine of inspiration.

This, after a time, had to be given up; and they fell back on the next line of fortification, which goes by the name of plenary inspiration,— that while every word and all the punctuation may not be infallible, yet the Bible is inspired in such a way that all that it teaches is truth, and that it does not teach any error. And when mistakes of one kind and another are found in it, and are absolutely forced upon the attention of the intelligent world, then they fall back from that,— as they are beginning to do in orthodox publications at the present time,— and say that the Bible is infallible only when it directly teaches morals and religion: it may make mistakes in any other department of thought. And so, forced from one point to another, it reinterprets and invents new theories to meet different occasions year after year.

To illustrate: for a thousand or sixteen hundred years, it was supposed that the Bible taught that the world was cre-

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ated in six natural days. And the Bible does teach that the world was created in six natural days. It says "days," and it limits them by mornings and evenings; and nobody ever had the slightest idea that it meant anything but days, until after it was found out by the rational process of scientific investigation that the world was not created in six days. That was demonstrated as a fact that all theologians were compelled to confess. What did they do? Did they admit that the Bible made a mistake here? Of course, they could not admit that, or their foundation would have been taken away. They therefore read the Bible over anew, and it occurred to them that the word "day" might be used not literally, but figúratively,—not meaning what it says, but a very long period of time. And thus the Bible is reinterpreted and brought into conformity, as it is supposed, with the actual scientific facts of modern knowledge.

Again, the Bible taught that the world was a flat surface; that it was fixed fast in the centre of the universe; that the suns and stars moved around it. But, when science demonstrates that none of these things are true, is Biblical authority surrendered? Not at all. They go back and reinterpret the words of the Bible, and get out of them a meaning that they themselves have first put in. In this way, it is of course very easy to bring the Bible into accord with anything. They find out that the Bible has made any number of mistakes in history, in science, and in various other directions; that there are contradictions in the genealogical tables; and mistakes of other kinds. How is this met? Not by giving up the doctrine that the book is really an inspired revelation from God, but by reinterpreting the meaning of the passages; by getting up a new theory of what inspiration means and what it covers.

Do you not see here how all the time the process of theological fiction is industriously carried on, and people are reading out of old texts not what the original writers meant, not what the original writers put into them at first, but what they themselves have discovered that these passages *must*

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mean in order to have the Bible maintain its position of supremacy over human reason?

A friend of mine read before the Western Conference at Cincinnati, a few years ago, a very sharp, keen paper on the question of Biblical exegesis. Referring to one of the methods then in vogue, he said that according to such method the Bible might mean almost anything *except what it said.* And so it seems that by an industrious use of allegory, an industrious use of symbol and talk about figurative language instead of literal, of new methods of interpretation, etc., the Bible can be made to mean anything on the face of the wide earth. If it is to be interpreted in this way, I do not know why we could not get along with the Koran or Veda or the Mormon Bible or with almost any book. It does not make any difference, if you adopt this method, what the language really is. You must find out what you really believe, and then assert that that is what the book teaches. That is a very simple method.

Mr. Beecher has illustrated this very well. And it is not only in his words, but it is the one thing which he has been illustrating in his life from the day he began to preach until now. And I wish here to record my conviction that, while Mr. Beecher has done an immense work in the way of liberalizing the thought of the time, it is a question whether he has not done more harm than good; because he has so debauched the conscience of America by his teachings, confusing the distinctions between black and white. The whole course of his ministry has been one long process of teaching just what I have been outlining here as theological fiction.

To illustrate this, I refer to that famous saying of his at Yale. When he was giving his course of lectures on preaching before the Theological School at Yale, one of the students at the close of his lecture, when there was an opportunity, as was usually given, for asking questions, said to Mr. Beecher, "Are you a Calvinist?" his answer was,—quoting his idea and I think very nearly his words,—"I am such a Calvinist as Calvin would be, if he were living now

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and saw things as I do." In that sense, we can all of us be Mormons, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Platonists, anything we please. It comes to this: that words and phrases mean nothing to which anybody is conscientiously bound to anchor himself. It wipes out all lines of distinction. It declares that black is white or white is black, if we only think so and want it to be so. It debauches the conscience and destroys all that fine sense of truth which depends upon drawing lines of demarcation, and recognizing them frankly wherever they are seen.

After so much of illustration as to what theological fiction means, I want to give you this other grander illustration of the process that is going on at Andover to-day, that you may see its significance. I want you to bear in mind all the time that it is not an isolated case. It is not something that is happening at Andover and nowhere else. Andover is simply a local manifestation, a symptom, of the condition of the whole theological system of the age. I know whereof I affirm, when I say that precisely similar things are being said and done all over America to-day; and that the theological face of this country, the theological map, so to speak, would be marvellously changed, new lines would be drawn and new colors laid on, and states which are supposed to exist would disappear, and new ones that people never thought of would be seen to exist, if only the upright, downright truth were told, and things were called by the names that represent the reality at their hearts.

What is the truth, then, in regard to Andover?

Early in the beginning of this century, about 1808, Andover Seminary was founded. It was founded for the express purpose of building a dike to keep out the incoming tide of modern liberal thought which has resulted in Unitarianism and other forms of free thought in religion that are so characteristic of the present time. It was an attempt, I say, to keep out the tide. It was a King Canute once more drawing his chair to the seashore at low tide; and bidding the ocean stay in its lower bed. But Andover has

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found out what Canute found out in the story, that the universe itself is back of the tides, and that they are only a manifestation of the infinite life and power, and that the tide will rise, even if royal feet are wet and even if so-called eternal sacrednesses are utterly swept away.

Andover was founded to represent a special and particular phase of thought in religion. Everything that human ingenuity could devise was done to fix it fast in an immovable state, so that it should remain at that point forever; because the founders verily believed that that was the eternal, unchangeable truth of God.

What did they do? They wrote a carefully stated and long creed in just as clear words as the dictionary contained; and they declared that every professor, when he became a member of the faculty, should conscientiously swear that he believed, and that he would teach Christianity only as illustrated by that creed, that particular form of words. To guard it still more carefully, they appointed, what no other seminary possesses so far as I know, a board of visitors. In order to keep these visitors orthodox and sound, they were compelled to subscribe to this same creed; and, lest they should change their minds or learn something new, they were compelled to swear to it every five years, so long as they continued to be visitors; and they were expected to give up their position, if they changed their ideas. It was further made their duty to remove a professor, if they found that he had changed his belief. Everything was done that could be done by human skill and ingenuity to guard against any possible approach to change. Andover was to stand there a beacon, a bulwark of what they supposed to be the truth forever.

Now, I want to give you two or three points of this creed, in order that you may see how different it is from what intelligent people at the present time are supposed to hold. I shall not read the whole: it is unnecessary. I want to give you those special points that probably not one of the professors at Andover to-day believes.

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First: "That Adam, the federal head and representative of the human race, was placed in a state of probation, and that in consequence of his disobedience all his descendants *were constituted sinners.*"

Second: "That being morally incapable of recovering the image of his Creator, which was lost in Adam, *every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation.*"

Third: "That God, of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity elected some to everlasting life." Whether they believe it or not, every man who knows logic in the slightest degree, knows that that statement carries by implication and of necessity the doctrine which was once held and which everybody then knew came as a natural outgrowth of this, but which the moral sense of this age has rejected,— the doctrine of infant damnation.

Fourth: "That the righteousness of Christ is the only ground of a sinner's justification, that this righteousness is received through faith, and that this faith is *the gift of God.*" That is, nobody had any power to believe of himself. If he was chosen beforehand to be one of the elect, then God would give him power to believe; and then, because he believed, he would save him.

Fifth: "That God, according to the counsel of his own will, and for his own glory, hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass."

Sixth (the doctrine of the bodily resurrection): "That their bodies" (the bodies of Christians), "being still united to Christ, will, at the resurrection, be raised up to glory, and that the saints will be made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity, but that the wicked will awake to shame and everlasting contempt, *and with devils be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever.*"

The professors have had further to say, "I will maintain and inculcate the Christian faith, *as expressed in the creed, by me now repeated,*" as they entered upon their duties.

As a part of the duty of the visitors, it is strictly and sol-

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emnly enjoined, and left in their sacred charge, that "every article of the above-said creed shall forever remain entirely and identically the same, without the least alteration, addition, or diminution."

These are fragments from the Andover creed; and I dare to say, and no man in America will contradict me, that there is not a single professor at Andover to-day who believes that creed as it stands. And the man who is just elected "Abbott Professor" does not believe it. There is not one orthodox minister in a hundred in Massachusetts that believes it. Yet there it stands; and for the sake of being able to use the money foundation (I can hardly understand why else), which is held with the understanding that this creed shall never be changed,— for the sake of that, these professors are willing solemnly to make oath that they believe what they do not believe.

How can they do it? These men are not, in the ordinary sense of the word, false. No bitter word is to be flung in their faces indiscriminately and carelessly. You would call such a thing a lie on the street, and so would anybody else; yet they do not think they are untrue, and they do not mean to be. They have written a five or six column plea for their position, published in the *Congregationalist*. Curiously enough, this plea carries the implication, from one end to the other, that they are guilty of the very first count in the indictment. They frankly confess that they do not believe it; but they argue that the creed must be interpreted so as to bring it into accord with the living Orthodoxy of to-day. They ask what live, honest men can be obtained to stand on the basis of that creed, unless at liberty to so interpret it. Of course, no honest, live man would be willing — it seems to me no honest, live man *ought* to be willing — to stand on it at all. The professors confess that they do not believe this creed. They say that no institution is bound to commit suicide; that they are not bound to surrender the money on the basis of which the organization was originally placed. They claim to have a right to reinterpret that creed, and make

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it mean *what they think the founders of that Seminary would mean, if they were alive now, and saw things as they do.* That is what it comes to. They confess that the path of New England Orthodoxy is strewn all the way with concessions of past mistakes. They say the Church should seek out positions that can be held.

Just think for a moment. If it is really true that God, several thousands of years ago, made a divine and an infallible utterance of his will, giving expression to eternal truth, is it not curious that any question should be raised as to whether any one of those *eternal truths* was a position that could be *held?* If a thing is eternally true, there is no danger that it will ever have to be given up. Therefore, by implication, they surrender the whole claim. They confess that they do not believe it; and they argue that they still have a right to hold the money and have all the advantages that it gives to them, and still be at liberty to reinterpret the creed, by a process of theological fiction making it mean what it is necessary that it should mean in order to bring it into accord with the living thought of the nineteenth century. That is, in plain language, the position of the professors at Andover, and an illustration of the new theological thought of New England.

I wish to give an illustration or two of how this mental and moral condition permeates the theological thought of the time. Cardinal Newman, the great leader of the Catholic Church in England to-day, was formerly, as you know, a member of the Church of England. It was discovered some time before he left the Protestant Church for the Catholic that he was substantially a Catholic in belief. He occupied a position similar to that of these professors, of having sworn to a creed he had abandoned. And he went so far as to publish a plea asserting that he had a right to affirm his faith in that creed in a *non-natural* sense. That is, he had a right to look at those words, and say that they meant so and so; and, therefore, he believed it, with the understanding that the words meant something else. That is what all this kind of affirmation comes to.

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I do not see why we should not bring this right down into business matters. Suppose I should, by accident, come into possession of a check for five hundred dollars. On the face of it, it is payable to M. J. Brown. But I look over the matter. I know all about what kind of a man this Brown is, and I cannot believe that the money was meant for him. So I take the liberty of reinterpreting the name; and, having the M. J. in my favor, I collect the face of the check. What would you call that as a business transaction? Yet it is just as honest in business as it is in theology. If it becomes necessary to lie for the kingdom and glory of God, then I propose to become a citizen of some other kingdom, and seek the glory of some other power.

Not only is this true of Cardinal Newman, but it is equally true of others. When in Chicago, I had for a neighbor a brilliant orthodox minister, who was afterward settled in Brooklyn, and has since died. He confessed to me that he did not believe in the infallibility of the Bible, he did not believe in everlasting punishment, he did not believe in the trinity. Yet he stood day by day on a creed that committed him to all these doctrines, and in a pulpit where he was expected to believe and preach them all. Only a little while ago, a minister of a well-known city of New England came to my study, and I had several talks with him. He confessed that he was looking for a Unitarian church; but as he did not find one to suit him, and did get a pleasant call from an orthodox church, and is preaching there to-day.

I have made statements similar to this a good many times, and have been sharply reprimanded by the orthodox papers for so doing; yet the "whirligig of time" does "bring in its revenges." The *Congregationalist*, that has always been particularly bitter and severe in such criticism, is making precisely the same charges against the leading men of its own denomination. This kind of process of thought permeates the theology of the time; and men are clinging to creeds, standing up for them, fighting for them, when they have surrendered everything connected with them that makes them of any importance.

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I have time to indicate only one or two lessons too important to be passed by. The claim that is being continually made that Orthodoxy remains the same age after age, that it has the unchanging truth once committed by God himself to man, and treasured as its most precious inheritance by the Church,— this claim is simply a piece of undiluted theological fiction. It is not true concerning any of the great doctrines of Orthodoxy. Change after change has taken place. The old bottle, the old wine-skin, has been patched and repatched over and over again, until hardly a fragment of the original material is left; and still the claim is made that the Church moves on through the ages always the same; and only heretics and outsiders are drifting here and there, not knowing where they are to anchor. This is simply theological fiction.

Another point. A thousand years ago, the Church uttered in the ears of men the statement that they must believe the revealed doctrines which it declared, on the pain of eternal damnation. But what is the condition of things now? We have found out since then that the doctrine held a thousand years ago was a mistake. They had the eternal truth, they said, in their hands; but they made a mistake. Now, they have reinterpreted it, and have found out that that is not what men must believe in order to be saved, but something else. But, if they have made a mistake in the first place, how can we, poor people, with only common-sense and reason to guide us, know that they haven't made a mistake now? How can we know that the present interpretation is correct, or that what is now the condition of salvation may not become simple moonshine? What has become of those people who accepted as a condition of salvation that which has been found to be an error? If, somehow, they are saved, because they did not know any better, is it not possible that, if we do not accept the present conditions, we also may fare as well? In other words, and this is the meaning of it all, this claim that the creed, as they understand it now, is the authoritative revelation of God, if it is not to be regarded as

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theological fiction, is something, at any rate, that they do not know; and they have no right to say they know. If they have been mistaken in claiming the infallible guidance of God's spirit, time and time again, how dare they look an intelligent world in the face to-day, saying that they are sure they are right this time?

Consider again how this bears on the question of revelation. They say God gave to the world a revelation some thousands of years ago. But, at the same time, the whole history of thought on the subject proves that they have been making a mistake as to its meaning. A revelation not understood is a revelation not revealing anything! What is not understood most certainly is not revealed. The revelation teaches what? That the world was created six thousand years ago. They have found out now, by a process of rational investigation, through scientific study, things about the world and about men and morals which do not agree with that. Then, they go back to their revelation to find what they now know. In other words, they do not know what revelation means, until they find out what the truth is. Then, they say that *that was what was meant* all the time. Under these circumstances, what is the special use of revelation? Suppose I have a guide-book for Germany, and I do not understand it or else it is mistaken; so I go wandering all over Germany, until I am familiar with all the routes and towns, and then take my book and interpret its statements to mean what I have found out to be true: under those circumstances, I could very comfortably get on without a guide-book. So with revelation: we are as well off to be left in the dark, if it does not reveal anything.

One other and last thought touching this question of honesty and truth-telling in the pulpit. Every little while, a cry is raised concerning the devastation an infidel science and criticism are doing in undermining the foundations of truth and in overthrowing the kingdom of God on earth. In the first place, it seems to me, on the face of it, extremely absurd to suppose that science could undermine the eternal

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truth. But, passing by that, I wish to say it is my firm conviction that there is no such enemy of the Church in existence in America or Europe as this one, which goes by the name of theological fiction. It is the enemies in their own pulpits that they need to denounce, not the *Popular Science Monthly*, not lecturers like Colonel Ingersoll. It is the men that stand on creeds that they do not believe,—creeds uttered in every solemn service, when they claim to think that God is looking into their hearts,—creeds that they do not believe and know that they do not believe,—these are undermining the confidence of the nineteenth century in the Church.

I myself was told by an orthodox minister that what he said in the pulpit was one thing and what he thought in his study was another thing. And, after that, I could never help feeling, when I was hearing him, that I would really like to know whether what he was saying was what he really believed in his study or what he was saying in his church. It is not a great comfort to hear a man talk on any subject, if I must ask myself whether he really means what he is saying. Particularly is this true when you come to these great, solemn, eternal questions of God's truth and human welfare. What a condition of things have we arrived at, when men can persuade themselves that the institutes of morality, the institutes of religion, require them to prevaricate, to assert that which they know is not true! Better a hundred foundations like Andover be blown to the winds than that a single one of these professors should stand there and say what he does not sincerely mean. One lone man on a bare hill-top, without a dollar under his feet or a house over his head, uttering what he believes in his whole soul to be God's eternal truth, would have more power for God and human salvation than ten thousand endowed seminaries that are all the way through permeated with the dry rot of theological fiction, awaiting only one good, fresh breeze of wholesome, manly indignation to sweep them out of sight forever! Above all things, I believe that the only way any man can serve God or help his fellowman is by telling the simple

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truth. If there is something he does not think it is safe or wise at present to say, let him, at least, keep his mouth shut. When he does open it, let him utter the deepest convictions of his soul.

Our Father, we leave to thee the safety of the universe and the safety of man. We believe that thou who art the foundation and the strength of all canst guard thine own affairs, and that it is not incumbent upon us to look after the welfare of the universe in any other sense than by studying simply and truly, and uttering the deepest thought of our hearts. Thus, and thus only, we believe we can help on the coming of thy kingdom. Amen.

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Darwin: the Significance of his Life and Work.*

I HAVE selected two passages of Scripture, which I wish to use as my starting-point, and which are peculiarly appropriate to my subject: "He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He spake also of beasts and of fowls, and of creeping things and of fishes" (I. Kings iv., 33). "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" (Matthew xvi., 3.)

Garfield, and Longfellow, and Rossetti, and Emerson, and Darwin! All within a few brief months! How the great stars seem falling from the sky! Falling, did I say? No. I must change that thought. It is only a cloud that has passed over them, apparently blotting them out of the sight of man; and yet in a little moment they shine out again, and we learn that the great lights of human thought are fixed stars that hold their place in the heavens, lifting up human thought, enkindling human aspiration, and sending down their light upon our human pathway. Concerning Garfield, Longfellow, Emerson, and men like these, no one, whatever his religious opinion may be, would think of questioning the propriety of making them the theme of speech in the holiest place and at the most consecrated hour. But there may be some who feel differently concerning him who is the topic of my discussion this morning. In the popular mind, he has been for years associated with a work that has been supposed to be derogatory to man and lowering to the dignity of human nature, that has been supposed to be at least questionable in its bearings upon our belief in God and

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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of hope for the future of the human race. And yet I think, as we understand this matter better, we shall find that there is even a peculiar propriety in bringing his name and his work here into the very temple and close by the altar of our worship; for, before I am through, I trust that you will see that his name and his life-work are more intimately wrought into the moral and religious life of the age than that of almost any other man of the nineteenth century.

Let us consider two or three hints as to why it is not only fitting that we should consider him, but almost necessary that we should not pass him by. In the first place look at Charles Darwin simply as a man, and how many times in Europe or America can you match him? Simple-hearted as a child, singularly modest and unassuming, a man who may be taken as a model in his personal character, in his home life, in his life as a citizen,—a man who has made the single-hearted and clear-eyed pursuit of truth the one work of his life, and who has shown a singularly pure and unbiassed and unpartisan devotion to that truth. He did not seek to build up his own ideas or to glorify himself, but he looked calmly and dispassionately at every phase and all the infinite sides of every subject with which he dealt, looking simply to find out the truth, and setting down that truth in clear, dispassionate terms. I wish that those who claim to be holier than he could really establish their right to stand beside him in this marvellous characteristic of the earnest, simple-minded seeker after truth.

Let me give an illustration of the extent to which he carried this. The *Origin of Species*, his great epoch-making book, contains in itself the hint, more than that, the clear statement of every single criticism that has ever been made on it, of every single argument that has ever been brought against it. He overlooked, he covered up, none of the difficulties that stood against his theory. He put the weapons into the very hands of his enemies, and said, See, here is this theory; such things make for it, such things make against it; destroy it if you can. And this he said in no

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defiant tone, but only as one who should say, If this be not a part of the eternal truth, it ought to be destroyed; and, though my life-work be lost as the result, yet I will help you in its destruction. How many men advocating moral, religious, sociological, political theories of any kind, have ever been so utterly candid and fair as this? So much simply to indicate the kind of a man he was.

Can religion, whatever interpretation you may put upon it, make anything nobler than an ideal man? And, if those who claim to speak for religion dare to say that such a man as he was not religious, then it means simply a confession that the best and noblest men of the world can get along without that which is called religion. To make such a confession is suicide.

Another reason why we must deal with him here to-day is on account of the transcendent power of the work that he has wrought, and the influence that he is having on the thought of the world. We dare not, if we will do our work rightly, and stand faithfully in the place that is given to us,—we dare not, even in the name of religion, ignore the great world-wide currents of influence that are shaping the present time, and pointing out the direction toward which the world is moving in the future.

Do you know it? Can you read the signs of the times? Can you recognize the significance and meaning of these influences that are in the air? Do you know that there have been not more than one or two other epochs in the entire history of this world so revolutionary, so significant, so far-reaching in their influences, as this one in the midst of which we are living to-day? No such mighty change has been wrought in the underlying fundamental thoughts and conceptions of man, concerning God and religion, and the great questions of the world, more than once or twice before in the history of the world. Since the change from the Ptolemaic to the Copernican conception of the universe, there has been no such radical revolution as that which is connected with the name of Darwin.

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One more reason may be found in the subject of his thought, of his life-work. And this is nothing less than the nature of the universe, involving a consideration of the nature of God and the nature of man. That is, his work goes clear down to the bottom of all the great questions that concern mankind. No man to-day can discuss chemistry, geology, botany, zoölogy, biology, astronomy, questions of society, questions of politics, questions of morals, questions of religion, questions that go to the very roots of human life, without taking into account Charles Darwin, and without reckoning with the work which he has done.

Let us see who this man is. Charles Darwin was born in Shrewsbury, England, in the year 1809. And, when we look at his ancestry, and see the stock from which he is descended, we are compelled to think of him as a conspicuous illustration of one of the more important parts of his own theoretical and scientific work. Both his father and his grandfather were noted men of science; their fame, indeed, eclipsed by the greater brightness of his, and yet men noteworthy enough to be reckoned as helping to make up the scientific development of the life of England. All three — his father, grandfather, and himself — were members, one after another, of the *Royal Society of England;* perhaps the only case in English history where three men in the line of direct descent have been held worthy of that honor.

His mother was a descendant of the family of Wedgwoods, so noted in connection with the manufacture of pottery. He was educated at the grammar school at Shrewsbury, then at Edinburgh University, then at Cambridge, where he was graduated at the age of twenty-two.

Just about this time, a ship was starting on a voyage around the world; and that voyage has been made famous, and will be famous in all coming time, simply by the fact that this young man of twenty-two volunteered to accompany the ship in the capacity of naturalist. At the age of twenty-two, then, he sailed on the "Beagle," made a voyage round the world, and was gone five years. He was struck, in the

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progress of this voyage, by some peculiar relations that he discovered between the plant and animal life of the Gallapagos Islands and similar life on the continent of South America; and then and there was planted the seed from which has sprung the great and mighty development of his thought, which has changed, and is still more to change, the life of the world. After five years, he returned, nursing in his mind this fruitful thought, which, as I have said, was to be the seed of all his future life. He published several works as the result of the discoveries and observations made during this voyage; but there was no public trace yet, nor for years, of that which was to be the most remarkable result of all.

In 1844, I believe it was, he wrote out a little sketch of his theory, not at all for publication, but simply as a nucleus or crystallizing centre around which to group his observations and to make the basis of his study. It was not till 1859 that he published the great work on which is to rest his fame. And here is an illustration of that singular fairness and earnest search for truth to which I have referred. He did not leap into print with a guess; but, after he believed he had found the truth concerning the life of this world and of man, he studied and thought and observed, and gathered new facts and new arguments for long years, that he might be *sure*, as far as it was possible to attain certainty, that he had attained the truth. As an illustration of this same spirit, which is really the spirit of science, and which I believe to be inherently and essentially religious, as all humble truth-seeking of necessity must be, take also the case of Newton. Newton conceived his theory of gravitation, and for sixteen years studied and gathered facts, arguments, and illustrations before he ventured to give it to the world. And Mr. Darwin would have waited and studied years longer than he did, had it not been for the fact that Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, whose name will stand always as sharing the honor with Darwin, while exploring the islands of the Malay Archipelago, had come to the same conclu-

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sions and arrived independently at the same theories with Darwin. Very curiously, he wrote out the results of his speculations and sent them to Mr. Darwin himself, to ask his opinion concerning them.

The result of this was that Mr. Darwin, for the sake of preserving the fruits of his years of labor, was compelled to publish his theories. He therefore wrote out and gave to the world his *Origin of Species*, then only an outline sketch, the beginning of what was to be his complete work. But he had wrought more completely, much more grandly, than he himself was aware. He found that his arguments and the clearness of his presentation had been so remarkable that the world, in a very brief space of time, considering the revolution involved, was converted to his theory; and he did not need to carry out his larger design.

I wish now to pass to the review of just what it was that Mr. Darwin did. What was the contribution that he gave to the scientific thought of the world? We talk about "Evolution" and "Darwinism"; but I take it that very few persons have looked into it sufficiently to comprehend just what it means and how much it implies. I propose, therefore, to see if I can make plain to you just the particular thing which Mr. Darwin did, just what he contributed to the world.

The question that Darwin tried to answer is the same question that has always presented itself to the curiosity of man. For we must suppose that, however far back the period may have been when man first stood up conscious of himself as a personality, conscious of the fact that there was a wondrous world around him of which he was an inhabitant, one of the first questions that would present itself to him must have been, Where did I come from? Who made these lights in the sky above me? By what process has the world come to be as it is? It is the same question exactly that every child, treading in the steps of a countless line of ancestors, is ready to ask of father or mother: Who made the tree, the dog, the cat? Who made the sun and the moon

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in the heavens? *Who made me?* It is the oldest question of the world; and, until Darwin's time, nothing approaching a clear and rational and an authoritative answer had ever been given.

We look over the face of the world, and we know that very marked changes are going on. We have records of the past by which we know that now there are mountain chains where once they did not exist. We know that what are now islands — Great Britain, for instance — were once connected with the main land; that the shape of continents has changed; that rivers have shifted their beds. We know that once, ages ago, other kinds of flowers, other kinds of trees and plants, grew where now present species and families and orders are holding their places. We know that, if we go far enough back, there was a time when man was not here, when the highest kind of life that lived belonged to a lower order or type. It is inevitable then that, until it can be answered, the one great question that men shall ask will be, Where did I come from? How did I come? By what power and through what process has this wonderful world been made as it is to-day?

Only a very little of even superficial thought will enable you to see that this question goes right down deep to the very roots of morality and religion. It carries with it the questions: What is God? What is his nature? What are his laws? How is he known to us? What kind of a nature have I? What ought I to do? Why ought I to do it? These are only hints of the questions that are wrapped up in this one question that Darwin attempted to answer.

I said no adequate answer had ever been given before. Consider for a moment what I mean. The only theory — to use that term by courtesy for the present — that had ever been heard by the questioning mind of man was that which goes by the name of the "creation theory"; and that, in the true significance of words, is no theory at all. For what do we mean by a theory? A theory is a scheme of thought that attempts to account for certain facts. A theory must be

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built on facts. When we talk about the creation, where are the facts? Did anybody from the beginning of the world ever see anything created? Did anybody ever know of anything being created? Can anybody even imagine the process of creation? Can anybody even take the slightest step toward explanation of what creation means? Creation, then, is no theory. It is nothing more nor less than a confession of ignorance. When my little boy asks me who made the tree, and I say God made it; how did he make it, and I say by his wonderful power he made it grow,—do I answer the child, do I explain anything? It is only another way, a specious, pompous way, of telling the child that I do not know anything about it. For the very question that is up for discussion is how, by what process; show me some force at work that is adequate to produce these results. That is the question concerning the world.

What does Darwin answer? Here, it is only fair that I should say that Darwin is not the first man who has *guessed* in this direction. To find the first hints of a theory like this, we must consult Lucretius, Democritus, and one and another of the Athenian philosophers; but the wisest of them were only guessing. They showed no forces, no law, that was capable of explaining the results. If we come down to modern times, we must give such men as Goethe, Lamarck, and Saint-Hilaire the honor of having been the morning stars of this sunrise represented by Darwin; for they also found some indications that looked in this direction. But the time was not ripe for them to put their fingers to the fruit. They did not find the *Vera Causa*, the true cause, the real force that could bring about the result.

We are now ready to understand just what Darwin did. He starts with the well-known fact that in every department of life there are hundreds and thousands, yes, millions of seeds and of young that never grow to maturity. Step into the next field, and, if you know what is going on there, you will find thousands of little grass-blades starting that do not find room to grow, and are crowded out and perish. Perhaps

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you are aware that every codfish in the ocean lays so many eggs every year that, if they were all hatched and the young should live to grow up, it would take only two or three years for the ocean to become solid full. How many apple blossoms are sure to fall and come to nothing? So in every direction he recognized that which has come to be called the "struggle for life"; everywhere on the part of each of these individuals an attempt to grow. But only those comparatively few do grow which are adapted to their conditions, which are capable of finding room, air, food, light, dew, and rain. Those best fitted to live survive, and they are the ones that propagate offspring and become the progenitors of those to follow.

The law of heredity must be taken into account, and the law of variation, which tend not only to reproduce the life of the parents, but along with this a tendency to vary and be unlike the parent type. Now and then, some new faculty, some new power, or sense, or organ, is developed or enlarged this way or that, which proves of advantage in this wide-world struggle for life. Do you not see then how naturally this type of life gains predominance? It is that which survives, and which in its turn produces offspring and controls the future.

Darwin discovered and verified this law of natural selection, or what Herbert Spencer has called the "survival of the fittest," showing that here was a power capable, only give it time enough, of producing the wonderful results that we see in the various forms of vegetable, animal, and human life all around us.

Time enough, I say. Here was the difficulty. This was the only thing that so long stood in the way of the world's progress in this direction. Ever since Christianity came into the world and gained the control of Christendom, we had been shut up in this little narrow confine of six thousand years, and there was no room for any such process as this. So long as it was a part not only of a man's religion, but of science, to believe the world had existed but six thousand

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years, any such theory was simply nonsense, because the causes which he demonstrated to be at work were utterly inadequate to produce such immense results in so brief a period of time.

But the study of the modern world was making a way for Darwin. He came in the very fulness of time, when the world was ripe for his thought. Geology had been at work, digging away at the crust of the earth and asking the old questions; and, just as by cutting through a tree trunk and counting the circles you can tell its years, so it was discovered that by digging away the crust of the earth we could read the records of the world, whose age was written by the centuries themselves as they passed over it and left behind their foot-marks.

Prof. John Fiske, in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has proved almost beyond question that man was living in Europe at least two hundred and forty thousand years ago; and man is simply a blossom on the summit of the trunk of the century plant. Man is a *parvenu* of yesterday; time, even as far as this world is concerned, reaches back millions and millions of years. And life has been on this old planet cycles and cycles of ages, creeping from the lowest forms with feeble foot until at last its crown and culmination, man, has appeared. The thing, then, that Darwin did was to discover and verify the existence of this force of *natural selection*, by which the process could be rationally explained.

We may conceive of life under the image of a great tree: from man clear down to the little globule of protoplasm, one common life, represented and summed up in root and trunk. Toward the bottom runs off a great branch of the tree, and this represents the kingdom of fishes; limbs, branches, twigs, leaves, representing genera, species, individuals. A little way above this, another limb branches out, and here is the reptilian life. A little above this is the bird life of the world; and above this again the mammal life, of which the highest is the anthropoid or manlike ape. Above this,

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the highest branch or outflowering of it all, is man, having as nearest of kin the anthropoid ape, but not his direct descendant in the sense that a child is produced from the father.

This, in a word, is Darwinism; and this is now so established in the thought of the world that those who are best capable of judging say that it is no longer a hypothesis, but proved as much as the Copernican theory of the heavens is proved.

As indicating some steps in the line of this proof, let me point out one or two things as bearing on it. It has been discovered, for example, that, as far apart as an oak and a horse may seem, yet the vegetable and animal kingdoms grade into each other so imperceptibly that not even the most skilled scientist can draw the line and tell you where one ceases and the other begins. There is no dividing line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the world. Cuvier, when Lamarck announced his guess in this direction, which was overwhelmed with ridicule by the wisdom of the scientists of the age, demanded that he should produce a missing link. A hundred missing links could be shown to Cuvier to-day, should he ask them of Huxley or Marsh, who could furnish as abundant an answer as he could desire.

Hardly anything would seem farther apart than a canary bird or a peacock and a tortoise or snake; and yet the reptilian and the bird-like classes of life grade into each other so imperceptibly that you can hardly tell where one leaves off and the other begins. We have discovered, in the rock records of the world that Nature herself has kept, and the door of which she has opened in this nineteenth century to the explorer, birds with scales and teeth like reptiles and reptiles with wings like birds. And only within the last few years Mr. Huxley and Prof. Marsh, of Yale, have, together, so accurately and completely traced the pedigree of the horse that now we know his ancestry back to a little being hardly larger than our present fox, that had no hoofs, but five toes, thus conforming to the ordinary type of life on earth.

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So the pedigree is being discovered in this and that department; and hardly a week goes by but missing links are found in some department, or some new argument comes to add new conclusiveness to that which it is not too much to say is now accepted by every fair-minded and competent investigator in Christendom.

What is the moral and religious significance of this great revolution, for it is nothing less than that? It is not too much to say that it radically revolutionizes the world's thought about God; it radically revolutionizes our whole conception of the nature of man; it radically revolutionizes all our theological ideas concerning sin and salvation, and the future that stretches out before the human race. I am perfectly aware, and am not surprised, that attempts are made to reconcile Darwin and Genesis; but it can only be done in the same way that the lion is said to lie down with the lamb at the millennium, with one inside the other. There is no possibility of bringing these two theories into accord, except by letting one devour the other bodily. They are utterly irreconcilable. Fifteen years ago, I prophesied, in an essay which I read before an orthodox conference of ministers and delegates, that it would not be twenty-five years before Mr. Darwin would be orthodox; and already at least three or four books are published, showing that it is clearly proved that the whole thing is to be found in the Old Testament!

Here, then, is a new conception of God. What does it mean? To speak generally, it takes God from his throne outside of the universe and puts him within the universe, as my life, my soul, my thought, are in me. Go out to-day and listen with your ear close to the earth, and catch, if you can, some note of the growth of the grasses and the flowers, and you are listening to God. See the tinting of the rose, and you are face to face, as was Moses in the fable of the burning bush, with Deity. God is in the world and in humanity, and the unfolding laws of the universe and of man are the revelation of God.

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The changed conception of man means man never fallen; man beginning at the bottom and climbing step by step under the divine impulse at his heart (the same impulse that pushes the rose through the sod in the spring), the impulse to climb through the different stages of human life until he blossoms into Darwin, Shakspere, Jesus; into the grandest scientific, poetic, religious life of the world. No place for the fall; no place for total depravity; no place for miraculous redemption; no place for incarnation; no place for sacrificial atonement. The whole scheme built on the legends of the Hebrews swept away in a breath; not one foot of rational ground for any of them to stand on.

The salvation for man in the light of this new and proved theory of things means elimination of the evil, gradual outgrowth and upgrowth from the animal, the beastly, the repression of selfish and brutal instincts, the development of all that is high and pure and noble, the unfolding of the better, and the ever-reaching on toward that ideal of manhood that the best of the earth have already prefigured. This is scientific salvation, and this is religious salvation; for science is only the technical, intellectual side of the world and of man, the heart and the sentiment of which is divine and religious, and which is charged full with all that we can possibly mean by those terms.

When, like the infant Hercules, man lay
  In earth's young cradle, even then did he,
  With god-like vigor, many a mystery
Of dark and dread life-threatening monsters slay.
But now grown strong, 'neath his advancing sway,
  Disease and pain, and grinding poverty,
  Brain-shackles and the bonds of tyranny,
And fear and hate,—all these "shall flee away."
Love-crowned and knowledge-guided shall he stand,
  Facing the future with a god-like trust
    That good to-morrow follows good to-day.
"It doth not yet appear,"—that other land;
But through the low-arched gateway of the dust
  Breaks hope's glad sunrise with its deathless ray.

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NOTE.—An attempt has recently been made (*Sunday Herald* of April 23d.) to prove that Darwinism is perfectly consistent with so-called Evangelical Christianity. It may be interesting, in this connection, to know in what direction Mr. Darwin's own sympathies ran. This is sufficiently indicated by the following from *The Index* of April 27th. "Mr. Darwin was a subscriber of *The Index* from the first year of its publication to the time of his death. He manifested his interest in this journal by generous donations from time to time; and when he last renewed his subscription, not many months ago, he enclosed a twenty-five pound note to be used in the support and circulation of the paper."

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON:

THE PREACHER, AND WHAT HE PREACHED.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make his paths straight."— MATT. iii., 3.

IN the spirit of Emerson, in the circumstances of his life and labors, in the methods and the results of his work, there is much to make us think of that grand old prophet whose raiment was of camel's hair bound about him with a leathern girdle, whose meat was locusts and wild honey, and who lived only that he might speak his message. At first, he was only a lone voice. And, in the opening of his career, how unlike was his reception to that of Longfellow, his life-long friend, and who has just preceded him into the opening heavens! Longfellow spoke, and the world stood still and listened. Emerson issues his first book,— a book that was the first-fruits of a genius that ranks him among the great thinkers of all time; and only after twelve years are five hundred copies sold. But his was a *new* voice crying in a wilderness. It was a lark-song cleaving the sky of a new morning while the world was asleep. But such a voice is sure to find *good* listening, though *small;* and, while it keeps to its wilderness, it is sure to compel "Jerusalem and all Judea and all the country round about Jordan" to come out to hear at last. John the Baptist declared nothing final. He was not "he who should come"; but he pointed to something toward which he led the way. So Emerson enunciated no final system; but he roused the world to listen,

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he broke down its conventionalisms, and prepared it for the incoming of new and higher truths.

He was essentially a prophet in his spirit, and the work he wrought was essentially a prophet's work. After a brief trial of "the world," he found that it could not, in the ordinary sense of the word, be the field for his life-work. It was not ready for his message. So he must retire to his wilderness, and make the world come round to him. This spirit comes out finely in his now famous little poem, "Good Bye": —

"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

"Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come:
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

"I'm going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod;
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

"Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophists' schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

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It matters not that this poem did not coincide exactly in point of time with his withdrawal from public life: it expresses perfectly the heart of the man which led to that withdrawal. As the old prophets felt that they were "led by the spirit into the wilderness," there to commune with God and their own hearts, there to escape the distractions that drown the "still, small voice" that was to whisper to them the "burden" of their utterance, so precisely did Emerson. Back to Nature, was his cry. God is buried and lost under the mass of rituals and conventionalisms. But he is alive now, and speaking now, if we will only hush our own noise so that we can hear him; and to "him who hath an ear" he will speak now as really as ever he spoke in the past.

"Out of the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

And "out of the heart of nature" to-day will come equally sacred whispers, if only there are consecrated men to listen and obey.

Thus was Emerson a prophet, and thus he believed he had a mission to speak for the eternal truth. And, to-day, thousands of grateful men and women on two continents have accepted his credentials and gladly listened to his words.

Of so rich and fruitful a life, little can be said in a morning hour. It is only the selection of a few specimen nuggets to show the quality of a gold mine. It must be only hint and suggestion, with not even an attempt at fulness of treatment.

Of his external life, it is only little that needs to be told. It is full of no exciting incidents or adventures for a biographer to relate. Like a tree, its principal events are rings of growth, the branches and leaves it put forth, and the fruit it bore. Born May 25, 1803, he came of a long line of Puritan ministers. Though it is a noteworthy fact that all these ministers, in their day, stood in the front rank of the best thought of their time. So that, while he inherited all the re-

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fined essence of their Puritanism, he was still true to their tendency in leaping far to the front in the leadership of all new thought.

His father died when he was a little boy, leaving his mother with her five sons in, not that squalid poverty that makes the dregs of cities, but that other poverty so common in the early days of our country, whose discipline trained so many noble men to hardy independence, while it toughened their mental and moral fibre into the stuff that wins the higher victories of life. He was too poor to permit himself the luxury of paying a few cents of his mother's hard-earned money to the Circulating Library for a novel he began, but could not finish; and yet the thirst for education was destined to find fountains of supply. He fought and conquered as other poor boys have done. College, teaching, verses, essays, failures, prizes, but on and up through all,—he trod the common path of New England youth who feel that a noble life is worth the making.

In March, 1829, he became the minister of the Second Church, Boston, but held the position less than three years. The immediate cause of his resignation was his unwillingness to conduct the usual "communion service." But this unwillingness was only a local symptom of a wide divergence on his part from the popular ideal of the Church and its methods. He was growing more and more ideal in his conceptions of religion and life, and ecclesiastical routine and formalism of all kinds were getting increasingly distasteful to him.

Henceforth, the pulpit sees him but rarely. He visits England, lectures, becomes familiar in its noblest homes, and is on terms of personal intimacy with its best thinkers. He meditates and writes in Concord, advertises a course of lectures in Boston, waits until enough tickets are sold to pay hall rent, and then delivers his message; then back to Concord to think and write once more. At first, his hearers are few. Some listen, and think he "has a devil and is mad": and others think him little less than a new revelation.

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James Freeman Clarke, who knew him well at this time, says of him: "The majority of the sensible, practical community regarded him as mystical, as crazy, as a fool, as one who did not himself know what he meant. A small but determined minority, chiefly composed of young men and women, admired him and believed in him, took him for their guide, teacher, and master." When a man makes an impression like that, it is clear that *he is saying something.* It is only the old truth. The majority gets settled down comfortably, and wants the world to stay right there forever. Some new, young leader comes along and blows a trumpet call for a "forward march," and only gets cursed as a disturber for his pay. And the saddest of it is that the very ones that lead a new march will be just the ones to sit down by and by, and curse the new visionary who prophesies of another "promised land" still farther ahead. The radicals of Emerson's youth are the conservatives of to-day,—not because they have gone back any, but because they are tired and want to stay where they are.

Emerson was now the new radical, disturber, revolutionary. Even the Unitarians were afraid of him. But he went quietly on his way. Half a century has gone by since he left the pulpit, and now all pulpits are ready to do him honor. He has made Concord a name of which every American is proud. He has made it a place of pilgrimage for those beyond the sea. Such is the winning power of brain and character combined!

Of his character, I need say little; for there were no "outs" about it, nothing that calls for excuse or explanation. He was all "that may become a man,"—just, gentle, loving, a warm friend, a typical citizen, patient of opposition, able to wait, trusting in the truth. A characteristic anecdote will illustrate his attitude of mind toward those who opposed him. In a certain town where he lectured, the minister prayed, not only for, but *at* him, and in a somewhat violent and personal way. The only notice that Emerson took of it was quietly to remark, "He seems to be a very earnest, sincere sort of man."

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He left the pulpit, as I have said, when he was a young man. But, in the truest and noblest sense of that word, he never ceased to preach. Lecture, essay, poem,— whatever else or more they were, they were always sermons. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to a witty friend. "I never heard you do anything else," was the reply. And so we may say of Emerson; and yet we must say it with no tone or touch of sarcasm, for his preaching was always of the kind that the wisest were the gladdest to hear. He was no disciple of that school which teaches that art must have no moral meaning. All nature to him was alive with God: the essence of God was morality; and so, to his mind, whoever stood face to face with a bit of nature's life or beauty stood face to face with God and the moral law. Thus, all his poems — rare glimpses and insights into unconventional nature — are only exquisite little sermons. The "Snow-storm," the "Humble Bee," the "Rhodora," all preach. I need not stay to name them. What is true of one is true of all. Neither can I stay to point out their lessons. You must read them for yourselves.

But now, that you may know what kind of a preacher he was, I must outline his method and try to give you his standpoint. You are familiar with the fact that he is known as a *Transcendentalist.* This is a term in common newspaper and magazine use; and yet I dare to say that the number of people, even in Boston, who could give a clear definition of it, is comparatively small. Let me see if I can make the name understood.

The two great questions of thoughtful men are *What* can I know? and *How* can I know? And the answer to the *what* depends largely upon the answer to the *how.* Does God exist, and can we know him? Is nature a material barrier between the soul and God, that must be broken through by means of a supernatural and miraculous revelation? Does the soul reach God only through sacraments and mediators? Or is nature only the garment and manifestation of God? And can the soul of man come into immediate and personal

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contact with the infinite life? Can we know only what can be reasoned out and proved? Or does the soul have a vision, direct and clear, of spiritual realities? These are some of the questions that have always been in the air. Locke and his school in England had said: "The soul of man at birth is only a blank sheet of paper. And we can know only what experience teaches us through the use of our senses." The Transcendentalist was one who denied this, and declared that man was possessed of spiritual faculties that *transcend* or reach beyond and above the senses and the logical understanding. He has spiritual eyes with which he can see religious and moral truths directly, without reasoning out or proving them. This, then, in a word, was what Emerson believed. God was to him the only great and eternal reality. Nature was but a phenomenal, passing, shadow-like manifestation of him. If man would only get out of the noise and strife, and listen, he might hear God speak in the silence of his own soul. If he would only make his mind clear and tranquil, like the unruffled surface of a pool, he might see the spiritual stars of truth reflected in the deeps of his own meditation, as the night stars show bright and clear in a lake.

I believe that the modern scientific method has discovered a deeper truth than that of either the sensational or transcendental school, and that both Locke and Emerson were partly right and partly wrong. But we cannot stop for that to-day. We are concerned only with the attitude that the beliefs of Emerson placed him in toward the prevailing forms of religious life. Religion for a long time had been a thing chiefly of creeds, sacraments, rituals, and formal books of evidences. The world was a mechanical, godless mechanism. To find God, men must go to work and prove that, hundreds of years before, he made a miraculous breach in the natural order, came in for a while in the person of Jesus, established a Church, a priesthood and sacraments to represent him, and then went away again, leaving the world as godless as ever, except for the divine institution

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called the Church. In such a system as this, priest and service and Bible and sacrament were everything. Whatever undermined them threatened all that men called religion, and seemed a destruction of all hopes for the future.

No wonder, then, that Transcendentalism was looked upon with horror. It said, God is *in* nature and *in* man. He is working and speaking all about us to-day. We can meet him and talk with him, face to face, in all the life of the world about us. We need no mediator. Your sacraments and rituals are only an incumbrance. Busying ourselves with them is caring for aqueducts and reservoirs that have gone dry, while we overlook living fountains flowing all about us. It made the Bible only a record of something God said in other ages to other men, but no more sacred than what he is saying to those who can hear him to-day. To believers in the old theories, this was radical and revolutionary in the extreme. And in those days the Unitarians were as dependent on texts and miracles as were the Orthodox. They only gave the texts another meaning, and used the miracles as corner-stones for other structures.

A voice like this, then, must be "a voice crying in the wilderness." It could find no home in a church until it built one for itself. To discover the special doctrinal outcome of it, let us now see what is the creed that Emerson himself came ultimately to hold.

He was called both atheist and pantheist, but in reality he was neither. No man ever believed more in God than did he. In one sense, you might say of him that he believed in nothing else, or call him, as they did Spinoza, the "God-intoxicated man." God to him was the unity, and the life of all things, the one substance underlying all. God was the eternal spirit; and matter, all the worlds, all forms of life, were only manifestations of his infinite life. But he was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, personal. He had no shape, and lived in no place. The laws of the universe and of man were his living presence, and reverent obedience was the only worship. God as the living and perfect order

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of the world became so real to him that he came to look upon prayer as questionable piety, if not an impertinence,— prayer, that is, in the sense of expecting to persuade God to do things that otherwise he would not.

Each man he came to look upon as a part of the infinite life, a child of God's substance as well as love, as one who could come into immediate communion with him without sacrifice or mediator.

He looked upon Jesus as a great prophet, a heroic soul, but thought his power and influence in the world had been sadly degraded by man's worship of him.

He found no place for miracle, and could but think that we lowered God by looking upon him as a thaumaturgist, who stooped to astonish the world with tricks of power.

Nature was not degraded or unclean, but the very revelation of God shadowed forth in material symbol.

The only thing worth caring about or living for is the right. All things else are accidents or illusions. He who learns the right and lives the right has found the meaning of life, and has gained all that is worth attaining; for he has found God, and God is the all.

His belief in immortality is bound up inevitably with all his other beliefs. Since God is the reality, the eternal substance, and since the soul is of God and for God, man must be a sharer of the eternal being. What he would assert as evidence is briefly and beautifully expressed in his "Threnody," verses written in memory of his own son Waldó :—

> "What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent;
> Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
> Heart's love will meet thee again."

God, virtue, immortality, man a child of God by natural right, and capable of direct and constant communion with him, virtue man's only good, and human destiny bound up with the divine,— these were his great, cardinal, religious

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beliefs. Grand they seem, as thus stated. And richer would the world feel could they *all* be *demonstrated* as real.

But, when he first announced them, they were looked upon as simply revolutionary. And indeed they were so. The Church, as then organized, must fight them or die. Thus it was only natural that the new prophet should be only "a voice crying in the wilderness."

But time works curious changes. Scientific thought has made such rapid progress that the Church itself is fain to rush to the arms of its aforetime enemy, and ask to be defended against a more dreaded foe. When men get to asking if there is any God at all, if there is such a thing as an immortal life, then, for a time at least, questions of ritual are forgotten. And, since Emerson is a tremendous believer in the spiritual as against all materialistic systems, even Orthodoxy is glad to use him as a champion. The once famous "Monday Lectureship" tried to patronize him, and use him as a weapon against Darwin. Mr. Cook even tried to claim him as a Christian. But an authoritative letter from his own son rebuked and silenced the impertinence.

The Church has always tried, after their death, to claim the great names it could not win while their owners were alive. It has invented stories of death-bed penitence and recantation, as in the cases of Voltaire and Paine. Recently, concerning Littré, the great Frenchman, and Lanza, the Italian statesman, the same thing has been tried. It is curious to see what a typical man Longfellow is made out to have been by all the orthodox papers, though he was orthodox in no single point of his belief. And Darwin is hardly dead before we are gravely informed that his system, which the Church has been vilifying for twenty years, is perfectly consistent with the Evangelical faith. And now Emerson, rejecting a belief in a personal God,—in the ordinary sense of that word,—in prayer, in Christ, in sacraments, in ecclesiastical salvation of every kind,—who will dare say the heavens have not received him? His

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spirit, methods, doctrines, are in half the churches, and his books in all the best ministerial libraries of the land.

Even at that time there was now and then some one bold enough to demand that the conditions of salvation should be made broad enough to let in a man like him. Old Father Taylor, the Methodist preacher to the sailors, was a personal friend. And, when some one raised the question as to whether Emerson could be saved, he exclaimed, "If he does go to hell, then the climate will change, and emigration will set that way." This is only a grand, brave way of saying that free and common-sense men have no use for a religion that can afford to damn such characters as he. Where such as he goes, free men will find their heaven. And yet no orthodox church in Christendom but must logically send him below.

The simple fact is here — and we proudly claim it to-day — that Emerson has lived a life as noble as any America has seen. He has wrought a work of service for his fellow-men that the gratitude of the ages will not forget. And he has done it all as an utter free-thinker and rationalist. He has shown that a fervent piety, a reverent worship, a firm friendship, a pure fatherhood, a typical citizenship, a finished manhood, are all compatible with utter freedom from superstition, and with no help from supernatural schemes of salvation. And now, when, after ages of spiritual oppression, the world is struggling out into freedom and light, this alone were enough to entitle him to our lasting gratitude. But, beyond this, he has left us a rich legacy of noble thought in noble English; and a body of poetry fresh as a meadow and breezy as the seashore, that smacks of woods and wild-flowers and common country life,— that life of which we never grow weary.

He was no system-maker, and he has left no method that others can take and use after him. His method — if such it can be called — was like Ulysses' bow: no one but the owner can bend it. His great service to this age, as it will be to after times, is as a *creator of life*. He came, like the sun in

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Father, touch us, as with a live coal from off thy altar. Kindle in us a really divine fire. Make us strong and earnest in finding the truth and in serving thee. Let us clothe ourselves with a ritual of ceremony that shall be alive; that shall mean something to us; that shall make us helpers of our fellow-men; that shall make us more reverent and more worshipful toward thee. Amen.

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In any traditional history of the world you will always notice that the story begins with a far-off time. dim in the distance of those antique years, when the gods themselves came down and were on familiar terms with the inhabitants of earth. A little later than that there comes an age of demi-gods and heroes, men surpassing the stature of ordinary humanity, possessing marvellous powers, achieving wonderful results. But as soon as the mists lift and there shines in the clear sunlight of the modern world, as soon as we are on a distinctly historical basis, we find ordinary men and women, such as we are familiar with, or perhaps not quite up to the standard of the best of our own day.

History, in other words, in its traditional form begins in the heavens and slopes downward, degenerating age after age; each age a little poorer, a little less glorious, a little less beautiful and bright than the preceding one. And yet we know, as the result of our modern investigations, that the precise reverse of this is true. Instead of the divine age being past, instead of the heroic age belonging to the olden time, we know to-day that the heroic and divine age is ahead of us; that progress began at the foot of the hill and has climbed slowly upward through the ages until it has come to where we stand to-day, not to finality, by any means, but only half way up a mountain whose summit is lost in the distant glories of the far-off heaven. Yet it is perfectly natural that men should have had these speculations concerning the origin of things, just as it is natural to all of us, as we look back, to idealize and glorify our boyhood. In the morning, in the dimness of the twilight hour, all things loom up and look

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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larger than they do later in the day. When you see the sun just risen in the east, looking at him through the denser strata of the air, although he gives us only a feeble light comparatively, not nearly so much of glory as at high noon, yet he looks at least twice as large as he does at twelve o'clock.

The real truth of the matter is, that we began away down yonder and are gradually ascending; but we do not recognize the fact clearly to-day. We do not recognize it at all, perhaps, except by a process of comparison, for the simple reason that we ourselves are a part of this new and grander elevation of man. If you could find a people where the average stature was only four feet, a man five feet tall would be a giant. But if, as the ages went by, this average stature increased until men were five or five and a half feet tall, then one would need to be six or seven feet high, to attract special attention. I remember, some years ago, the curious sensation that was produced in me by finding myself on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. I had always supposed, giving it no special thought, that there would be a sense of magnificent elevation in such a place as that; that, as Christ is said to have done in the story in the Gospel, I should be able from this high mountain look-out to see the world and its kingdoms at my feet. But I began the ascent unconsciously five hundred miles away, until, when I stood fairly on the summit, the highest, grandest peaks of the continent were only hills about me, and the sense of elevation was almost gone. Yet the Rocky Mountains were not lowered by my ascent. I learned then, what is just as true in the realms of morals, or religion, or politics, or any other department of human life, that these things go by comparison, and that what seems lofty and grand from one outlook may be far beneath our feet from another.

And so, it seems to me, it has been in this matter of the development of the heroic qualities of man. In that far-off age, when there was much ignorance and barbarism and inhumanity, the display of the qualities of manhood common

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to us to-day was looked upon as a marvel, and could give a man the reputation of divine inspiration itself. You have not to go back so very far, only two or three hundreds of years in England itself, to the time when a man who could write his name was looked upon with wonder. And those qualities which are so common as to be commonplace to-day could in those times well win the reputation of heroism, and set their possessors on a high pedestal of influence and almost of worship. But I suppose it to be true that whatever grand services may have been wrought for the modern world by some of the men whose names stand out clear and distinct, mile-posts marking the progress of human history, they were themselves actually below the level of the average of intelligence, wisdom, goodness, and devotion which marks the life and the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Yet I would not underrate the services that they wrought out for man. He, for example, who invented the bow and arrow did as grand a thing for his age and as related to the condition of his fellow tribesmen, as did the man who invented the steam-engine for us. The bow and arrow stood in as vital a relation to the past which they had outgrown and the future which was before them, as does the printing-press to our past and our future. That same degree of intelligence, that same power of invention, that same wisdom, that same skill in applying known laws to the practical solution of great problems which was equal to the invention of the bow and arrow is a commonplace possession of modern men. It does not set its possessors upon a pedestal of greatness, for the reason that a tall man is not picked out as tall when he stands with a thousand others of equal stature.

Not only has there been progress in this regard so that the whole world together has come up to a higher level of thought, of character, of service, but there has been a progressive and constant change in the ideal of heroism which the world has held and worshipped. What a magnificent change! What a wondrous advance is intimated by a fact like this: to-day we arrest and imprison as criminals, as

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breakers of the law and disturbers of the peace, men who would have been hailed with enthusiasm, chosen as leaders, elected as chiefs, and bent before with homage by the people representing the lower type of civilization from which we ourselves have come. The very qualities which to-day make a distinguished prize-fighter, which is only another name for a distinguished criminal, are precisely the ones that fitted a man to be a mighty leader, a dominating force, a controlling power in the civilization of that age.

Yet the principle of heroism then and the principle of heroism to-day is not changed. I wish to mark this point especially. Human thought, human heart, human instincts in regard to this matter, are the same in all ages and must be forever. What did men worship in their far-off chieftain, mighty in muscle and cunning in brain, merciless and skilful in the pursuit of his enemies? What did men worship in a man of that type in those far-off years? The man whom their circumstances demanded as a leader, a helper, a defender, a conserver of so much civilization as they had gained. We worship to-day the representative of the finest things we have achieved, the one who manifests power to conserve that which we have gained, to lead us on to new developments in the future. They worshipped for their time precisely the same then as we worship, revere, and respect to-day,— helpers, leaders, such as the times demanded.

It is the times then, the circumstances, that have changed, and that gives us a new conception of heroism, a conception much nobler than that which dominated the thought and awed the heart of the ancient world.

What is our ideal to-day? In the light of it the lustre of many a hero of the past is beginning to dim, and to reveal itself only as pretentious tinsel. In an age pre-eminently military, when fighting is the grand end and aim of life, when there is no higher ideal of civilization than that of a compact military empire, strong in protecting its own people and able to crush or bring into subjection any foreign opposing power,

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— in an age like that, one that we are beginning at last to outgrow, there can be no higher type of hero than such men as Alexander and Napoleon. But the time is coming when we shall look at these mighty names of the world as now we look at the prize-fighter. The time is coming when, instead of glorying in the qualities which they displayed, we shall apologize for them, and say, Indeed they rendered good service in their age, but it was a barbaric age. It was a crude and cruel age. It was an age that we are thankful for having long ago outgrown.

The hero of to-day,— shall I attempt to give just an outline of my ideal of him? He must be first a man possessing a magnificent character. No matter what he may do, no matter at what cost he may accomplish his achievements, we demand that he shall be a man whom we can respect. In the realm of art, we demand not only wonderful skill and power and poetic insight on the part of the sculptor, but, if he is to make a work of art that shall endure, that shall be worthy and noble, he must shape it out of some grand material as well. He must not only display skill and power, but he must exhibit and work out some grand idea, and must have a noble subject as well as a noble execution. The time is coming in art, in all its departments, when, I believe, it will be recognized as one of the fundamental canons of criticism, that a noble statue, or a noble picture, must have a noble theme. No matter what genius a man may display, no matter what technical power, what skill in execution, the world will hang on its walls and will admire, love, and come back to again and again, as an object of admiration, only an idea that is grand. He that will do work that shall last must remember this.

Tried by this canon, men like Napoleon and Alexander stand on one side, and their names must fade away. However grandly Satan may scheme and fight against the everlasting truth, we cannot worship him. We can only wonder at the skill, while we pity and lament the perversion of such angelic powers.

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One more quality must the hero possess, and one more element must the perfect ideal have, not only grand character, but grand service,— service for man,— for we, as men, can have no other conceivable standard by which to estimate the deeds of our fellows. Only those deeds then are great, only those deeds will remain in the memory, the love, and the admiration of the world, which contribute something to the welfare of humanity. However marvellous the skill and however magnificent the scale of the display of power, we call it waste, we name it even immorality, if it be merely indifferent. It must be something more than harmless, for no man has any right to dissipate and waste energy that can be used for the service of his fellows.

This then we demand of our ideal hero, that he work out something of grand result either to body, to brain, or character; something to make the world happier and better.

There is one more element. I do not say that it is absolutely essential to heroism, but yet I do say that it heightens and enhances our idea of heroism; that is, that the grand deed of service shall be wrought out at the price of a grand cost to the doer. When a millionnaire lavishes his wealth for the benefit of his fellow-men, we recognize it indeed as a noble thing; but there will always remain a permanent and beautiful significance in that picture of Jesus standing in the temple court and seeing the rich men cast in of their abundance into the treasury, then seeing come after them the poor widow with her two mites, which make only a farthing. And Jesus, you will remember, declared of her that she had cast in more than they all. The eternal significance of that saying, living there forever at the heart of the deed, is simply this, that she had given all she had, all her living, while they had given only little chips and fragments broken off the corners of their heaped-up abundance.

When then men give at the price of toil or suffering, we lift them at least a little higher in our love and admiration. It is this which touches our hearts in that story that

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comes to us from the Orient, of Gautama. Born a prince, he went out from his luxurious seclusion, and, for the first time, learned in looking over the condition of his father's subjects that thousands of people were squalid, sick, suffering, and death-smitten. And when he learned it, he stepped down from the throne of his father and went out to share the common lot of man, that if by any means he might deliver some. It is this which touches us in a life like that of Jesus, not giving up any earthly kingdom as did Gautama, but giving up that which seems to us more priceless than anything else we can conceive, standing fearlessly in his Gethsemane garden, seeing fall across his pathway the shadow of the cross, the most cruel death the torture of "man's inhumanity to man" could inflict, yet turning not back, but for truth's sake, for God's sake, for man's sake, going on into the shadow and down into the valley of death itself. We cannot but love and worship human ideals like this, because they shade away into the heavens and take on the image of what we must think of as divine.

He then is the true hero, who, grand himself, does some grand thing for man, and does it at the expense of some grand toil or some grand suffering on his own part. While these men stand out so conspicuous, like mountain peaks over all the lower levels of the world, the one encouraging thought to me is not only that we are coming up gradually to these magnificent ideals, and are thus lessening the sense of their magnificence, but the grandest and most comforting thought is that these qualities of heroism are not exceptional. They are in your hearts to-day. There is the stuff for as grand heroism as the world has ever seen, unconscious in these pews, here before me now. Did I not believe this I should have no hope for humanity.

Take our friends, neighbors, fathers, children, brothers, and husbands, who went out to fight and die, only a few years ago, for what both they and we believed to be truth and liberty and the welfare of men. Who were they? We thought that we had fallen to the low level of a shopkeeping and

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commercial age. We thought the people cared only for money, that there was no magic any longer in the word honor, no stimulating power any longer in the cry of liberty. We thought there was no sentimental devotion and love for a piece of bunting fluttering in the wind. And yet what did we find when the cry came and rung in our ears all over the land? We found, beating under the soiled shirt of the farmer's boy, beating under the common coat of our city clerks, hearts with as true a heroism as the world had ever seen. The pitchfork and the hoe changed as by magic into the bayoneted musket. The yard-stick gave way to the sabre; and our boys and friends, utterly unconscious of the fact, became heroes even to the death. Is not that what we found? Did we not find them by the hundred, by the thousand,— men to whom sentiment and flag meant more than mother's tears, or the love of wife and child; men to whom honor was a star, outshining and eclipsing all the brilliancy and attraction of wealth, or fame, or station? Did we not, even if we were not at the front, feel the same thrill go through our hearts that made us conscious at least that we were of a kin to those who stood on these heights of the world's nobility? Did you never think that the safety, the stability, of our great country rests on this solid substratum of fact, and that it can rest nowhere else: that grand leaders are all in vain, empty voices wandering through the void, unless there be great followers to respond to the cry of leadership? Of what avail the most wondrous artist's skill until the touch of his fingers calls out the music? What avail all this, unless there be an instrument constructed and keyed so as to respond to that artist's touch? Of what avail the cry of the leaders of the world, unless there be the selfsame quality of grandeur and devotion in the hearts of the common people that make up their mighty following, that constitutes the weapon by which they strike? As well have magnificent followers without a leader, as magnificent leaders without a following.

But because we have learned that when the supreme crisis

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comes we can trust to this response, we know that the age of heroes is not behind us, but is all around us, unrecognized, but ready to leap forth into the light when there comes an authoritative voice to call.

What is a mountain peak that lifts itself for miles into the blue but precisely the same common soil that makes up the meadow and the lowest lying level between all the hills? Precisely the same soil from which the farmer raises his commonplace crops; the same soil wandering across which the cattle make their daily way to the pasture; the same soil that we tread under foot in our city streets; the same common soil, upheaved by some great cosmic force, lifts itself in the face of heaven and bends the world at its feet, as setting forth what we mean when we speak of sublimity.

It is the same ocean that lies glassy before us on a summer afternoon; the same ocean that ripples quietly at our feet, which, blown upon by some continent-sweeping storm, lifts itself as though it would strike at the stars, and batters down the cliffs that have stood for ages, and overwhelms the mightiest works of man.

So it is this same commonplace human nature of ours, manifesting itself to-day in faithfulness at the clerk's desk, manifesting itself in honor behind the counter, in kindly, neighborly offices, in the mother's devotion above the cradle, in casting pure and intelligent votes for public office; manifesting itself in quiet, steady virtue and integrity in common life,— it is this, which, on adequate occasion, is lifted into mountains and agitated into storms, that gives us a belief in the magnificent possibilities of the world.

But, unless we cultivate these qualities in ourselves, unless every day finds us living out these attributes that, in their grandest display, we name heroism, then, however mighty an opportunity may come to us, we shall be found among the paltry ones who flee when the grand occasion is upon them. I imagine we all of us sometimes flatter ourselves that if we only had an opportunity we should do something great, something that would call the attention of the world. But if I

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can only know what you are doing to-day, I can tell you what you would do when the supreme opportunity came. If you are not doing your noblest, your truest, your best, right here to day, you would not do it then. If you are doing it as faithfully as though a nation were looking on, and immortal applause were waiting your achievement, then you are essentially heroic now, and are weaving the material out of which, if the occasion should come, you might shape for yourself a garment of immortal glory.

I said, at the outset, that the ideal of heroism changes from age to age, according to the demands of the times, true, however, to this unchanging principle, that in all ages it means doing those things which are for the welfare of man. The heroic age of violence, of bloodshed and strife, is receding farther and farther away, and the time is coming, yea, has already come in the highest centres of civilization, when patience and love and truth and simple devotion are mightier than muscle or sword: —

Not now, as in the days of brutal might,—
  Jehovah with his thunder, or great Jove,
  When brawny men with battle-axes strove,—
Do we throne Force upon the seat of Right,
Or some sheer power adore! A fairer light
  Bursts all the eastern rosy hills above;
  The grandly royal form of conquering Love
In mighty gentleness breaks on our sight!

Not now, for his own glory, man or God
  Does deeds of wonder; but to serve mankind!
  And he who, grand himself, does grandest things
Is one who, having paths of service trod,
  Brings gifts of help to body or to mind.
  Such wields a sceptre mightier than a king's.

Father! with this ideal in our hearts, going before us as a leader and inspiration, let us leave the old, the crude, and the cruel behind us, and come up into a nobler life of loving service for our fellow-men, and we will give thee thanks forever. Amen.

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SPIRIT AND TRUTH.

BY

REV. E. A. HORTON.

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SPIRIT AND TRUTH.*

JOHN iv., 24.

THE scene from the description of which these words are taken stands vividly in the past as one of history's great moments of high religious utterance. Renan says that it marks the noblest epoch of pure worship. Jesus, in this casual conversation with the Samaritan woman, gave the law of rational religion; and the obscure place has become illustrious. An everlasting application reaches out to every age in the contrast between the sad but natural literalism of the woman and the spiritual conception of the Great Teacher. She thought only of the water which it was her duty to draw from day to day for her family: he referred to the founts that lie exhaustless in human sentiments and aspirations. This weakness of hers is the defect of every people and time. The symbols of church, philosophy, and art, become substitutes for the realities. Spirit and truth do not combine; do not, like fluent, coalescing forces, interpret and express each other. The material fact is left to stand alone, unlinked with its idea, or the inner sense is carried up into something extravagant and visionary. The announcement by the well of Samaria included not only the law of true worship, but of true life, true progress, true happiness, and true religion. Spirit and truth must not only be found united; but each must be related to the other in harmony and intensity, each raised to the highest power. They

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who sing well sing with the spirit and the understanding. They who lead the world in science, in reforms, or in thought, are examples of a wedded and happy possession of spirit and truth.

Anniversary Week still sends its echoes in upon our homes. In the assemblies of all kinds, I have detected a strenuous search for this rich result. Two utterances have sufficient significance to arrest our attention. The President of the Free Religious Association said to those assembled to hear him, most of them sympathetic listeners in the cause, "Free thought without religion is not competent to control the passions of men." This I quote from a newspaper report, which, interpreted in the light of my discourse, means that pure intellectualism, or bare, bald truth, is not of itself the natural governor of human action: it must add to itself spirit. The other utterance is from quite a different source,— from the leading preacher in our day of the Episcopalian Church. He said to a large public assembly, "I should not like to be the first man to leave a living creed, but I should have greater dread to be known as the last man to leave a dead creed." And this means, in the tenor of my remarks, that even where men claim to have the right, strong spirit,— the piety of faith, the habit of worship,— this is not enough; for it may lack the truth,— in other words, religion may lack the honest and fullest expression. Thus keen must be the eye, and ever sensitive the adaptation of the inner and outer elements of a true religious faith.

A walk down the paths of history furnishes impressive lessons. In those instances where the spirit has been unduly exalted, we find mysticism. Here, Fénelon, rising into beautiful exhortations, but elusive and unsatisfactory; there, Tauler, claiming for himself a rapturous union with divine things, not verifiable to any other human being. Such as they and Madame Guyon may delight us by the bold capture they make of the very secrets of spirit life; but, in the end, no permanent gains are made for the ascending truth, the universal truth, on which all souls can build. Or, on the

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other hand, we come upon those who dealt only with truth, and in a hard, dry, detached way. They carved out dogmas and reared colossal structures of petrified theology. In their day, it was all true, and the greatness of their constructive power may well excite us; but, in the fashioning of truth, they left out the spirit, did not allow for the plastic, changing, and informing genius of inspiration, which should continually rearrange and improve this mass of fact and dogma. If I say Augustine or Calvin, I name two of these partial and imperfect workers, who, in their way, dealt as cruelly by true religion as did the mystic in his empyrean soarings.

We hear a great deal about keeping the faith. It is the desire of every sincere man or woman. But what is it to keep the faith? I will not enter into any discussion of what the faith that is true is, but only draw your attention to the fact that, supposing we have reached a genuine, progressive, and wholesome faith in the verities of existence, a faith based on reason and supported by ardent affections, there is no security for its perpetuity except in the right balance and adjustment of these two forces. He who keeps the faith by spirit alone maintains an emotional evaporation. Sighs, asseverations, exhalations of fervor, will be the chief witnesses to his loyalty. All the while, mind may be stagnant, and the truth falling into decay. If an attempt is made to keep the faith by truth alone, we behold a man of the sea, loaded down with the curse of antiquated beliefs. Having formulated his faith in technical details, he holds them in his mind unalterable. They become fetters, chains, mill-stones, dragging him down. Lacking the flexible and moulding spirit of research and expectation, lacking the touch and glow of a daily revelation, he becomes a prisoner in the very palace he builded. In the war, the monitors expressed a truth, a need, and, if kept to that one special service, answered. But when carried beyond that temporary purpose of protection, mere floating batteries, and made use of as permanent vessels of ocean and river voyaging, the crews became diseased, and were sacrificed, poisoned, killed by the

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submarine atmosphere. So a creed, or a statement of truth that was good for a given time and exigency, may be, to those who persist in keeping in it, a death-dealing and soul-destroying environment.

When we range over the past, and allow our admiration to crown the worthiest minds, it salutes the rich, rare, symmetrical characters, those who best display this union of spirit and truth. It may be the poet who evokes our tears, or thrills our imagination, by this fusion of fact and influence, symbol and reality. By his magic, God-given power, he lifts the prosaic event or object up into a region none the less actual, but more real, where the significance shines out and appeals to us. It is spirit and truth kissing each other, even as in Scripture we are told that peace and righteousness have done. Or we give undying honor to an interpreter like Webster, whose eloquence gained its power as a Burke or Pericles found his, by the unusual and powerful combination of intense spirit with large truth. He took the Constitution, and bid it leap into new life. He summoned the Declaration of Independence forth from the confinement of stereotyped phrases, and it ran a fresh, victorious course in the people's love. He imparted the glow of his spirit to the historic facts of New England, and amplified them, re-set their jewelled attractions, until our Puritan land seemed classic and beautiful.

To-day, the best part of every free country mourns the loss of a fiery, honest reformer. Garibaldi is dead. He was born with a resistless zeal, a passion for liberty and human rights. We honor him. There shall be a pedestal for him, and a place among humanity's lovers and leaders. But the truth must be told, though it finds no record on his tombstone, that his impetuous spirit was not matched by right relations with methods. He often clamored for the impossible: he could not observe, adapt, and patiently progress. Much of his power and talent were wasted on the lonely island. He could not work even with those as ardently lovers of his country as himself. The spirit in him

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was intense. Would that it had had for a companion a mind as strong, which should have planned and fulfilled the wise yet bold development of United Italy! How different that leader whose mortal robe we put away in the afternoon of sunshine at Concord! He was spherical. He was the harmony of spirit and truth. Standing calmly yet earnestly amid the facts of life, he said to science, "Come hither with thy treasures." To philosophy, to art, to industry, to nature, to all phases of existence, he spoke, asking of them contributions; and, in the alembic of his unifying mind, he wrought out complete results.

By the combination of these two forces, like two eyes comprehending the whole, or rather like two keys unlocking spirit and letter, men are able intelligently to read the Bible. The mystic finds in it a measureless succession of images. The literalist bows down to idols of texts. When Matthew Arnold sent forth *Literature and Dogma*, he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes of plenary inspiration. The spirit never imprisons itself in any such final forms as the literal reader of the Bible imagines. Pauline proclamations of exhaustless application, of expanding and fluent nature, have been congealed and rigidly determined by the doctrine makers. The Bible is full of material which the poet, the prophet, the seer, the reformer, cast forth from glowing heart and mind, as flashes of light are vouchsafed to arouse and kindle, not to limit and define; or as seeds are strewn, to grow into harvests of personal character, individual thoughts, varied opinions, not to be kept for mould and decay in their original shape.

Because, then, this union of spirit and truth is so rare, and yet is so necessary to all right impulse and method,—the essential of religious progress,—I venture to call its consummation the great object of our life. The idealism which pants for the noblest and purest results must go hand in hand with a realism that is continually harmonized with enlarging truths. To this adjustment, which is also an awakening, all earnest thinkers must lend their aid.

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The lessons for the times out of this proposition are these. Its fulfilment will make life's accumulating knowledge effective. The brick and stone and timber of our understanding — that is, the experience and facts of our daily careers — should be brought into some complete arrangement. Let no one be satisfied with isolated, chaotic impressions. Kaleidoscopes amuse children, but the kaleidoscopic nature can never be self-reliant or guiding. Laudable it is to acquire new information, to gather in; but truth left in its first, incoherent state is like a heap of sand, the prey of every wind of doctrine. A firm, consistent purpose must draw these detached parts into a whole. Accumulation and assimilation are the twin workers that bring power and wisdom. In the same manner, theology is made progressive. Macaulay declared that theology was not progressive. Many believed his assertion, because they accepted the premise of his argument, which was that revelation had once for all defined and finished religious truth. Deny the premise, and substitute the law of spirit and truth, we are then believers in a perpetual revelation, which, proceeding from infinite sources, gives to mankind without end new incentives and new groupings of truth. Theology becomes a living, unfolding science, responsive to the spirit of every age, and widening with the horizon of our knowledge. No other conception of theology is worthy our acceptance. It must answer to our ideal of the highest truth, breathed upon by ever-renewing inspirations, and expressing its tendencies in the largest, noblest statements of which the age is at any time capable. Andover, to refer to a typical case, errs, in that it will not acknowledge the necessity of giving the spirit of its new, expanding faith honest and legitimate embodiment. It tries to make the mature reason of to-day walk in the clothes of a boy. Dr. Bushnell set the example years ago by declaring that he could accept all the creeds ever written. To him, he said, they all expressed some truth. And Newman Smyth follows in Bushnell's steps, with much explanation and argument. All the same, sensible people see the discrepancy and the

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evil. Words are sacred things. They must not be herded and reduced to a brute communism. There is a science of expression and an honor of definition, and in disregarding them we entail confusion, mental immorality, and sentimentalism on our successors.

Turn to citizenship. The truly patriotic are those public or private individuals who both know and feel the ideas of loyalty. Decoration Day commemorates the men who so rose to the height of a great demand that in their martyrdom the spirit and truth of American citizenship came to a flame. No doubt, a crisis is often needed to bring this result. Carried along on the even, somewhat dull current of our usual lives, we learn and repeat the axioms of republican government. Our speeches are fervid on patriotic days. But the genuine fire burns when away in some foreign land our eyes catch sight of the old flag. Then, the familiar truth is matched by a thrill of emotion, and unbidden tears arise. Let us educate our children in the science of government, let us give them every advantage of culture; but, side by side with this kind of instruction, let us cultivate tendrils of sentiment, and reverence for historic memories. Let not the youth learn to say, as did one of Boston's preachers some years ago, that a new fishing-smack would be of more interest and value than even the "Mayflower," could it be anchored in our harbor to-day. Patriotism, when it is full, round, and rich, glows with retrospect, while it expects future good beyond the past. The new world is a child of the old, and cannot wisely forget to strengthen the things that remain, even in its prairie sweep of latter-day achievements. Along the same line, Christianity becomes operative and real. Social science is a part of the new truth, and enthusiasm for humanity is the new spirit. Together, they shall work marvels. Practical Christianity is not simply a sentiment of love. That is vague and pointless. Neither is it a hap-hazard and rapid dealing out of alms and good deeds. Practical Christianity requires thought, planning, and method: it also demands devotion, sacrifice, and love

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of our race. Love to God and love to man does not constitute a full religion; for the right direction of charities, the sensible conduct of worship, and the judicious carrying-on of reforms form a vital, large part of our duty. To go about doing good, as Jesus found it his mission to do, is not accomplished in any but a harmful way, when zeal oversteps judgment. Fanned too high, the fire that might warm us burns down our house. What we want is an adaptation of Christianity to our day and generation, so wise, so fitting that every ounce of energy shall be utilized, and every glint of truth shed down on the problem of humanity's immediate improvement. In this adjustment of power to mechanism, and of instrument to player, we shall have a better chording of the mind and body. The stubborn facts of our temperament and of our physical organization stand arrayed in daily usage: the soul must recognize its environment, and seek its alliance. On the other hand, no physiological facts can ever explain the origin of life; and matter still hides the secret, without creating the source of thought and feeling. A true investigator gains more rather than less reverence by exploring nerve-cells and tissue; and the specialist who is not a partisan finds in the realm of imagination, memory, and will, the voices of mystery, of God. We speak of the perfect man: he is to come by a happy, profound knowledge of the harmony that can and must exist between mind and body. The exaltations and unearthly aspirations of the soul shall be duly related to the patient but strict laws of the senses. Nothing shall be uncommon or unclean. The acumen and earnestness of the future shall be lavished on the great question of building a perfect brain, and also of creating a perfect climate for the heart.

By way of personal application, we may briefly consider some inferences from the foregoing illustrations and statements. How to live, is the question in the forefront of religious matters. To be self-governing, to study those things and to love those truths that shall equip us with actual gains of virtue and happiness,—not how to die, not how to get a

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doctrinal faith or to keep it, not how to win a way in the world's famous ranks, but how to live lives approaching symmetry,—that will more and more be the object of church and religion. So shall each generation hand down heritages of example, of noble institutions, of enduring laws, of pure worship. Our life for the main is not for ourselves, it is for what we are to leave. It is of more consequence that we guarantee to our sons and daughters a glorious inheritance than that we enjoy ourselves. Heaven spare us the bitter punishment of being the mock and derision of our successors, in that we were not alive to the signs of the times, and built so foolishly as to compel their rejection. We must be so broad, so comprehensive, and construct our part so well that others following will continue the same plan. One age has torn down the proud beliefs and tenets of a preceding age. Must it always be so? No, if this law of spirit and truth can but be worked out in us and through us. Remember that there is a heroism of seeking and a heroism of reflection. When we see those brave men flinging themselves against the icy barriers of the Arctic Pole, knowing all the time how little reward could come, even if the open sea were found, we admire their valor. From Franklin and Kane down to the sad spectacle of this year, we follow with plaudits such sacrifice; for these men hoped to unveil the globe and enrich the world by discoveries. Stirring as that record is, equally appealing is the history of any man who, in loneliness and amid terrible discouragements, has brooded over gathered facts, and out-watched the stars at night in his meditations. Darwin in his secluded home, with self-sustaining hope, was such a hero, evoking from the reluctant observations and data at his command the one supreme law which he finally gave to the world. Truths are many, but their binding ties are few. Well it is for us to go apart, to conquer by silence, to leave at times the babble of social brooks, the whir of mercantile pursuits, and meditate. Then, an "intellectual seriousness" deepens: the spirit expands, and pervades with intelligence the darkness. Inner and outer. We shut our

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eyes, and the outer is annihilated: the inner seems everything. How easy to obliterate the external world! Yet remember that every treasure stored up in the mind came from the outer. This encircling universe sent in the impressions that created all the wealth of thought and emotion we possess. How important, then, that we surround ourselves with those objects that shall conduce to high thought, grand emotion, and satisfying ideals! It is not enough to tell your child, "Be good," or your daughter, "Grow in grace," or your friend, "Follow the best." Such advice is but cheap commonplace, unless employment is made of every external aid to those ends. The pictures on your walls, the books upon the table, associates, amusements, everything that touches the sense and action of that child or friend, carry help or harm to the flowering inner life.

I had intended to touch upon a remark made by Mr. Felix Adler, a man conspicuous for force of thought and fine moral sympathies.

My time permits only this comment. He parted company with his former comrades in Free Religion last week, declaring the cause to be his inability to deal with conceptions in religion. With ideas, he could safely trust himself, and with those alone. A distinction, I venture to say, perceptible only to a peculiar metaphysics. If ideas worthy the title do not, as a rule, rise into conceptions, then they are small, and are to be ranked as opinions. But the issue evidently is whether a man shall think in a limited way, a feeble way, or in a way as thorough as his faculties by their nature permit. Further, if conceptions are not valid in any degree, then Science must take down her banners and cease her march. No science worthy the name has been without generalizations, which are conceptions. My position in this sermon is that conception and idea are inseparable. The spirit that unites and interprets is as reliable as the analysis that divides and rearranges.

Religion has its justification in our day by enforcing this union of spirit and truth, aiming to maintain balance and

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intensity. Only on this line of effort can pulpits safely appeal to the people. They must emphasize the ever-present inspiration of God, the continuous inbreathing of new life, not as an arbitrary act, but in the nature of things, and also present as equally true the constant reconstruction of truth which man has fashioned, and man must forever enlarge and readjust. Out of it all, says the prophetic voice, let us strive not for pride of reason or rapture of heart, but for blessings on the race of man,— on man in his social, political, domestic, and religious affairs. I see Jacob in the desert wrestling with the angel through the dark night. I care not for the exact story. I see in the record something typical. Jacob would not let that mysterious visitant go until he had blessed him. And, ere the night fled, the blessing was given. So let us grapple with life's problems. So let man forevermore wrestle with mysteries, duties, and discipline, always desiring and never yielding until the answer comes, some blessing upon humanity's welfare, some joyous fruition of the everlasting spirit and the ever-growing truth.

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Bishop Huntington and Mr. Emerson.*

"By their fruits ye shall know them."—MATT. vii., 15.

I HAVE taken this topic not because I purpose to spend the entire morning on any mere personal discussion concerning men even so distinguished as the Bishop and Mr. Emerson. I use this late utterance of the Bishop as a wide-open door which gives me free entrance into the treatment of a broad and very important theme. I speak in the interest of clear thought concerning a subject which now perhaps more than ever in the history of the world needs to be handled clearly, and clearly understood.

I wish to find out, if I can, who a Christian is. I wish to find out, if Mr. Emerson and men like him are not Christians, whether there is anything in the world which is as good as a Christian; whether the Bishop, as representing the great Church toward which he stands in prominent official relation, can afford to leave such products of humanity and of the divine life outside the limits of the fold which he calls the Church of God.

This, as I have said, is one of the greatest questions which is being agitated at the present time, one which runs deep down into the vital principles which lie at the very root of human life. When we discuss principles purely as abstractions, we may not become very intensely interested in them. But, when we find them entering into personal relations touching great questions of human life, then they thrill and move us, and become vital with a power that we cannot ignore. If, for example, I were simply to enter into

* Phonographically reported by B. C. Barrows.

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an abstract, technical discussion of liberty in your presence, it might seem very dry, very unreal; but when, in the presence of some great movement that threatens human liberty, the word is uttered, every heart is touched, every mind is aflame, and every hand is ready to be raised in its defence.

So, if I were to raise the question as to who is a Christian and who is not in the light of creeds and technical distinctions that are dead and dry and far away from all human interest, it might seem to you a discussion hardly worthy of your earnest attention. But when we look in the face of men like Emerson, Darwin, and Longfellow; when we review the lives that they led; when we recount the services that they have wrought for humanity; when we see the truth, the inspiration, the songs, the love, the tenderness, the purity, connected with their memories, and then the question is raised whether they are Christians,— there comes up a deeper and more important thought than the Bishop probably had in mind. If they were not Christians, then the sensible world may draw an inference in regard to Christianity that will not, in the long run, be especially comforting to the Bishop.

I wish then to introduce my subject by asking your patience while I call your attention to a few comments that have been made on these three representative men.

Bishop Huntington has said recently: "If it is the end of the Christian system to make man blameless in these human relations, then it could hardly be disputed that here was a Christian man. . . . But, if I believe that the welfare of mankind is bound up in an honest and a practical acceptance of the creeds of the Church, as I do, how can I ever think of this man's religious frame without a painful sense of its desolation?" He goes on to say that Emerson's genius and eloquence have done more to unsettle the faith of the educated young men of our age and country in the Christianity of the Bible than the influence of any twenty other men combined. "Accordingly, whatever other exalted services he may have rendered to mankind, it is amazing, almost

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beyond belief, that, his life being closed, Christian ministers should, without abatement or qualification, extol his philosophy as a Christian philosophy, or his religion as a Christian religion."

There seems to be raised here, not simply an issue between Bishop Huntington and a rationalist like myself; not simply an issue between the Church that Bishop Huntington represents and the modern thought of the world,— there is a distinct and definite issue raised between Bishop Huntington and Jesus Christ; there is, if I may so speak with reverence, a definite falling out between them of the most serious sort. For, if we are to take the words of Jesus Christ as they come to us in the light of historic criticism,— those that we can feel most certainly were really his own,— then we find that, while Jesus says, "By their fruits ye shall know them," the Bishop says, "The fruits may be perfect blamelessness of life, but *by their creeds* ye shall know them." Jesus says, in his grand, impressive judgment scene, that the goats are they who have not been true and noble in their human relations. The Bishop says, Whatever may have been true in regard to this matter, the goats are the ones who have not accepted the creed of the Church. Mr. Emerson, therefore,— "blameless man,"— because he did not agree with the Bishop in his intellectual conceptions of Christianity, must be placed on the left hand of the Judge, and hear the words at the last, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." We need, without any flinching, without any kid-gloved tenderness, to face squarely this issue. If the Church is right, as represented for the last fifteen hundred years by its councils, creeds, great leaders and teachers, then, as a simple matter of fact, there is a God in heaven who has sent Darwin, Longfellow, and Emerson to hell forever. Here is a literal truth that no tenderness of language, no blinking of the eye, can put out of sight.

Leaving that, however, for a moment, I wish to admit, lest some one should choose to pick me up on the matter, think-

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ing I had forgotten to mention it, that it is possible to frame out of the materials we have in the four Gospels two or three different types of Jesus. If we admit the authenticity of the evangelist, which the best scholarship of the world denies, then in the Gospel of John we shall have a Jesus who is as exclusive and narrow as the Bishop himself,—a man who says, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me": "whosoever climbs up some other way is a thief and a robber." If we admit, what all scholarship denies, that the last part of the last chapter of Mark is authentic and gives a correct report of what Jesus said, then we shall have a Jesus narrow enough to be the bishop of any church, declaring that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." I wish to admit this in a clear and thorough discussion of the point, that I may not be said to have overlooked anything vital.

But if we confine ourselves to that Jesus who is left to us by the wisest historical criticism of the world, if we take those sayings of his that are regarded by the best scholars as true and authentic, we have a Jesus who apparently never heard of the main essential doctrines of the Church, in the light of which Emerson is to-day judged. If Jesus ever heard of the doctrine of the fall of man; if he ever thought it important; if he ever thought, as the Church called by his name holds, that it lay at the very foundation of the Christian scheme,—he sadly forgot his solemn duty to man, for he never said a word about it. If Jesus believed in the doctrine of total depravity, he forgot to mention it. If he believed in the doctrine of the trinity, the vicarious atonement, he omitted to say one word about matters considered so important and essential. There is hardly a single one of the most essential doctrines of the Church represented by Bishop Huntington that Jesus ever thought it worth his while even to allude to. There is therefore, at the outset, a very serious issue raised between Jesus Christ and the Bishop.

Leaving this for a moment, I wish to take up one or two

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other utterances, so as to bring the whole general theme before you. Only a little while ago, some correspondent wrote a letter to the New York *Sun*, asking whether Emerson and Longfellow were Christians. The editor assumed the authoritative tone of one who had a right to speak, and answered:—

"That Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow were unbelievers in the Christian religion.

"The essence of belief in the Christian religion is belief in the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Without the Godhead of the Christ there is no real Christianity. It is true there is a sort of doctrine which many people fancy to be Christian; and, according to this doctrine, Jesus Christ was not God, but a creature, a man, or a created being somewhat superior to man. But this is not the doctrine of the Christian religion: it is a foe of Christianity; it is a station on the broad road to unbelief, to infidelity.

"This sort of doctrine we understand to have been the doctrine of Emerson and Longfellow. They were *Unitarians*. They were not believers in the Christian religion."

And again, about the time of Mr. Longfellow's death, some other anxious person, like the correspondent of the *Sun*, wrote a letter to the *Traveller*, asking about the religious character of Mr. Longfellow, to which the *Traveller* replied: "Mr. Longfellow was not a church-goer. His family have sittings in the College Chapel at Cambridge, and have been attendants there. It is understood that in his religious belief he was in sympathy with his brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, a liberal Unitarian."

I happen to know — you will pardon me for speaking of it — that this statement about Mr. Longfellow's habits of church attendance has been true for some years. From long acquaintance with him, I know also that this represents fairly his religious belief. He has been for the last two or three years a reader of my printed sermons, and I have corresponded with him a good many times. Yet, in spite of this fact, the editor of the *Congregationalist*, the leading orthodox

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paper of Boston and New England, and America, so far as Orthodoxy is represented by it, says, "It is much to Mr. Longfellow's honor that the brilliancy of his fame as an author never caused his stirling manhood to be forgotten."

I wish to mark that phrase: whether a Christian or not, the highest authority of Orthodoxy in the city recognizes his *stirling manhood.* If Christianity has anything better than that, we are ready to find it, when it can be placed on exhibition.

I wish to call your attention to one other extract concerning Longfellow from the *Literary World* and to explain this by saying that the editor, a personal acquaintance, is a stanch and sincere orthodox minister, so, although this appears in a literary paper, it is an ecclesiastical utterance. He says: "Here lived Longfellow the scholar's and author's life, and not that only, but the larger and finer life of the Christian and the man, and wrote his life into his poems,—a life not without its sorrows, but a life in which the sunshine always had the better of the clouds with which it struggled. It is not in every case that the poet and the man accord. They did in this case, except that, pure and true and great as was the poet, the man was purer, truer, greater still. There is the greatness of outward deeds which blaze and dazzle, and there is the greatness of the hidden life which does in quiet the bidding of the Unseen. There are two kinds of poems,—the poem of the pen and the poem of the life, each with its beauty and its blessing; but there is a life which, as a mirror of the divine life, as an expression of the divine teaching, as a cultivating and perfecting of what is best in man himself, as a harmony of the sweetest strains that are to be found in earth and heaven, surpasses any poem that was ever written. Such a life — we can now say it freely — was Longfellow's. The story of it is in the songs he has sung. His songs are himself: their spotless purity of thought, their steady Christian faith, their rich and tender feeling, their sympathy and humanity, their sweet and gentle voicing, their thankfulness and courage, their patience, hope,

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and trust, their charity and good-will, their peace and resignation, their dutiful serving of the present, their stout-hearted outlook into the future,— all *these* are *him*."

"Spotless," "pure," — these words the editor, from his Christian stand-point, uses with reference to Longfellow. He exhausts the resources of the English language in painting him for us; but he has not overdrawn the character of this poet, who, on the authority of many of those that claim to represent the Church, was not a Christian.

One word now concerning Mr. Darwin, whose name I wish to couple with these two. You know that for twenty years Mr. Darwin's name has been one of opprobrium, reproach, and ridicule. He has been regarded as the arch enemy of religion and of revelation, the destroyer of Genesis, the overthrower of those doctrines which are supposed to lie at the very foundation, the very corner-stones of the Christian system. Not that he has ever written a word against Christianity or religion, but because he has taught a view of this universe which the Church has persistently, over and over again, declared utterly inconsistent with revelation and religion. There is not a branch of the Church in England or America that has not declared in the most emphatic way that Mr. Darwin was utterly outside of Christianity, and was doing more than almost any other living man to distract the people and destroy Christianity. And yet I was astonished the other day in New York, when talking with one of the scientific leaders of America, who smiled as we conversed concerning the change of front of the Church — since what? Since Mr. Darwin has been *buried in Westminster Abbey!*

Darwin has not taken back anything he has said; but he has conquered civilization, so that England, for very shame, did not dare refuse him a place beside her illustrious dead, than whom there was no grander name before him to welcome his coming. No man whom England has ever produced has added more to the sum total of human knowledge, or has been of grander service to England and to civilization,

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than Charles Darwin. So that, were he buried under a lowly mound in a field by himself, that field would become a pilgrim shrine of the world, grander than the Abbey itself, if it dared to exclude him. But England is respectability-ridden, and respectability in England means simply the Church. Darwin was a heretic and an outcast, until he could get ecclesiastical indorsement, but, since he was buried in the Abbey, all his horrible teachings have straightway become ecclesiastical, permissible, noble, divine.

Only a little while ago, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, one of the leading scientific men of London, delivered an address concerning Mr. Darwin and evolution before a great body of the Church; "and," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "not a single one of the large body of clergymen present ventured to declare himself an anti-evolutionist, and only one or two hinted a fault in the argument, and hesitated dislike to some of Mr. Darwin's school. Most professed to find in Mr. Darwin a stanch champion of the Church, and one gentleman spoke of him as 'a humble and holy man of God.' The speaker, unconscious that he was sitting under the portrait of the late Bishop of Oxford, argued that the clergy, as a body, had never shown any opposition to the new learning. Mr. Darwin was canonized."

So much for these extracts that I have placed before you, that we may stand squarely face to face with the issue. What shall we say of men like this? What shall we say of any attitude that the Church can assume toward them?

Who is a Christian? Let me give you two or three brief answers that have been given to this question by the course of history during the last eighteen hundred years, and then consider our present attitude toward it.

Let us go back to the time when Paul was converted, just a few years after the crucifixion, when he became suddenly a Christian and started out on his missionary journeyings. What was the difference between Paul before conversion and afterwards? What was the difference between an ordinary Jew living in Jerusalem at that time and one who had con-

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fessed himself a follower of Jesus? Simply this: the Jews had for ages, under one form of faith or another, been looking for the coming of some distinguished man, God-commissioned, who was to work some grand reformation in Israel, and to establish what they called the kingdom of God on earth. They had been looking for a Messiah, one God-anointed, to stand as God's representative on earth and be a leader of men. The Jews had been looking for such an advent as this. The followers of Jesus claimed that he was this Messiah; the Jews denied it, and did not believe that he was. Now, the only difference that you could possibly discover between a Christian and a Jew was that the Jew denied that Jesus was the Messiah and the Christian asserted it. This is all that word "believe" meant in the early Church. Do you "believe"? Believe what? Believe that Jesus is the Messiah? If you do, then you can be baptized, and are of necessity one of his followers. It was just as simple, just as human, as to say, during our war, Do you believe in the cause of the war? If you do, then enlist and follow Grant and fight against the rebellion: if you do not believe in it, then stay at home and keep quiet, or render what aid you can to the other side. There was no mysticism about it. There was none of the dark and hidden significance that men have tried to put into the word "faith," or "belief," in the modern world. A Christian then, at first, was simply a man who believed that Jesus was the Messiah.

Take a step down the ages until we come to about the tenth century, to some point in the history of Europe when the Catholic Church was supreme. Who was a Christian then? There was no longer any conflict within Catholicism as to whether Jesus was the Messiah or not. That had faded out. The difference between a man who was a Christian and one who was not was simply that one bowed before the supremacy of the Catholic Church and one did not. The Catholic Church at that time was Christianity. There was no other Christianity recognized in the known world. Their doctrine was that God, by his spirit, lived in and vital-

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ized the Church as an institution; and the man who came into contact with this Catholic Church through its sacraments was just as materially, as vitally connected with God as a citizen of Boston is to-day connected with the water supply of the city, when he has a pipe from the main to his room and a faucet attached. It was just as definite and distinct a material connection, and this connection was through the sacraments. The man who believed in the Catholic Church, who bowed to its authority absolutely, who partook of the sacraments in the prescribed way, he was a Christian, according to the grand age-long and Christendom-wide Catholic definition.

Take another step to Luther. He rejected the Catholic Church and the Pope. What did he mean, when he asked whether a man was a Christian? He meant to ask whether he believed in the Bible as the Protestant writers interpreted it, whether he accepted the creed as the Protestant leaders read it out of the Bible, whether he possessed the faith which they declared was the only condition of salvation, and whether he had become vitally connected by membership, baptism, and communion with this body of Protestant believers.

Here was a grand issue raised between the first century and the Catholic Church, and between the Catholic Church and the Protestant.

The Catholic Church of the tenth century would not have admitted that a man was a Christian because he believed that Jesus was the Messiah. So, when we come to the sixteenth century, the Catholic Church would not admit that a man was a Christian, if he was in rebellion against the Church and did not partake, in the prescribed way, of the sacraments.

Come down to the modern world. Let us see this new revolt, this protest against the Protestants, led in this country by Channing, and which we may fairly see represented in a noble and beautiful a way by James Freeman Clarke. Who is a Christian, according to Mr. Clarke? According to

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him, Paul was a Christian. A man who "believed" in the early ages was a Christian: a Catholic is a Christian; a Protestant is a Christian. He would accept any man as a Christian who, as he would tell us, possessed the spirit of Christ. What does he mean by that? He means a man who is reverently obedient toward God and beneficently helpful toward men. Any man who could be so defined, Mr. Clarke would say is a Christian.

Now, I have only one fault to find with this definition; and that is that it is so broad that it includes thousands of men who never heard of Christ, and who would utterly refuse to wear the name. You can find thousands of people in Buddhist and Mohammedan countries, and in the other great ethnic religions of the world, who are reverently obedient toward God, and the very essence of whose life is beneficial helpfulness toward man; and yet they would indignantly refuse to be called Christians.

Mr. Clarke then, it seems to me, has imported into the word "Christian" more than it will bear, more than it has a right to carry. Any man who met these conditions Mr. Clarke would admit to be a Christian the wide world over. I have no fault to find against the word, provided we are understood. The great difficulty with half of our modern discussions is that the speaker uses a word in one sense and the hearers understand it in another sense, so that it may be understood in as many ways as there are hearers. If the word *white*, for example, had been misused for the last hundred years, so that it had come to represent ten or a dozen shades, then, if I should declare that something I had seen was white, none of you would know what I meant. You would ask, What white? a yellow white, a green white, a red white, or a black white? So this word "Christian" has come to be used in so many different senses that, when a man says, "I am a Christian," I have not the slightest idea what he means, unless I ask him what he means by Christian. If I declared myself here a Christian, there is not one of you in this house who would know what I mean by it. I can

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remember, when I was a boy, my father and mother would say of such a person, "That person is a Christian, if ever there was one"; and the person was not a church-member. What did they mean? Simply that they were good men or women. At the same time, they would use that word in the loosest possible way, because, when a person whom they admitted to be good had become a member of the Church, they would say, "He has become a Christian."

You see then the confusion in regard to the use of terms like this. I call your attention to one other definition of the word. If you open the dictionary, you will find that a Christian is one who lives in Christendom. Under this definition, Mr. Abbot and Col. Ingersoll are Christians, though both declare that they are not. They are Christians as they are Americans, and they cannot help themselves.

If you go back and outline the character of Jesus in the light of the best historic criticism, you find him a true, noble, simple, sincere, earnest man, loving God, laboring for his fellow-men, and at last rising out of the grandeur of this commonplace service into a magnificent hero ready to die for the truth. If you find a man like that, and say, That is the typical man, then you leave out every single essential and important thing that the Church demands. For a man can be that kind of a man, and not be a Christian at all in the ecclesiastical sense of the word.

It is my sincere and earnest belief that, if Jesus of Nazareth should come here to Boston to-day, there is not an orthodox society in the city that would receive him as a member, unless he professed a creed that he did not profess when he was here, and unless he would agree to live a little more regular life than he did in Galilee; because there he drank with publicans and sinners and with friends at a feast. He could not have joined a "total abstinence" church, at any rate. He broke the Sabbath, therefore he could not possibly have belonged to the church which has recently been condemning the running of horse-cars on Sunday. He went to a feast, and laughed and rejoiced and helped on the enter-

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tainment as far as possible: he could not then have joined the great Presbyterian Church, which has been condemning even square dances on the part of personal friends in private houses. They would not know what to do with him. If Jesus should come here, I think he would find himself lovingly at home in the house at Concord. He would have been a welcome guest in the Craigie House at Cambridge. He would have been one of the foremost to recognize and rejoice in the work of Darwin in the quiet retirement of Down. For what were these men doing? Longfellow singing all that is sweetest in human life; Emerson inspiring and lifting up men, until he is the grandest spiritual figure that America or the world has produced during this last hundred years; and Darwin,— Jesus said, you remember, "I came that I might bear witness to the truth,"— no man in this age has done so much to add to the sum of the world's recognized and verifiable truth as Charles Darwin. No man since Newton has so enlarged the boundaries of thought concerning the nature of God's own universe. Was it Kepler who said, "If God could afford to wait six thousand years for somebody to understand his universe, I can afford to wait a few hundred for somebody to comprehend and recognize my interpretation of that universe"? Darwin, after not six, but several hundreds of thousands of years, for the first time has put a key into the lock by which the divine mystery of the unfolding development of life on earth has been understood. Darwin for the first time has found, searching this despised world that the Church has always declared blasted and outcast, the very footprints of the Creator, and has reverently followed in them till he has read the intelligent thought of the world as he stood hushed in the presence of the living God. And yet the Church, with the quintessence of Pharisaism, dares ask whether this same God will not take Cæsar Borgia to heaven, and leave Darwin to go the other way.

Here let me ask the last great question: What is it that religion claims, or can claim, to do for men? What is the

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best thing we can conceive of in the way of human life on earth? Here is a man confessedly blameless, spiritually-minded, truth-seeking, truth-loving, reverent toward God, devoted toward man,— a man, who possesses, so far as we can conceive, almost all the virtues of manhood within the limits of one human life. What more does such a man need, to be what God meant him to be? Here is such a man; and yet, according to Bishop Huntington, that man — Emerson — was guilty of the great crime which depraved the world. The Church proposes to give him something he does not possess, something to make him a better man. What will it do? Will it make him more truth-loving? No: it cannot. Will it make him more reverent? No. Will it make him more devoted to God? No. More devoted to humanity? No. Can it add one single flower of virtue to the bouquet that composes the beauty and fragrance of his character and life? Not one. What is it then? All that Bishop Huntington suggests is *a creed*, and a creed that the larger part of the ministry of his own Church does not believe, in the sense in which it was written, and which Emerson could not confess except by turning himself into a liar.

Is there anything that any single religion can do, except to make a complete and noble man? What is there better than a man who reveres the divine in the universe and in human life, who seeks to find out its laws, who seeks to obey them, and to come into loving, beautiful relationship to every living creature, and to add to the world's intelligence and happiness? Is there anything better, diviner than that? Can religion do anything more than help on the production of a flower like that? If the Church chooses to put itself in the position of confessing it has nothing to add to a life like that except a creed, and a creed that has been proved over and over again in the course of human investigation to be false,— if the Church can confess that, then it is reduced to a sad extremity; for it thus makes the confession, in the face of the intelligence of the civilized world, that it is time that, like a cumberer of the ground, it were hewn down and

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cast into the fire. If we can make Darwins and Emersons and Longfellows without the help of the institution represented by Bishop Huntington, we can get on very comfortably without that institution. If it dares to make that confession, then so much the worse for the Church. For Darwin and Emerson and Longfellow stand unsmirched and unimpeached sons of God, and ideal men. The work of the Church is something which is dead, is passed by, if it can afford to ignore characters like these.

I believe that out of all this discussion there is yet to come a nobler, superior thing, that may yet bear the name of Christianity. Jesus taught no such doctrine as this. The Church to-day spends its time almost entirely in tithing mint and anise and cumin, over ritual and ceremony and creed; and these are the very things that the historic Jesus of the three Synoptic Gospels spent his whole life in blasting with his curse. If there is anything that called out the bitterness and indignation of that loving soul of Galilee, it was just these very things about which our American Bishop is puttering his life away in this nineteenth century. And, if there is anything on which Jesus laid the great emphasis of his statement and example, it is precisely these things that the Bishop of New York thinks he can afford to slight and scorn. The one central, ringing word of Jesus was, "By their fruits ye shall know them." When he who afterward came to be regarded in the Church as the gentle and loving John, in his older character of Boanerges, Son of Thunder, proposed to call down fire on some who, though religious, did not follow his specific method, Jesus turned to him with biting rebuke, and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

All the way through there is bitter, caustic indignation from the lips of Jesus against this very spirit of Pharisaism and ritual; and only loving and tender recognition for those who, like little children, lovingly listened to the voice of God, and followed it wherever it led.

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"O apple, apple, on your bough,
  What of your root?" cried he:
"Thou lookest sweet and very fair;
  But tell me about the tree!"

The apple replied: "Come, taste the fruit:
  Thou needst not dig about
The root, nor saw the trunk in two
  To find its nature out.

"If I be sound in core, and sweet,
  Then trust the tree and root;
For what the tree is at the heart
  Finds utterance in fruit.

"If that is bitter, who cares then
  How fair its trunk may be:
It wastes the ground, so take thine axe
  And straight hew down the tree."

So is it in the lives of men:
  The fair outside may show
Like a tree of Paradise: but God
  What fruit it bears doth know.

Father, let thy light, thy sunshine, and thy rains, fall upon us; and, standing in the natural soil of our human life, and under thy fair, broad skies, let us grow into the noblest ideals of humanity, and bring forth fruits of goodness, of patience, of love, and helpfulness; and we know that, as a wise gardener, thou wilt not cut us down, but wilt transplant us, and give us room by the river that flows forever in the garden of God. Amen.

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A LOOK BACKWARD AND FORWARD.*

"Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh."— ISAIAH xxi., 11, 12.

IN mid-Atlantic, on a great ocean steamer, I have noticed that one of the most interesting features of the day is the posting of the log. The passengers gather about in eager groups, interested to know how far the ship has come, in what direction it has been moving, whether we have been drifting from our course or have been able to maintain it, the rate of speed, what are the prospects of soon gaining the port toward which we are sailing. An interest like this gathers not only about a voyage at sea, but about all the varied occupations that fill up the labor and the thought of our lives. The merchant has times of balancing his books, of taking account of stock, of finding out whether he is making progress or falling behind. Scientific societies, reform clubs, art associations, have their anniversary days, when they listen to reports of what has been done, and as to the condition of public interest in that which they are attempting. And the farmer, on some quiet, restful Sunday afternoon, or in the twilight after his day's work is done, very commonly goes out to take a walk through his fields to see how the crops are coming on. A similar interest must gather about us and our work as a religious society, if, indeed, it be true, as I earnestly hope, that you really care, not simply for a pleasant Sunday, to be intellectually enter-

NOTE.— This sermon concludes the series for the current year. The church will re-open, and the publication of sermons be resumed again, the last of September.

* Phonographically reported by H. C. Barrows.

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tained, but concerning the great principles we represent, as to where they stand in the thought of intelligent men and the position which they occupy in the world. And it has occurred to me that I could make no more fitting use of this last Sunday morning of our church year, than to thus balance our books, so acting the part of a watchman who has been looking over the field, and estimating where we are and how much we have done; not simply as a society, but including the larger movement to which we belong and which we try to represent.

What are the future prospects of the type of thought and religious life for which we stand? The first thing that will strike us, as we look over the world, as we count up our forces, estimating those that are on our side and those that are either against us or indifferent to us, is that we are in an immense minority. What does this mean? Is it something to be discouraged and troubled over, or is it really cause for encouragement? That depends altogether upon what kind of a minority it is that we represent.

There is a minority always that stands simply one side of the main current of the world's thought and movement,—a little faction representing some peculiar twist or quirk of thought, some notion, something that does not have in it the power of movement, of life; and the great world sweeps by, and disregards or looks with contempt upon it.

There is another minority made up of the stragglers, the few people that follow after the main body of the army on its march. This is the minority that is perpetually behind, that represents nothing, that stands for nothing, that counts for nothing, that is either to be overlooked or carried and defended by those that are stronger and are actuated by a consistent purpose in life. If it is to either of these minorities that we belong, then the fact is one to discourage and trouble us.

But there is another kind of minority,—the van-guard of an army, the pioneers, those that lead the way along which the future march of the main army must follow. This van-

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guard is also always a minority, and in the nature of things always must be. If it be this that we represent, then the fact that we are in the minority is not something to discourage us, but is precisely what we should expect. The leaders of the world's thought, the leaders of the world's life, the leaders of the world's art, of its reforms, its leaders in any department, are always in the minority. The great poets of the world stand apart, one here, one there, lonely, like the first stars that come out after the sun is down. The highest mountains of the world stand alone, one on this continent, another on another, overlooking the world, alone because they are lofty. Those who represent the highest thought in art in any direction, those who represent the highest life of society,— the refined, the cultured, the best,— are always the few; and so it must be in any movement of thought or religious life.

Consider for a moment the conditions that determine this. We are in a universe that is practically, positively infinite; and we, starting in barbarism ages and ages ago, are slowly, century after century, making a little progress, gaining a higher point of outlook, a wider reach of view. Do you not see how in the very conditions of our human life there lies this necessity for those who are ahead to be always in the minority? Public opinion, popular opinion in any age, is that opinion which is passing away. Suppose we stand where we are until the whole world comes up abreast of us, and we are in the majority, and rejoice that we have conquered the world at last,— then what? Why, that would simply mean that we had got tired and stopped. Somebody else has gone ahead, if we have not; and the leadership of the world is still in the hands of the few who are far beyond the position which is always occupied by the majority.

Now, I would not be so unwise as to say that the simple fact that we are in the minority is any proof that we are right. But I will say that, if we were in the majority, it would be presumptive proof that we were wrong. For, whether we

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belong to that minority that is leading the world on to something higher and better or not, those few that are leading the world on to this something that is higher and better are in the minority; so that it is a minority forever that leads.

I believe, and I should not be where I am if I did not, that we do really represent that minority that is leading the religious thought and life of the world; and I believe that, just as fast and just as far as the world becomes intelligent, it must follow along the main outlines of the track that we are pursuing; and therefore the simple fact that we are in the minority does not depress or trouble me in the least. If I found the world were agreeing with me, I should wonder why I had been lagging so long, what I had done to lose the position of honor and aspiration, of being in the front rank of those that are ever advancing to a higher and broader field. This must always be so. We are not to look forward to a sort of millennium time, when everybody all over the earth shall shake hands with each other, and everybody agree with everybody else. This, as I said, is an infinite universe; and the finite mind may grow and advance a million ages, and still the infinite reaches out and expands before it. No piling up or development of finiteness can ever approximate infinity. So those that represent the highest thought and the noblest life of this universe will always be the few; and those few will be the ones that are always nearest God, as the mountains are nearest the heavens.

We, then, are in the minority; but this, if we only take care that it be this minority of leadership, instead of being discouragement, shall be only inspiration.

Let us now consider for a moment what we may think that rational thought has gained. We have been in America,— and the same is true in England and over the civilized world,— for the last fifty years, and especially for the last twenty-five, engaged in a battle. We have been fighting for a definite thing,— for the conquest of a special position. This warfare was necessary; and yet, as it is not pleasant

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to be engaged in chronic warfare, it is a matter of supreme interest for us to raise and answer the question whether there has been a decisive battle, whether we may feel that we have gained the main point, the key-position of the field.

What is that key-position? What have been the antagonists that have stood in battle array against each other? It has been a battle between reason and traditional authority. It has been a battle for the supremacy of reason in religion. —as against popes, or councils, or churches, or books, or synods, or ecclesiastical associations of any kind. The conflicts about God, about the nature of this universe, about the Bible, about religion,— all these, when narrowed down, are simply the question whether reason shall be supreme in the department of man's religious life, in the same way as it is recognized as supreme in the scientific world; whether a traditional authority that has come down for ages, nobody knows whence or how, shall be recognized as superior to the intelligence and experience of the living world. This is the battle in which we have been engaged; and I feel that I am warranted in saying to you that this battle, so far as it can be decided by the judgment of the intelligent world, has been fought out and decided forever.

What do I mean by that? I do not mean that everybody you will meet after church this morning will agree with this statement. But let me tell you how decisive a thing it is, by this illustration. You remember that old trite story of Galileo,—but it is trite only because it is so apt and fitting,—how, when by the inspired authority of the Church he was compelled to bend his knee and recant his doctrine concerning the motion of the earth around the sun, as he rose from his knees, scouting all this authority and relying on the scientific proof which he knew had settled the point forever in the minds of all those competent to judge, he muttered under his breath, "It does move though." It took ages for the whole world to confess that Galileo was right. Brother Jasper of Richmond does not confess it even to this day, but still asserts boldly and vigor-

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ously that the "sun do move." But we only smile at this vigorous but belated antiquity. We know to-day, as we look back, that Galileo, and a few of the men that made up the little circle of people at his time who were competent to judge, had won the fight forever; and that with them the grand mass of ignorance and prejudice did not count. Precisely the same thing appears, if we use as an illustration the attitude of the world to-day as to the theory of evolution. The great masses of the world outside of civilization perhaps never heard anything about it; and thousands of people inside of what we call civilization have never given any attention to the matter, have never studied it, and would not be able to comprehend it, if they did. But ten years after Darwin's book was published, and when the leaders of European thought declared that he had made his point, the battle for evolution was fought out and won. It was only a matter of time then, only a matter of the people's growing wise enough to comprehend that it had become an accomplished fact. And so I say concerning this great battle for the supremacy of reason over traditional authority in religion, in the minds of those who are competent to estimate the question, weigh the evidence, and who know the facts on which the decision rests,— in the minds of this great body of the intelligent world, this battle has been fought out and won. And we, for our purpose, may hereafter consider it as decided, and decided in the interest of reason.

This great negative warfare, then, in its most essential features, is done. It is time then,— and that is the reason why I have thus delayed upon this point,— it is time for us, and the movement which we represent, largely to change our front, and go to work now to apply practically these new conceptions of God and the universe, and to build up a nobler religious life among men. It is not God that is gone. It is not the universe, nor one star of it, that has dimmed its light. It is not the religious life of man that has perished. These great facts remain — eternal facts that can never pass away.

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It is our business, then, to take these great forces of human life, thought, aspiration, worship, love, and hope, and out of them construct a larger and grander type of religion, and build a nobler manhood. Our fathers had to fight, and fight for years, concentrating all their power and means against England until the cause was won. After that, what? They had to turn and do the work of internal improvement for the development of their own proper, individual, national life. We do not need any longer to argue with people in favor of the republican form of government, unless we choose to now and then, as a matter of personal interest or curiosity. The way to demonstrate the superiority of the republican form of government is to make it nobler, grander, freer, better, than any other type of government on the face of the earth; and, unless we can do this, all our fighting and all our arguments are in vain.

I say, then, concerning our position, that we have fought it out and have won it. There is not an adequate, a free intelligence in Europe or America to-day that dares to contradict that statement. Recent historic criticism, the treatment of the development of religious life on earth as all other great questions are treated, the study of the Bible in the light of facts, the study of Christianity as related to other religions,—all these things, in the light of rational intelligence, are granted by every man whose opinion is worthy our notice.

Having, then, fought out and won that essential position, the key-point on which everything else turns, I want to ask you now to turn with me and face a few of the problems that still remain, and to consider the practical work which we, as a society, ought to be ready to undertake next fall.

I want to ask you to consider, in the first place, a few of the obstacles that stand in our way still. Here, were it worth my while, I could draw a very close parallel between the attitude of the world toward evolution and the attitude toward our religious position. Substantially, the same obstacles are in the way of improvement and advance. They are

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the same old obstacles that block every highway of progress.

What are they,—these difficulties with which we must contend? One of the principal things that rational religion has to meet and overcome is the inherited timidity and fear of men. Fear is the first form that stands in the pathway of that man or woman that begins to question concerning a possibly larger religious life; and the genesis of it, the reason of it, is perfectly natural. Do you know this whole human race of ours has developed gradually out from under the dominion of gods that were simply mighty, cruel forces? They were trained into loyalty to these gods, as though they were rulers of heart and life and soul forever. We are not yet out from under the influence of what is practically "devil worship"; for it does not make any difference if you call the devil god: it is the character and disposition animating the spirit that makes him one or the other. This is nothing to talk about merely: it is a positive force in the hearts, in the thoughts, and in the lives of the most intelligent people here in Boston to-day.

Let me give you one or two illustrations. I was talking the other night with the son of one of the most famous of Boston's orthodox ministers, of the last generation. He has become a radical in religion, but the whole circle of his friends remain where they were. He told me that, in talking with one of them awhile ago, he tried to get him to read and study and look a little bit outside of the narrow limits in which he was living; and he replied, "No, when I see the rocks of rationalism white everywhere with the bones of the lost, do you suppose I propose to risk running my ship on the same old breakers?" What did he mean? He meant what is true, something in which we may glory; that in the range of his experience almost every man or woman who had begun to investigate and to think for himself on these questions had become rationalists; and that, from his standpoint, meant putting themselves into such a relation to God that they were doomed and lost forever; and he did not propose to study or think, because he was afraid he should be convinced.

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I was talking two or three years ago with a very intelligent, middle-aged lady of this city, the mother of grown-up children; and, after we had talked for a little while, she said frankly: "I would give the world, Mr. Savage, if I *dared* to think as you do; but I am afraid. There may be, after all, such a God in the universe as the orthodox creed represents: and, if there is, I am afraid of him." She did not dare to think.

Let me make a bit of personal confession. I remember the first time I ever read a pamphlet arguing against the doctrine of eternal punishment. It was written by Dr. Bellows. I read it with trembling, I read it with positive fear; and I was a grown man, too. When I had finished it, I thought, "Oh, if I dared to believe that, how much brighter the universe would be, what a cloud would be lifted off the human heart!" But I feared lest it was only a delusion which would lead me astray. I speak of this simply to show you how fear is the result of this training under which most men and women spend their youth and their early manhood and womanhood. They are trained into fear, and they say that they dare not open their eyes; and if they do open them, and there seems to be over yonder a land of promise, they are afraid lest it is a delusive image by which the evil one would lead them to destruction.

Fear, then, is the first obstacle; and we must learn to teach men and women, instead of cowering like slaves at the foot of a moloch idol called god, to learn to stand up on their feet, and, if there be any such God, to despise him. We must learn to teach them to believe that, if there be a just, good, loving Father in heaven, he can only give us his benediction when we reverently and earnestly try to find out the pathway by which he has gone, and to follow in his steps.

There is another great obstacle that stands in our way; and that is intellectual passivity, intellectual inertia,—the fact that the great majority of people never do any thinking of their own. I do not care so much what it is that a man

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thinks, if he only *thinks*. Any man is in a hopeful condition who dares freely and frankly to ask a question. If water is only running, I have no fear but it will run itself clear and sparkling in the sunshine. It is the stagnant pool covered with green slime that never reflects the stars of heaven. The great majority of people give no intelligent investigation to these subjects at all. Men learned in the last war that the hardest fortification to attack was a fort made of mud or sand. You may hurl your hundred-pound balls into it just as fast as you please, there is simply a dull thud, and the sand tumbles over them, and that is the end of it. If there is only something that will splinter and give way when it is hit, that will strike fire, that is alive, that will echo, that will thrill, that will fall, then there is some hope in the attack, some ground to trust in your warfare.

I was talking with a gentleman of this city once; and he put into a terse and sharp expression this one great fact, which I confess is one of the most discouraging to me in the world. He represented, although he did not believe anything himself, the position of the traditional Church, and declared that it was a permanent thing in the world. And what do you suppose he laid down as its foundation stone, the very corner of its stability? He said to me: "There is no use in your talking. You may preach, you may lecture and write and work as much as you please, you cannot produce any effect; for the fools are all on our side, and they will not pay any attention to you. They never think, they never ask any questions, they never study to learn what it is all about; and, if you tell them, they will not comprehend you."

There is a terribly discouraging truth right there; and yet the history of this world has demonstrated that this means not defeat, but only delay. I have no fears as to the outcome, if men will only think. One of the most important parts of our religious work, then, is to teach men to think, to teach them to study, to use their brains. When they have learned to study and to think, they will then follow after us.

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There is one other obstacle almost as discouraging for the time as this last one: and that is the lack of faith in the multitude on the part of the leaders of the time. The lack of faith in human nature on the part of the intelligent and educated is not confined to one class; but it is represented by both the extremes, by clear-headed rationalism on one side, and by the ministry of the Church on the other. They clasp hands across, and are joined together in one, as to this great distrust concerning the intelligence of men. I know ministers who do not tell their people what they know and believe, because, they say, they are not ready for it. They do not dare to trust their pews with what they know is truth. Sometimes, we have to confess that there is really ground for this fear. I was told in New York last week by a friend that a prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church was recently turned out of his church simply for preaching the antiquity of man. He did not say anything about Darwinism; but he dared to tell them, what every schoolboy knows, that man had been on the earth more than six thousand years, and they turned him out. I do not wonder that ministers cannot trust their pews, if they are filled with that kind of people; and yet there is no way of leading on the intelligence of the world until people learn that truth is safe, and that it is the only thing under God's heaven that is safe.

The timidity of the ministry and this distrust of the people unite in keeping them in this quiescence of ignorance. For example, the same gentleman who said that the majority of men were fools told me frankly that he had no sort of faith in the common masses of men; that they had got to be amused with something, and that it might be the church ritual as well as anything else; that the Catholic Church was a sort of cheap police arrangement to keep the people amused and quiet.

This feeling is the same as that which underlay the Roman Republic, and was at last its ruin. Keep the people in ignorance, amuse them, give them corn, feed them, give

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them the circus, and we, the wise people, will do the ruling — is what they said. It worked well for a little while, but at last this monster of credulity became a gulf that swallowed up the aristocracy of thought and wealth and life. We here are trying another experiment. We see the great masses in ignorance, and we say, Our only safety is in making them intelligent. And so we go to work, and tell them the truth about everything except religion. It must be our business to tell them the truth about that.

I was talking with a wealthy gentleman from Buffalo a few years ago, who was brimful of modern thought, well read in all philosophic and scientific questions of the day, but who was ready to talk about the Church as a humbug (he did not know that I was a minister). At the same time, he told me that he was a regular supporter of the Presbyterian Church, allowed his wife to attend there and sent his children there to Sunday-school, without believing a particle in the whole institution. He, too, thought "the people" were fools, and that the Church amused and helped to keep them quiet.

It is this lack of faith in the masses that stands in our way. I dare to say concerning this city of Boston that, if all the men who do not believe the creeds of the churches that they are representing and supporting were to march out in a day, eight out of ten of those churches would go down for lack of support. These men are paying the bills, holding the pews, sending wife and children to the service; while they themselves have no faith in the ideas represented, and have no confidence in the ordinary intelligence of the people.

But I leave these three obstacles, to consider three points that I want you to think about this summer, so that, when you return in the fall, you will not only think about them, but will do something concerning them.

What can and ought we to do to help on the wider triumph, in the popular thought and in the popular life of this country, of the religious type of life in which we believe? That is the practical question for you and me.

In the first place, I hope you will turn this society of ours

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into a grand missionary organization. That is, if you have in your minds any definite thoughts in which you believe, if you have a grander thought of God, a better thought of this universe, a nobler conception of man, then I want you to join hands with me in doing just as much as we can to spread this thought all over this country. It encourages and helps me in my work beyond anything that I can tell you to get echoes, as I do, of our peculiar utterances from all over the world. One day, I have perhaps a letter from Calcutta; another, only the other day, from Honolulu; another from the Bermudas: now, from London and other parts of England; then, an order for books and sermons from New Zealand. You will pardon the personality. I refer to it only to show you from how far a little echo may be heard.

If you believe as I do, and I trust that your being here Sunday by Sunday, year after year, argues that you do; if you believe in these thoughts of God, of the universe, of man, and of the religious life; if you believe that they are worth having yourself, I want you to join me in some organized effort to make them heard and to make them felt all over this land. Let us have an ambition as divine as any that can thrill the soul of humanity,—an ambition to be a shaping, leading, lifting force in the life of this country; to make the people wiser, better, nobler, and truer. That is one thing we can do.

There is another point. We must learn to be more intelligent, to be more earnest, in the training of our children. All over this country there are Unitarian children, rationalists' children, supporting that which represents the middle ages; and it is our fault. As a specific illustration of what I mean, I refer to a young lady in whom I have taken an interest, whose father and mother, against my advice, after they had asked it, sent her to a convent to be educated. And then the father was astonished that, after he had planted a seed, it came up. Would you be astonished, if you had sent a little child into a house where there was scarlet fever, if she should have scarlet fever afterward?

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If you send a child untrained in any system of thought, without any clear religious ideas of her own, to be under the influence of other systems than your own, and let her stay there for a series of years, ought you to be astonished if she takes the shape of the die that is stamped upon her? This young lady said to me, as we were discussing this subject: "I can hardly think without bitterness of the fact that I grew up in my own home, in my Unitarian Church, until I was a young lady, absolutely untaught. I was never taught anything as to what I ought to believe, or why."

Friends, these things represent great principles of life. This liberty that we wear so lightly to-day has been won by ages of bloodshed, by martyrs burning crisp in fagot fires, through torture of thumb-screw and rack, through struggle and toil of men and women, through bleeding feet and aching hearts; and *we think it is not worth while to teach our children even what it means!* It ought to be a shame for any man who knows the past history of human thought, if a child of his goes out from under his training and gives countenance afterward to an enemy whose supremacy once meant mental and moral degradation, and that will mean it again, if it again becomes supreme.

There is one thing more. We need to prove that we have not surrendered religion; that we have not given up our faith in the universe, or its heart and life that we call God. We ought to prove that this clearer light, this broader thought, makes a nobler type of manhood and womanhood. For the ultimate test, after all, is there. Suppose I go to a watch factory, and the superintendent dilates earnestly on the wonderful machinery they have invented for the making of watches, and places the emphasis on that. What I should want to do would be only to try one of their watches, to wear it in hot weather and in cold, in journeys and at home, and see if it will keep time. If it does not, I do not care anything about their machinery or their inventions. So the ultimate test of any Church, of any religious type of life or thought, is whether it turns out men whose hearts beat in

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accord with the heart of God; whether the men have a tenderer conscience, a keener sense of justice, a finer appreciation of the rights of their fellows, whether they are nobler in their conception of human life, fairer in dealing with their fellow-men, more reverent; whether, in fact, they are completer men. If we cannot make broader, deeper, higher, truer men than the old types of thought were able to produce, then the old types of thought will win in the battle for life; and they ought to.

Let us see to it, then, that we live out and illustrate a nobler belief in God, a grander thought of his universe, a higher ideal of humanity. If we do this, the future of the world is ours.

Father, let thy light and thy truth come into our hearts. Let them be as mainsprings and developing forces of that which is noblest in ourselves. And let us so illustrate the power of right and of truth and of love in our humanity that we shall win the world to ourselves and to thee. Amen.

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